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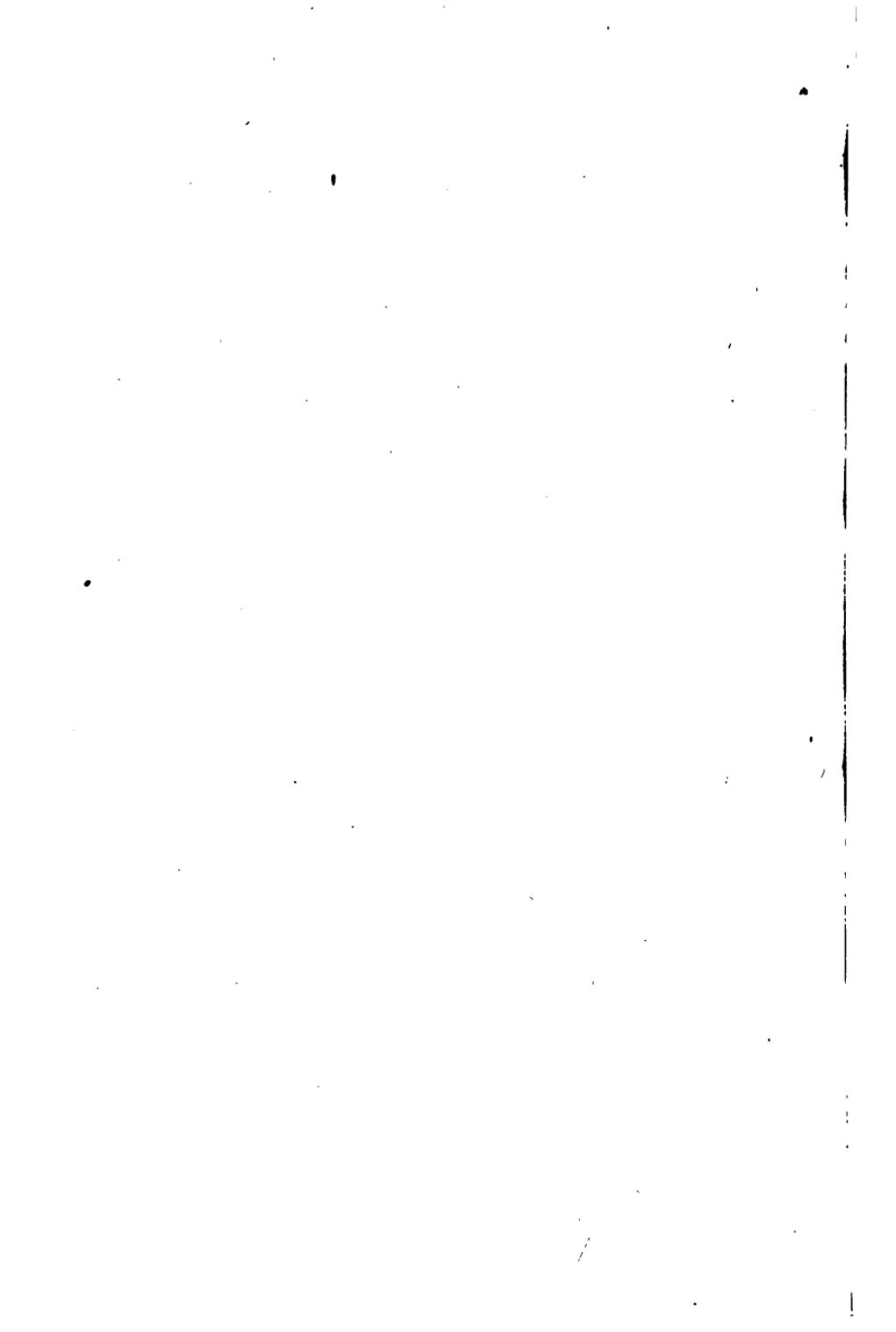
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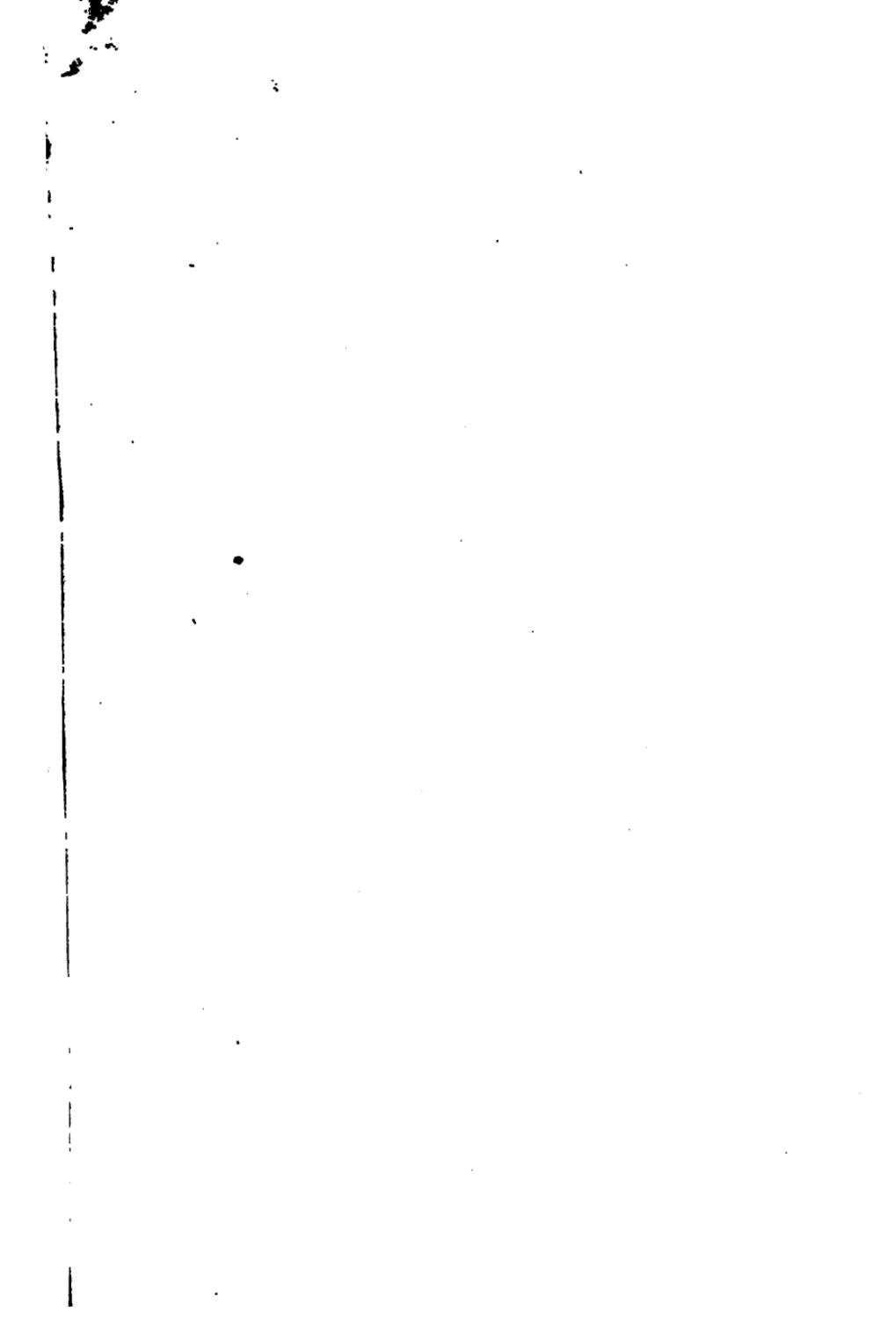
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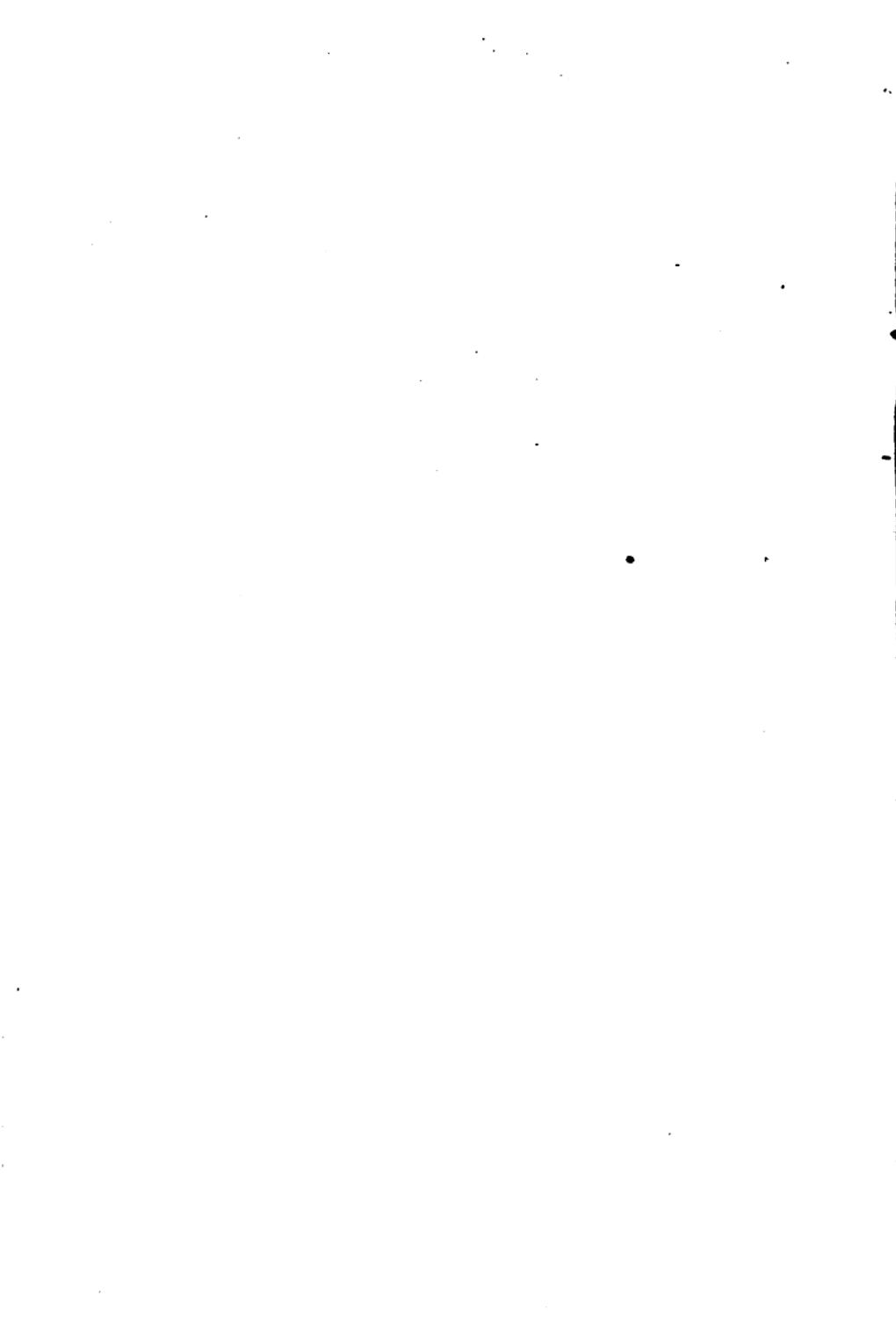


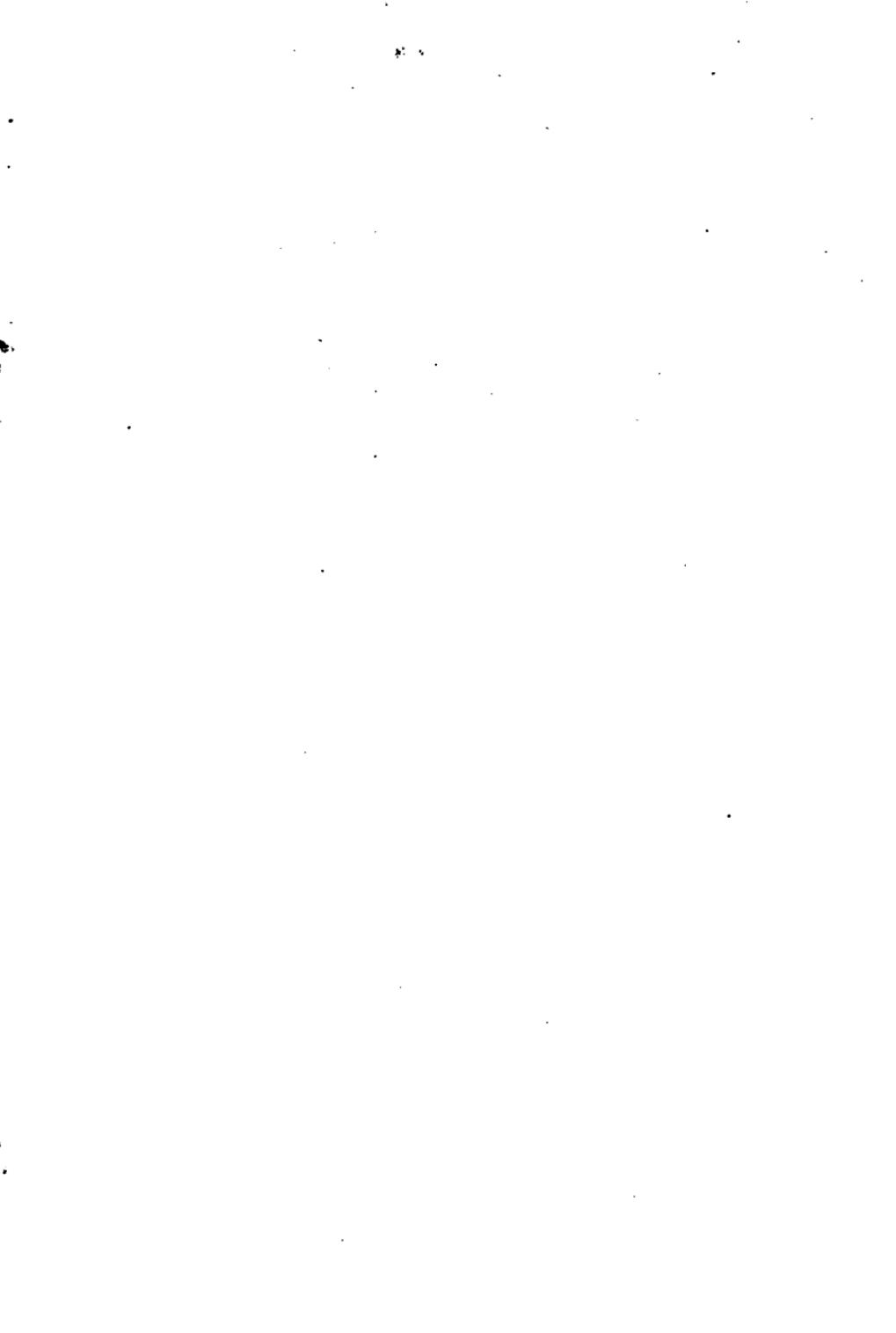
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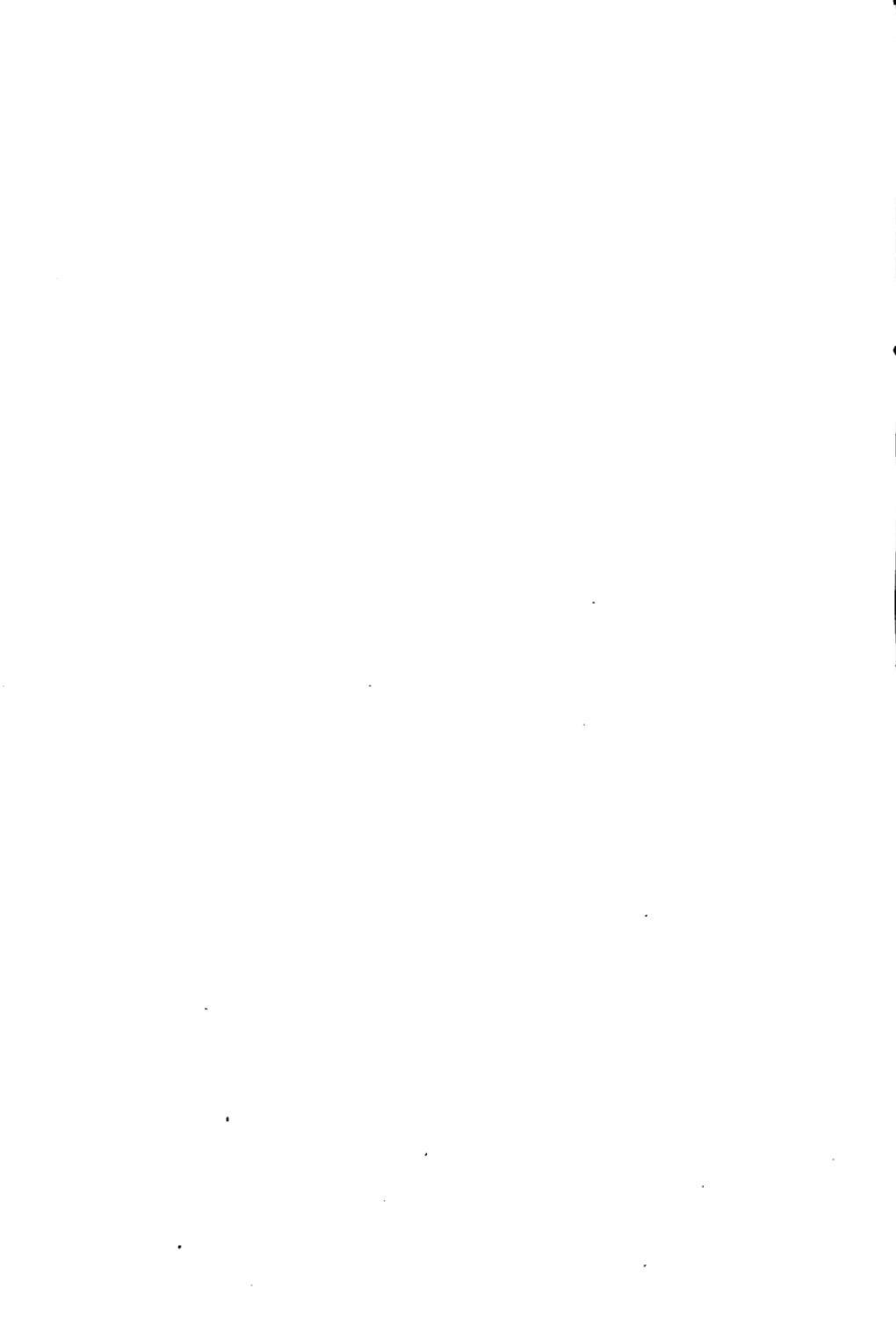












Bathbone, Hannah Mary, 1798-1878

SO MUCH OF THE

DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY,

AS RELATED TO HER

DOMESTIC HISTORY,

AND TO THE EVENTFUL PERIOD OF THE REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST.



NEW YORK:
JOHN WILEY
(OLD STAND OF "WILEY AND PUTNAM")
161 BROADWAY: AND PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1848.

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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY

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THE following intimation "To the Reader," appears in the second London edition of this work, of which the following is the first American reprint.

"The style of Printing and general appearance of this Volume have been adopted by the Publishers merely to be in accordance with the design of the Author, who in this Work personates a lady of the seventeenth Century."

This is an unmasking of the character assumed at the first publication, when the reader was left to solve his own doubts as to the authenticity of the work as an ancient Diary. The peculiarity and quaintness of the original edition, in the quarto form, with ribbed paper and antique type, drew attention to the work as a literary curiosity. Part of these characteristics, the Capitals, Italics, and the Old Spelling, have been retained in the present copy. After gratifying the Antiquarians, as a literary curiosity, it was found that the book had too much in it of taste, character, feeling, and genuine popular interest, to be shut up in the cabinets of the virtuosos. A second edition was soon called for, and appeared in a less costly style. Here the work takes its appropriate place in the "Library of Choice Reading," as a Popular Classic. Where natural simple feeling, pure piety, the unaffected womanly thoughts of a daughter, wife, mother, are valued, and the more for being elevated from the sphere of common life by association with

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one of the most spirit-stirring scenes of the past, the great English Revolution, this Diary of Lady Willoughby cannot fail to be appreciated.

“This book,” says the London Examiner, “has been taken for a truth by not uninstructed readers, and for something much better than a pretence it well deserves to stand. Perhaps it has more of the *vrai* than the *vraisemblable*. It is curious in what a number of small points the writer (evidently a woman) has left herself open to detection. But she had got to the heart of her subject. The real *Lady Willoughby* could not have left a more beautiful, a more affecting, or a more instructive record.

“It is of the simplest possible design; being a picture of the domestic life of a young married woman in the first fourteen years of her marriage. And its pleasures and pains; that blending of welcome and cheerful responsibilities with trembling and tearful enjoyments, which marks the transition from maidenhood to wifehood and motherhood; were never drawn with a hand of more exquisite delicacy.

“When we open the book, we more than suspect the modern authorship; but we close it with the feeling that, be it fact or fiction, we have undergone the discipline of a real experience. A commonplace imitation of a Diary in the days of the Civil Wars, would have smelt of blood, and smoked with the fury of contending factions. It was, on the other hand, better known to this writer—that in the thick of the most frightful convulsions, the current of domestic life flows peacefully; and that, sway the tide of battle which way it will, human existence is held together by its old and only tenure of earnest thoughts and quiet affections.”

SOME PASSAGES  
FROM THE  
DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY.

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1685.

AROSE at my usual hour, six of the clock, for the first time since the birth of my little Sonne ; opened the Casement, May 12, and look'd forth upon the Park ; a herd of Deer Tuesday. pass'd bye, leaving the traces of their Footsteps in the dewy Grasse. The Birds sang, and the Air was sweet with the Scent of the Wood-binde and the fresh Birch Leaves. Took down my *Bible* ; found the Mark at the 103d *Psalm* ; read the same, and return'd Thanks to *Almighty God* that he had brought me safely through my late Peril and Extremity, and in his great Bountie had given me a deare little One. Pray'd him to assist me by his Divine Grace in the right Performance of my new and sacred Duties : truly I am a young Mother, and need Help. Sent a Message to my *Lord*, that if it so pleased him, I would take Breakfast with him in the *Blue Parlour*. At noon walked out on the *South Terrace* ; the two Greyhounds came leaping towards me : divers household Afaires in the course of the Day ; enough wearied when Night came.

Had a disturbed Night, and rose late, not down till after seven ; Thoughts wandering at Prayers. The May 19, *Chaplain* detained us after Service to know our Tuesday. Pleasure concerning the Christening ; my *Lord*

doth wish nothing omitted that should seem proper to signify his Respect for that religious Ordinance which admits his *Child* into the outward and visible Church of *Christ*, and give honour to his firste born *Sonne*. During Breakfast we gave the Subject much Consideration. My *Husband* doth not desire him to be named after himself, but rather after his *Father*; his brother *William* therefore bearing his name will stand Godfather. All being at last brought to a satisfactory conclusion: he went forth with the *Chaplain* and gave his orders according therewith, I doing the same in my smaller capacity: he for whom was all this care lying unconsciously in his Nurse's arms.

Messenger from *Wimbledon*. My deare and honoured *Mother* writes that she doth at present intend setting forth on Monday: gave orders for the *East Chamber* to be prepared. The day beeing fine walked down to the Dairy; told *Cicely* to make Cheese as often as will suit, the whey being much approved by my *Mother*. The brindled Cow calved yesterday: Calf to be rear'd, as *Cicely* tells me the mother is the best milker we have. Daisy grows and promises to be a fine Cow: praised *Cicely* for the cleane and orderly state of all under her care; she is a good clever Lasse. As I returned to the house mett my *Lord*, who had come to seeke me; two Strangers with him: thought as he drew near how comely was his countenance: he advanced a pace or two before the others, took my hand, and pressed it to his Lips as he turned and introduced me to Sir *Arthur Hazelrigge* and the Lord *Brooke*: methought the latter very pleasing, of gracefull carriage, and free from any courtly foppery and extravagance in his apparel. They presently renew'd their conversation respecting *New England*. Lord *Brooke* and Lord *Say and Sele* have sent over Mr. *George Fenwicke* to purchase land and commence building: there is talk of Mr. *John Hampden* joining them. Lord *Brooke* discoursed at length on the admirable qualities and excellent attainements of the late Lord, his cousin,

who did come by a cruell death, being murdered by his servant through a jealousy he entertained that his past services were neglected. Some Members of my *Lords Family* knew him well, and did see much of him when Sir *Fulke Greville*; he was really esteemed by many, but known chiefly as the Friend and Lover of Sir *Philip Sydney*, whose early Death was mourned by all *England*; and whose like may not againe be look'd upon. He left directions their friendship should be recorded on his Tomb, as may be seene in *Warwick Church*: *Fulke GREVILLE Servant to Queen Elizabeth Counsellor to King James and Friend to Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.*

Most unhappy in mind this day; temper sorely tried, and feelings of resentment at what did appeare unkind  
May 25, conduct in another, were too visibly expressed in  
*Monday*. manner and countenance, though I did refraine from words.

Slept last night in very Wearinesse of Weeping; and awaken'd this morning with a feeling of Hopelessness  
May 26, nesse; and ill at ease myselfe, methought every  
*Tuesday*. Thing around seemed melancholy; Truth and Affection doubted, Shortcomings hardly judged of; this is an unlook'd for triall. The Sun shone brightly through the open Window, but it seem'd not to shine for me: I took my *Bible* to read therein my usuall Portion; and kneel'd down to pray, but could only weep: thoughts of my *Mother's* tender love arose, and the Trust on either side that had been unbroken between us. Remembering an outward Composure must be attain'd unto before I could go down to breakfast, washed my eyes, and let the fresh aire blow upon my face: felt I was a poor dissembler, having had heretofore but little trouble of heart to conceal: mett my *Husband* in the *Corridor* with Lord *Brooke*, and well nigh lost my Selfe-command when he gave a kindly pressure of my

Hand as he led me down stairs. This Evening how different does all appeare ; and though this and some other late Experiences occasion me to perceave that Life is not so calm a Sea as it once did seeme in my ignorance of humane Nature ; slight Breezes may ruffle it, and unseene Rocks may give a Shock to the little Shipp : haply the Mariner will learn to steer his course, and not feare Shipwreck from every accident.

My deare *Mother* arrived at Noon : she was fatigued, and retired to her Chamber, first coming with me to the June 4, Nursery to see her *Grandson* ; he was awake, and *Thursday*. smiling ; she took him in her arms and look'd fondly on him. It is a sweet Child, my *Daughter* : may the *Lord* have you both in his safe Keeping now and evermore. My *Mother's* Blessing from her own Lips, how precious. She much commands my nursing him ; and would not for my own sake I should lose so greate satisfaction. I attended her to her Room, where *Mabel* was in waiting : deare kind old *Mabel*, I was well pleased to see her, and kiss'd her as I was wont when a Girl ; and so did spoile a most respectfull curtesie to my Ladyship. Deare *Mother* look'd round the room pleased therewith ; and with such small Comforts as I had been enabled to provide, which she hath at home. This Day hath been one of much Happiness : Returned heart-felt Thanks to *God* for his loving Kindnesse and tender Mercy ; read the 23rd *Psalm* ; my Cup doth indeed run over.

The House full of Company since the Christening ; and I have felt too weary at Night to do more than collect my Thoughts for Devotion. To-day many have left ; and my *Husband* doth purpose to begin his Journey to-morrow. My *Mother* with me, he leaveth Home with more ease of Mind.

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My deare *Lord* set forth at a little past six, with only one Serving-man, who had a led Horse and one to carry the baggage. After they had rode some way, June 19, Friday. they stopp'd, and my *Lord* dismounted, and taking a short cut through the Park, came up to the Window where I had remain'd to watch his Departure : he bade me call the *Steward*, gave him some directions ; then telling me to keep up a good heart, took another tender Leave, and followed by *Armstrong*, returned to the spot where were the Horses ; and he mounting the led Horse, they were soon out of sight. Old *Britton* seemed to understand he was not to follow his Master, and came and reared himselfe up to the Window, resting his Fore-paws on the stone : I patted his broad Head, and questioned not that he felt as I did, that his best Friend was gone : tooke a few turns with him on the *Terrace* ; the Mist cleared off the distant Woods and Fields, and I plainly discern'd the Towers of *Framlingham Castle*, and could heare the pleasant sound of the Scythe cutting through the thick Grasse in the fields nearest, and the Cuckoo, as she fled slowly from hedge to hedge.

Have been greatly fatigued the past Day or two : it is a serious Charge to be left head over so large a Household, June 27, Saturday. but it availeth not to be over carefull. *John Armstrong* knoweth his *Lord's* Pleasure in most things, and is honest and faithfull : and the *Chaplain* will keep some oversigh<sup>t</sup> ; and his Counsel in Difficulties, should such arise, may be depended on, though he hath not *John's* Experience in the Family and its Requirements. My Room last night look'd lonely ; and *Baby* sleeping somewhat uneasily, I sent for *Nurse*, who stay'd till we were comfortably asleep. I think to have a Truckle Bed made up for her ; the Room is spacious. Read to-night in *St. John*, chapter 5, and the 93d *Psalm*.

Feare at times that my Mind is too much busied with the  
cares of this World ; find I shorten the time which I  
July 5, had appointed for Retirement and Self-examination,  
*Sunday.* yet is this latter Exercise much needed : outwardly I  
may appear striving to perform my daily Duties well  
and circumspectly, but others know not the secret Faults of the  
Heart ; the indolence, the imperfect Soul-lesse performances of  
Religious Duties : the obtruding of Selfish motives into what may  
seeme acts of Kindnesse or Charity. Often doth the verse of  
the 51st Psalm come to my remembrance, *Against Thee, Thee  
only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight.* And now,  
that I am a Mother it behoveth me still more to maintaine the  
Worke of inward Self-discipline. Even at my little Child's ten-  
der age, he is sensibly affected by the Feelings apparent in the  
Faces of those around him : yesterday it happened as I nursed  
him, that I being vexed by some trifling matters that were not  
done as I had desired, the disturbed Expression of my Counte-  
nance so distressed him that he uttered a complaining Cry ;  
made happy by a smile and the more serene aspect that affec-  
tion called forth, he nestled his little Face again in my Bosom,  
and did soon fall asleep. It doth seeme a trifling thing to note,  
but it teacheth the Necessity of Watchfulness ; and if this Duty  
is especially called for in our Conduct towards the Young, or  
indeed towards all, is it not more so when we consider there is  
One who seeth the Heart, and whose eye will not behold ini-  
quity ?

*Quiet Day, sitting the greater part thereof at my Embroidery,*  
my *Mother* beside me knitting. We had much  
July 7, pleasant Converse : she encouraged me to perse-  
*Tuesday.* verre in the diligent performance of daily Duties  
whatsoever they may be ; a good Wife, she sayd,  
should make it her chief desire to keep a well-order'd Fami-  
ly. My want of Experience, she kindly added, make some things

irksome and perplexing, which will cease to be the case after a while, when lesse time will suffice for their performance, and more opportunity afforded for rest of Body and Mind. She bade me not be cast down, or be discouraged by some mischances; and so comforted me. In the evening we paced for some time up and down the *Terrace*. The Moon arose above the old Oak Tree: my *Mother* seemed greatly to enjoy the Scene. I repeated aloud the 19th and part of the 92d *Psalmes*; and we entered the house: she looked chill, and I hastened to warm her with some spiced Wine, which I took with a manchet of Bread for her Supper. As I gave Baby his last Meal for the night, my Heart was lifted up in Gratitude for the Mercy extended to me: he looked beautifull, and put his soft Hand to my Face caressingly, his eyes full of Contentment and Affection looking into mine: May it ever be present with me, that this small delicate Frame is the earthly Tabernacle of a Soul to be trained for Immortality.

Busy in the *Still-room* this forenoon; put the dried Rose-leaves in paper bags. *Alice* was picking the Rosemary, July 15, and I sat down to help her. She says the under *Wednesday*. House-maid complains of ill treatment, particulars not worth writing of; her pretty Face gains too much of the good-will of the Men and the ill-will of the Women: mentioned the Matter to the *Chaplain*, who saith he will add a few words of suitable exhortation at the conclusion of the *Evening Service*. Bade *Alice* take heed there should be a good store of Chamomile-flowers and Poppy-heads, and of Mint water; our poore Neighbours look to us for such: gave her my *Mother's* recipe for *Hungary Water* and the Conserve of Hips.

*John* took the Yarn to the Weaver's, and brought back Flax, Spices, and Sugar. The Stage Waggon had not arrived when he left *Ipswich*, and there was no package from *London*.

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My Lord was to send Hangings for the large *Drawing Room*; but it matters not.

A Day of many small Vexations, no sooner one mended than another appeareth: wearied Body and Mind, and July 18, yet I would humbly trust my Spirit was more quiet *Saturday*. under the same than sometimes hath beene the case: no Letter or Message from my *Husband*.

Tried to collect my thoughts for Reading and Devotion, once strongly tempted to omit both, under the plea of Wearinesse and Unfitnessse, but resisted: read the 10th chapter of *St. Luke, Martha, Martha, &c.*: acknowledged and bewailed my Weaknesse. The sight of the young Face in the Cradle sent me to bed gratefull and happy.

The last day of my *Mother's Sojourn*: to-morrow she setts forth into *Rutlandshire*; and there will remaine August 3, some Weeks before she returns to *Wimbledon*. My *Monday*. Lord *Noel* hath engaged to meet her at *Huntingdon*. May I be sensible of the greate Comfort and Hapinessse in that I have been favoured to have my deare *Mother* so long with me: many sweet seasons of quiet Meditation, and affectionate Intercourse have been vouchsafed: Words expressive of her owne humble and steadfast Faith, of Thankesgiving and Praise, fell from her Lippes; and precious Counsell and kind Incouragement to me: to-night as I knelt before her, my Infant in my Arms, she laid her Hand upon my Head, and stroking it fondly said: Deare Child, may that little one be a Crown of rejoicing to thee as thou art to me; lead him early to *God*, my Daughter; to the *God* who has given him unto thee. Deare *Mother*!

Early in the fore-noon my honoured and deare *Mother* took

her Departure: Let me think more of meeting  
 August 4, againe than of the present payne of Parting.  
 Tuesday. Some lines of *Ben Jonson* I do remember are  
 sweetely written to this effecte, they were given me  
 by a young Friend at parting, who I beleieve was lesse indifferent  
 towarde me, than I to him :

*That Love's a bitter sweet I ne'er conceive  
 Till the sower Minute comes of taking leave,  
 And then I taste it: But as Men drinke up  
 In hast the bottom of a medicin'd Cup,  
 And take some sirrup after, soe do I  
 To put all relish from my Memorie  
 Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet  
 Shortly againe; and make our Absence sweet.*

Beloved *Mother*, the losse of her presence maketh my home  
 lonely : but I have Work to doe, and ill should I show my Love  
 for her if it remaine neglected.

Rose before six: sought the Blessing of the *Lord* upon my  
 daily Path ; read the 51 chap. *Isaiah*, and 2d St  
 August 17, *Luke*. Baby well : *John Armstrong* requested to  
 Monday. see me concerning the Harvest-supper. My *Lord*  
 still absent putteth me to much Trouble : the Har-  
 vest is nearly got in, only the Home-field remaines to be carted :  
*Armstrong* will take care enough as to the Supper ; but the Peo-  
 ple will be disappointed unlesse I can prevail on *William Wil-*  
*loughby* to take his Brother's Place ; hee stands high in favour  
 with our Neighbours, and the same with our owne People ; and  
 if he could bring with him his young Kinsfolk, wee should not  
 faile of Merriment.

Walked down to the Keeper's Lodge : Old *Briget* suffers  
 from the rhewmatickes ; bid her send to the *Hall* for a Plaister

and some Flannel : did my endeavours to persuade her that the same would bee of greater service than the Charm given her by Dame *Stitchley* ; though as she would not consent to leave it off, doubtlesse it will gaine all the credit, should *Bridget's* aches and paynes seem to amend. As I returned saw Horsemen coming up the *Avenue*, made such haste as I could : Tydings of my deare *Lord* ; but hee knows not when he can sett his face Home-wards ; desirereth mee to write by these Messengers : they did stay only to rest their Horses. He speaks much in his Letter of a Painter named *Vandyck*, who stands in great Favour at Court. The *King*, the *Princes*, and the Princesse *Mary* have sat to him : The Ladies crowd to his Painting-room desirous to see themselves perpetuated by his gracefull Pencil.

The *Steward* from *Stixwood-manor* hath arrived : my *Lord* is much wanted to visit his Estates in *Lincolshire* ; August 27, and Mr. *Legh* has businesse of various sorts to settle *Thursday* before *Michaelmass-day* ; but by none is he so greatly desired as by his faithfull and loving Wife. My Inexperience makes the present Charge burthensome, and I ever fear doing wrong, or omitting that which should bee attended to.

Baby grows finely, and sheweth already a masterfull Spirit ; he provides Work for my Needle, now the time is come that he should bee short-coated.

Arose this Morning rejoicing in the hope that before the day closed my dearest *Lord* would be safely returned : August 29, the Day seemed long, but I had at last the comfort of seeing him who is possessor of my Heart's truest Affection arrive in health. He thought little *Billy* much improved : how happy were we in our quiet Home . surely the *Lines have fallen to me in pleasant Places*.

The heavy Raine of late hath made much sicknesse to abound. Through mercy our Family are pre-  
Nov. 24, served in Health; and *Baby* has cut a tooth,  
*Tuesday.* discovered this morning by the spoon knocking against it.

One *Thomas Parr* is dead at a wonderfull greate age, being, it is said 150 yeares old. The Earle of *Arundell* had him brought to *Whitehall*, and the change did shortly affect his Health: no marvel, poore old Man, he would have beene better pleased, methinks, to have beene lett alone.

1635-6.

THE *Hollanders* have sent an Embassy and a noble Present on the occasion of the *Queene* having another Daughter : there are rare pieces of China and Paintings, one by *Tytian*.

There is talk of a By-poste from *Wickham*, to join the North Poste, which is expected to run night and day betweene *Edinburgh* and *London*, to go thither and come back againe in six days : Men and Horses will scarce be found to doe this.

Young Mr. *Gage* is put into the *Bastille*. The Earle of *Leycester* hath kindly written to his Mother ; Feb. 23, he being Ambassador at this time she did apply to *Tuesday*. him for help in this troublous Affaire.

June 6, *Baby* walked a few steppes alone, and did seem Monday. greatly pleased therat, as were his Parents.

These Lines repeated by one at supper-time, who hath met with divers Mischances in his life :

*The Fortunate have whole Yeares,  
And those they chose :  
But the Unfortunate have only Dayes,  
And those they lose.*

At Dinner near twenty People ; some remain till next week : Sept. 2. young *Harry Vane*, the Lord *Brooke* and others, Friday My Husband brought me a Muff, and a Fan of

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Ostrich-feathers, and Sir Philip Sydneys *Arcadia*; the latter most suited to my taste: it is said the *King* doth hold this Worke in high esteeme.

In looking back upon the last few dayes, I have to confesse in deep Humiliation of Spirit, that I have beene led Sept. 6, away by a foolish vanitie, to take too much Pleasure in the Admiration of others, unworthy the Dignity of a Wife or a Mother: truly it is sayd, *the Heart is deceifull above all things, and desperately wicked*. For such share of Comeliness as the *Creator's Hand* hath bestowed upon me, I would not that I should find therein food for Pride, or Selfe-satisfaction, beyond that it had found Favour in my *Lord's Eyes*, he who hath taken me to his Heart's true and pure Affection. I am his in all true Loyalty of Affection, and he doubteth not my Heart's Purity; but methought a shade of Regret pass'd over his noble Countenance, as he beheld the Wife whom hee delighted to love and to honour, so carried away by trifling and vanitie. And lett me not, in this Self-examination and searching of my inmost Heart, seek to hide from myselfe that when he bade me *good night* at the Doore of my Closet, instead of lingering at my side, as is his wont, a feeling of Resentment arose, and as I enter'd and closed the Doore, thoughts of Self-justification presented themselves: but Conscience prevailed, and placed my Conduct in its true light: Selfe-reproach is hard to beare; not long since, and I did think no Trial as regards others soe great as to meet with Injustice, but to be the cause of grieving another's Affection, and to feel lower'd in the Esteeme of one who hath beene ever readye to think more highly of me than I deserve; this is grievous to mee, and maketh me seeme hateful in my owne eyes. I humbled myselfe before the *Lord*, and pray'd that I might become more watchfull, and strive daily to follow the Example of *Him* who was meeke and lowly of Hearte.

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Beloved *Husband*, thy generous Love will forgive thy poore humbled Wife, who does in truth love thee, and reverence thy goodnessse.

Let me not permit the Circumstances of the last few days to passe from my Remembrance untill the Fault Sept. 8. committed, and the Sorrow arising therefrom, have *Thursday*. duly impress'd my mind : 1st, In the clearer insight into this weake point of my Character, may I henceforth take more heede to my Ways: and 2ndly, with the Perception of how slight are the beginnings of Evill, as my deare *Mother* saith, if the Desire of Praise take possession of the Hearte, it becometh insatiable, and doth eat away the root of all noble and generous Feeling; and even in lesse degree gives a feverish restlessnessse, that leaves not the Mind and affections free to spring up in strength and beauty, seeking onely the Happinesse of others. My deare *Husband*'s Gentle-nesse hath greatly endeared him to mee ; may it be my constant Endeavour, by all dutifull Affection, to render myselfe more worthy his Esteeme and Love.

After having pass'd a week in *Lincolnshire* wee are return'd Home. When at *Lincoln* my *Lord* tooke me Sept. 17. to the *Cathedral*, and show'd mee the Tomb of *Saturday*. his late Father, who died in that Citie in the yeare 1617? After him our little *Sonne* is named *William* : *Nurse* says *Baby* has not been well for some days past, she thinks he is about his teeth.

*Baby* ill, restlesse and feverish, sent off a Messenger to *Ipswich* for the Phisitian there.

My poore Child worse ; he takes scarce any nourishment, and suffers greate paine ; he looks up so piteously as if for

help from those around him. The *Chaplaine* mentioned him by name at Prayers: this startled me: seeing others beleeve him sc ill, my fears encrease.

No better to-day: I dare not think: Strength and Spirit  
needed to the utmost; for he likes no one so well  
Sept. 21, to nurse him, and hath ever a sweet Smile when  
*Wednesday*. I come againe after a short absence. Oh *God*,  
spare him to me; give mee not this bitter cup.

Weeks have pass'd and I am childeſſe: yett doe I seeme as  
one not awaken'd from a frightfull dream. My Child, my  
Child.

The Fever hath left me weak: I dare not looke back, and  
there is nothing now left me to looke forward to.  
Oct. 23. O *Mother*, my Heart is well nigh broken; how  
*Sunday*. is it that I live? shall I ever be able to say, It is  
the *Lord*, lett him doe what seemeth unto him  
good. I thought to write downe some particulars of the Patience  
and Sweetnesse, the Smila of Recognition when the parch'd  
Lipps could not speake, but I cannot: he is out of payne, and I  
thank *God* for that.

Sat this morning for long with the *Bible* before me, thoughts too  
distracted to read; at last turn'd to the History of  
Oct. 25. the *Shunamite* woman; Alas! no Prophet was here  
*Tuesday*. to give me back my *Sonne*, and, alas! neither could  
I say unto the *Lord*, *It is well*, when he tooke from  
me his precious Gift. Bear with me, O mercifull *Father*;  
thou knowest the anguish of my Heart, and thou alone canſt  
enable me to say *Thy will, not mine, be done*.

My deare *Mother* writes to comfort me, but a sorrow is now

mine, in which even she cannot give Comfort : She urgeth me to take care of my health for the sake of others : but what is Life to me now ? Yet will I try to beare in minde her Injunctions, though with a heavy Heart, and with more than indifference to the Prospect before me. I turn away from the thought of looking upon another Infant's face ; all love for a Child is in the Grave ; yet not in the Grave ; it liveth in Heaven, my precious *Child*, with thy blessed Spirit : let me not speak in bitternessesse of a triall sent me by the Almighty Hand.

Oft times I seeme to have no power of giving my Mind to Prayer or Meditation, but walke about the house, or sitt down

Oct. 26, with a Booke or Needlework before me almost with-  
*Wednesday*. out consciousness and well-nigh without life. What

doe all past Trialls and Vexations appeare, now a burthen of Sorrow is layd upon me, I am unable to beare ? I had known Grief and Disappointment, and already in my short experience of life had learnt that this State of Existence is onely a Preparation for happinesse hereafter, not happinesse it selfe : But a precious *Gift* came from Heaven, my beautifull *Child* smil'd on me ; I held it to my Heart, and did think it was my owne : What greate evil have I done in thy sight, O *God*, that thou hast thus stricken me ?

At Prayers my *Lord* was sensibly affected by hearing the words *Suffer little Children to come unto me, and*

Oct. 27, *forbid them not : for of such is the Kingdome of Thursday*. Heaven : the beholding him thus overcome by strong emotion, led me to consider my owne Conduct, and I do feare me, I have been very selfish in the indulgence of my own Sorrow, too regardlesse of him who equally

with me hath lost the deare *Sonne* of his Love, and who doth ever strive to strengthen and support me, and would fain lead me to take an Interest in our family Concerns, and in the Well-

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fare of our Neighbours, albeit Grief lieth heavy on his Heart. I felt another Reproof in his Looke of tendernesse and commiseration, as at our mid-day meal I sent away the plate the food untasted: I roused myselfe to exertion, and was repay'd the effort when his Eye rested on me approvingly. The Servants left the room, he took my Arm within his, and we walked to and fro in sweet and solemn Silence: my Heart, which had been strangely shut up, melted within me, when he utter'd a few gentle Words; and I felt there was yet something left to live for: Surely to him was due the poore remaining Powers of my Mind and Affections.

Arose this morning with mind more composed than for some time past. *Cicely's* Mother ill, and I went down to Oct. 29, see her: She is a bright Example of Patience, her *Saturday*. Trialls and Sufferings have beene manifold, bodily pain the least, has lost three Children in infancy and one daughter grown up: and yet, can it be, has known still deeper sorrow.

Return'd through the *Park*: never saw the Chestnuts and Beeches more beautiful in their autumn tints, the fallen leaves crushed pleasantly beneath my Feet, the Sun was setting before I was aware, and the Aire grew suddenly chill. Taking the nearest way, I entered the house by a side door, and there beneath the old Mulberry saw the little Cart and Whip as they had beene left by my poore Child the last day he was out, when he look'd so tired, and I carried him in. I stooped and took up the Whip, and hiding it beneath my cloke, went straight up stairs: no Hand had touched it since his: the teares I wept over it did me good: it seemed my innocent right to weep over this Token of my *lost one*.

Health and strength mend: make a point of walking in  
the *Long Gallery* whensoever the weather ad-

mits not of my going out; while so employed repeat  
*Monday.* Psalms and other Portions of *Holy Writ*, therein  
finding profitable Subjects of Meditation and peace-

ful Thoughts: Often has been brought to my Mind the Text *I  
was brought low, and he helped me:* now is my deare *Mother's*  
Care repaid, in the Help I find it to have by me such recollection  
of the Lessons she taught.

My early habits in the morning have been sadly interrupted:  
frequent restlesse nights, often sleeplesse for hours

*Nov. 15,* together, and awakening languid and ill at ease;  
*Tuesday.* often in the long nights, my Fancy is disquieted in  
looking forward to again becoming a Mother, and

that ere long, least haply the Infant nourished beneath a heart  
so saddened by Grief, should, if permitted to enter on existence,  
be deprived of that Joyfullnesse of nature which is the Birth-  
right of the young Spirit; but whatever may be the Ordering  
of my *Heavenly Father*, let me submit; too often have I rebelled  
against his just Appointments. In the words of the *Psalmist*,  
let me pray, *Enter not into judgement with thy Servant, O Lord,  
my Spirit is overwhelmed within me: my Heart within me is deso-  
late: hide not thy Face from me: in thee do I trust.*

1636-7.

ONCE more with a gratefull Heart doe I record the Mercy of our *Heavenly Father*, in that he hath permitted his January 12, unworthy Servant to live to behold the face of *Thursday*. another *Little One*. Yet now must I rejoice with trembling over a Being so fraile: the fulnesse and brightnesse of a young Mother can never againe be my Experience, since that joy has bene the Source of a Suffering and Agony never to be forgotten. Death follow'd into the Habitation wherein Life had just took up its abode. Not in short space of time can the Heart recover such Dispensations, and in the Excellency of no after joys can it ever forget the stroke that first destroyed its sweetest Hopes: Death once seene at our hearth leaveth a Shaddow which abideth there for ever. During the long period of Sicknesse that has beene my portion, I have endeavour'd through the *Divine Grace*, profitably to employ the solitary Houres, and doe now see much Merey in the return to Health being graduall. The needfull Quiett led me to seek a Spirituall Communion, whereby I humbly hope I am the better fitted for the Performance of the several Duties of Life, trusting not in my owne Strength, that truly would be a broken reed. *Lord! thy rod and thy staff they comfort me*: yea, even the rod, though it hath smitten me to the earth.

The *Christening* is to be next weeke: the name, after some difficulty in deciding thereon, fixed to be *Diana*. January 13, But few of our Relations are asked this time to *Friday*. be present; to both of us the ceremony will give

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rise to melancholly thought. Overheard *Nurse* telling one of the Women that at the former *Christening* the Infant cried not: there is a Country Saying, that a Child which crieth not when sprinkled in *Baptism* will not live.

We walked down to the *Village* at an early hour, just in time to see the Procession of the May-pole, which 1637. was adorned with Ribbons and Garlands: Lads May Day. and Lasses were at their merry Games, the Queene, in her holie-day Finery and Crowne of floures, looking happier than the Wearer of the real Crown, I ween: groups of Old People looking on: for a while there was a lack of Young Men and Maidens: but a number shortly appeared as *Robin Hood*, *Maid Marien*, &c. Methought some of the Elder Folks look'd grave, and at one side of the Green a stern looking man, dressed in a loose Coat, and a high crown'd hat, with the hair cut close, had collected a good many round him, and was holding forth in a loud harsh tone. My *Husband* left me, and went towards them: after listening a few minutes to the Discourse, he made as though he would speak; but mett with discourteous reception, and return'd with a smile on his face, saying, The Speaker look'd on his long curl'd Locks, and lace Ruffs with too great Abhorrence to think him worthy his Notice, and onely went on with the more Bitternesse to set forth the diabolical Wickednesse of the Dance and the Vanity of all such Amusements. I sate mee down by old *Briget*, who had hobbled down in spite of her reumaticke paynes: poore *Smythe* too had crept out, wan and feeble from ague. After a while, the sport seeming to flag, my *Lord* offer'd to head a party at *Prison-bars*, and was cordially greeted, and *William Willoughby* coming up with a Sonne of *Sir Robert Crane* and one or two more young Men, the game was sett on with great spirit. Ale and Victuals came down from the *Hall* and other Quarters, and I left the *Greene*. There was no want of

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Merriment the rest of the day : and the Preacher and his Party remained not long to interfere with the usuall Proceedings.

The dear Child thrives apace : againe and againe I looke at her in the Cradle and say, *Lord, spare this one unto June 1, me.* I have thought myselfe resigned to my Losse ; *Thursday.* howbeit, a Weight is on my Spiritt that no Effort or Time has yet shaken off : will it ever be thus ? Young as I am, is Hope so blighted that it will never more unfold its faire Blossom ? Let me not indulge these Meditations : but be willing to take up my *Croese* dayly, and follow after *Christ.* He hath promised to make the Burthen light to such as come to him.

Hope that I have latterly made some Progresse in the subduing Selfe, so far as attaining unto a greater desire to June 27, give up my own will to that of others, and conform *Tuesday.* to their pleasure ; more especially his who hath rightfull Claim to my dutifull Obedience and Companionship in those matters that interest him ; herein onely can true Satisfaction be found in wedded Life : may I every day more and more seeke to find Satisfaction and Pleasure in those Things wherein he is concerned. At noon to-day we walk'd down to the Sheep-Shearing : the poor Sheep struggle at the first against their fate, but how quietly do they submit in the end : the Lambs did keep up a continued Bleating ; it is a marvell how they find out their owne Mothers, who come back to them so changed. One large Ram butted with such force against one of the younger Lads that he push'd him into the Water : much laughter thereat, and many a passing Joke we heard on his overthrow. On our way home two curley-headed Children presented us with Posies of Gillifloweres and Cowslip tufts, of which they had their aprons full : bade them go up to the *Hall* with them : we gave them a Silver Groat, which they look'd at with some perplexity, but

curtsied and thank'd us with trustfull Countenances : the youngest one, strong made and active, look'd not much older than our sweet Child might have now bene, had he lived.

Late in the day Mr. *Gage* rode up: he tells us Mr. *John Hampden* hath refused the late demand for Ship-money: Discontent increasing everywhere. The *Wednesday*. proceedings of the *Starre Chamber* against *Prynne* and others have roused the whole country, even many who before tooke not part with the Malcontents doe now expresse their Abhorrence of this Tyranny. My *Husband* will go to *London* straightway.

With a heavy heart saw my deare *Lord* depart this forenoon: *Armstrong* accompanying him as farr as *Ipswich*: July 24, Struggled against desponding Thoughts, and passed *Monday*. some time in the *Nursery*, to give my selfe Occupation of Mind as well as Hands. After a Walk on the *Terrace*, went to *Alice's Room*: she hath long beeene ailing: sate some while with her, to cheer her, as I knew she would take to hearte this voyage to *London*, which Place, in her eyes, doth abound with all manner of Wickednesse and Danger.

To-night *John Armstrong* returned, bearing me a kind Farewell from his Master. He sayth that Mr. *John Hampden's Refusal* is greatly talked about: likewise it is rumour'd the *Lord Say* hath refused the Demand for Ship-money with equal pertinaciousnesse. *Armstrong* stopp'd as he pass'd through *Wickham* at the Blacksmith's, the Head-quarters of News and Country Gossip: he there met with a Packman, who says there be terrible Tumults in the North: at *Edenburgh* the *Bishop* well nigh killed, Stones and other Missiles thrown at him in the Pulpit, so soon as he commenced reading the *Prayer Booke*, as ordered

in *Council*: on leaving the Church he was cast down and nearly trod to death. Some say the King is like to go to *Edenburgh* to settle these matters in person with the *Presbytery*.

Tidings of my *Lord*: he keeps well in health: he saith Judgement in Mr. *Hampden's* cause is deferred till next Term: two of the Judges are on his *Thursday*. side.

*Baby* well: have some Thoughts of weaning her, my own strength failing: but put it off day after day, it is hard to dismisser her from the food and warmth which have been hers by right so long, and break this first Bond of Companionship and mutual Dependence.

1638-9.

SINCE Judgement hath beene given against Mr. *Hampden*, my  
deare *Husband* hath had divers Conferences with  
**Date** the Lords *Say* and *Brooke*, respecting their leaving  
wanting. the Country. One Mr. *Oliver Cromwell* they speak  
of, as much stirr'd by the unhappy state of Affaires,  
and they have found him to be a man of shrewd Judgement, and  
possessing greate Energy and Determination.

The *King* at *Yorke*: and has required the Nobility and  
Officers to take an Oath that they do abhor all Rebellions, and  
especially such as do arise out of Religion. The Lords *Say* and  
*Brooke* refusing to take the same, have been dismiss'd to their  
homes. The *King* proceedeth to *Berwick*, there to meet the  
*Scotch* Deputies.

Much Discontent that the *King* calleth no *Parliament*.

1639-40.

My first thoughts are due to thee, O *Heavenly Father*, who hast mercifully permitted the past Yeare to close and the January 1, present to open upon us, a thankfull and happy *Fa-Wednesday*. mily : Graciously accept my imperfect Thanksgiv-ing, and the Adoration of a Heart which I with un-signed humility anew dedicate to thee. By the Aide of thy *Holy Spirit* lead me every day I live to love thee more worthily and serve thee more acceptably. May I truly repent of my mani-fold Transgressions, my Pride, my rebellious Spirit which hath too often struggled against the just Appointments of thy Prov-i-dence : do thou, O *God*, renew a right Spiritt within me. Lord, thou hast made mee to be a Mother, O yet spare the sweet *Children* thou hast given unto me : and may I never lose sight of the Duty which is entrusted to me ; but so train them that they may be all gathered into thy Fold, at the greate Day of Account. May thy Blessing rest upon them, upon my *Husband*, and on all deare unto us. And to thy fatherly Care, thy Wisdom, and thy Love, may we trust all that concerns us, in unshaken Faith, and in the blessed Hope of eternal Life, through *Jesus Christ* our *Lord* and *Saviour*.

Went to the *Nurserie* : little *Fanny* yet asleep. Took *Di* by the hand and went down to Prayers: she was very quiet and well-behaved, and as she knelt down betweene her Father and me, my Mind was brought into a state of much Sweetnesse and Repose as the gracious Invitation of the blessed *Saviour* to bring our little Children unto him, was brought to my remem-brance.

Methought the *Chaplain's* discourse savoured somewhat of pharisaical gloom and austerity, and we were therefore in no little perplexity when *Armstrong* came into the *Hall* after breakfast, to say the Domesticks petition'd for a Dance and *Christmasse* Games to-night according to old Usage. We gave our consent. The *Chaplain* expressed his Dissatisfaction, nevertheless the Evening passed merrily: a goodly Assembly were gather'd together of our Neighbours. and to show our Good-will we look'd on for a while, and my *Lord* led off the firste Dance with the Bailiff's Daughter: the young Men of our Party followed his Example, and chose out the prettiest looking Damsels, my favourite *Cicely* being one of them; and they went down a long Country Dance, well pleased therewith. Old blind *John* and his Son play'd the viol and pipe: Games followed, bob-apple and the like: and *Alice* had taken good care for the Supper. Sounds of Laughing and Singing reach'd us long after we left them.

Newes hath reached us that the *King* has dissolved the *Parliament* though so lately mett, he being offended by the  
May 7,      *Commons* passing a resolution that the Discussion and  
*Thursday*. Redresse of Grievances should precede the Vote of Supply. They complained that the interference of the *Lords* was a Violation of their Priviledges. An eloquent Speech by Mr. *Waller*: such a House suited not the *King*.

My *Husband* writes me word that Mr. *Belasis* and Sir *John Hotham* are sent to the *Tower*, onely Offence alleged,  
May 9,      their Speeches. The House of the Lord *Brooke*  
*Saturday*. searched for papers, his Study and Cabinets broken open. A Conyocation of Clergy hath bene held, the Canons issued by them, such as to throw the whole Nation into a ferment. Writs of Ship-money in greater number than ever, and

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Bullion seized, the property of Merchants, and kept by them in the *Tower* for Safety.

No News for some days. The Chapter of the Morning greatly impress'd my Mind with the Goodnesse of *God* towards his feeble and ignorant Children : the *Holy Monday*. *Scriptures* do abound with Words of Consolation and Encouragement to the poore and lowly, *the hewers of wood and drawers of water*; *the meek will he guide in judgement*. Learning and great Ability, blessed be *God*, are not needed to the right Understanding of the Good Tydings of the *Gospel*.

The poore blind Widow pondering in her Heart the Words of *Jesus*, her Memory stored with the Readings of her younger days, her Spirit rich in Love and Faith, findeth the true Bread of Life, and is perhaps more capable of receiving the Enlightening of the *Holy Spirit* in the Study of Divine Truth, than the Learned who trust in their own reason and scholastic attainments. Also in looking for what is *God's Will* concerning them, I oft think the poor simple minded People have a wise Judgement given to them in the Businesse of Life. A Visit to old *Betty's Cottage* seldom faileth to give me such Sense of her truely virtuous and pious Life, as to make me looke upon this paterne of Goodnesse with sincere desire to follow the same. She hath lost Husband and Children, save one Son onely who left her years agoe: she knoweth not if he be yet living: and she hath been totally blind more than fifteen yeares. Truely hath Patience here her perfect work.

The *Mayor* and *Sheriffe* of *London* have beeene brought before the *Starre Chamber* for Slacknesse in Levying *Wednesday*. the Ship-mony.

Both Children ill the past week: through Mercy recovering.

Little *Fanny* but just saved: my onely Experience in a child's illnesse having been so unhappy, *Wednesday*. I found it hard to keep my feares in subjection; yet was it very needfull. What shall I render unto the *Lord* for all his benefit?

Have much comfort in the serious and feeling way in which little *Di* says her Prayers: she is too young to understand much, but the Habit is important, and wee know not at how earlye an age the *Holy Spirit* communeth with the tender Heart of the young. And a Child's Mind stops not at Difficulties as ours does: when told that *God* heareth Prayer from his Throne in Heaven, the belief is entire, and she questioneth not. I verily believe, the doctrine that we should walk by Faith and not by Sight, is easier to a young Child than to us, whose Affections have become engrafted upon earthly Objects, and the first Simplicity of Faith obscured. And surely we should consider it a sacred Trust given to us, to direct this inborn Trust and ready Belief of the little Child to *Him* who implanted it.

June 27,      Nursery prospers: *Di* vastly stronger, and *Saturday*. hungry as *Nurse* can desire. *Fanny's* cheeks too are somewhat more plump and rosy.

July 24,      The young Prince hath beene christen'd *Henry*, *Friday*. the ceremonie perform'd at Oatlands by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Birth of this my third Baby now living, occasion of renewed Thanksgiving and Praise: though I doubt Sept. 1,      not duly thankful, yet my deare *Husband* had *Tuesday*. hoped another Sonne would have beene given him; and this proving otherwise, hath brought some Dis-

appointment. He would have counted it a greate Happinesse to have seene an Heir to his Title and Estates: but he sayeth not much on the subject, and methought kissed his new-borne *Daughter* with a gladsome Smile upon his Countenance. I had the wish shes should be named *Theodosia*, after my deare and honor'd *Mother*: but my *Lord* did so greatly desire that she should be called *Elizabeth*, after mee, I consented thereto, wishing to consult his Pleasure in this, as in all things else in which it can be consulted by any giving up on my parte: though I the more regret that it must be so, seeing that my Uncle *Noel* has not given the Name of *Theodosia* to either of his Daughters.

Sept. 26, Find myselfe unable to attend much to house-  
*Saturday.* hold Affaires, and leave them to *Alice's* faithfull oversight.

Lord *Say* writes that a Petition has beeene presented to the *King* by twelve *Peers*, praying him to call a *Parliament*; so likewise have the citizens of *London*.

Messenger arrived from the Mayor of *Ipswich*: Writts are issued for the 3rd of *November*. It is hoped Mr.  
Oct. 20, *Oliver Cromwell* will be return'd for *Cambridge*.  
*Tuesday.* My deare *Husband* hath again departed: he doth hope to return for a few Days at *Christmasse*.

The *King* hath opened *Parliament* in person: they say he look'd pale and dejected. The *Commons* did make Nov. 9, Choice in haste of *Lenthall* a Barrister for *Speaker*, *Monday.* instead of one *Gardiner*, he being the *King's* Choice. They have pass'd a Resolution that *Prynce*, *Burton* and Dr. *Bastwick* should be sent for forthwith by Warrant of the House. The Table is loaded with Petitions, presented by hundreds crying out, *No Bishops*: *No Starre Chamber*.

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On the 28th the three *Puritans*, as they are call-  
Dec. 2, ed, liberated from their distant Dungeons, came  
*Wednesday*. up to *London*, and were mett by 5000 Persons.

Heard to-day that the Earle of *Strafford* was committed to the  
Tower. It is sayd he urgently declined appearing  
Dec. 15, in the *House*, but the *King* insisted, making him  
*Tuesday*. solemn Assurances of Safety : but he no sooner en-  
ter'd the *House* than he was put under Arrest.

The determined Measures of the *Commons* fill all People  
with Amazement. The *Archbishop* of *Canterbury*  
Dec. 24, is accused of High Treason, and committed to the  
*Thursday*. *Usher* : it is sayd he hath beene forced to sell his  
plate to raise money wherewith to pay the fine of  
500 pounds. And a Resolution has been pass'd, that for *Bishops*  
or other *Clergymen* to be in the Commission of the Peace, or to  
have any Judicial Powers in the *Starre Chamber*, or in any  
Civil Courts, is a hindrance to their Spiritual Functions, &c.  
This seemeth true enough: greate need have all Parties to pray  
to be preserved from Excesse, or being carried away by the  
heate of Party Spirit and personal Resentment. The Cruelty  
and Severity exercised by Archbisshop *Laud* in *Scotland*, and  
the Earl's Tyranny and Wickednesse in *Ireland*, have raised  
them enemies who wish nothing so much as their Death.

1640-1.

AFTER Prayers this morning my *Lord* beckoned to the Servants to remaine : He commended them for the faithfull performance of their Duties, and expressed his Confidence in their steady Attachment and Services, especially in his absence, which was like to be protracted : They bowed and curtsied ; and *Armstrong*, as spokesman for the rest, sayd, You may depend upon us all, my *Lord* : our Hearts and our Hands are my Lady's, God blesse her.

I knew not till to-day that my *Husband's* Return would be more uncertaine than hath often beeene the case : it dependeth much upon the Termination of Lord *Strafford's* Tryal : most are of the minde he will be found guilty ; and that nothing can then save him, unlesse the *King* prove that he can be true to his promise, when the Life of one whom he hath ever profess'd to hold in great Esteeme and Affection, is at stake : but no man trusts the *King*. The better ground of hope for *Strafford*, is the lenient Temper of the good Earl of *Bedford*, and his Influence with the *House*.

In the forenoon accompanied my *Husband* at the Settlement of Accounts with *Armstrong* : and assisted in copying the different Items into the Booke wherein my *Lord* hath entered for some yeares past the Items of Personal and Family Charges ; keeping another for the Accounts of Income, Rents, &c., chiefly from his *Lincolnshire* Property : this Manor bringing in but little.

This was new Worke to mee ; but I did my best, it seeming desirable I should, so farre as my poore Ability serveth, render myselfe competent to settle Accompts with *Armstrong* every Weeke, as is the Practice of my *Lord* when he is at Home : and likewise he wisheth mee to be acquainted with our Resources. He had wonderfull Patience with my ignorance, and did kindly commend my unskillfull Performance, not suffering me to be discouraged, though I proved more Hindrance than Help. I had had so many Feares both of doing wrong and incurring his Displeasure, that in my Satisfaction I kissed the deare Hand that did with so much ease correct my Errors, gratefull to the kind Heart by which it was guided.

Sir *John Hotham* arrived from *Hull* on his way to *London* : and purposing to proceed to-morrow, my deare *Lord* will January 11, accompany him. Sir *John* seemeth well disposed.

*Monday.* Thought my *Husband* gave much Heed to his Conversation, as he remarked that with twelve Men, Arms, and Provision, he could hold out this House against a considerable Force, and went into the detail of the Arrangements he would make, if it so chanced it was attacked by an Enemy.

These are fearfull times, let mee be encreasingly vigilant ; and whatsoever happeneth, be faithfull to the Duties of my present Station, Wife and Mother ; and a large Household, the Charge whereof is much left to mee : sufficient Care for one of but little Experience, and with Health not so good as might be wished.

Read in *Isaiah* chapter 26, these Words of Comfort : *Thou keepest him in perfect Peace whose Mind is stayed* January 12, *upon Thee, because he trusteth in Thee : May I at-*

*Tuesday.* taine unto this trust, need have I of better Strength than my own at this time when my dearest *Life* may be in circumstances of Danger; at a Time like this who is safe? the *King* ever playing false with the *Commons*, and disregarding their Privileges, and the *House* now sitting in Judgement on his favoured Servant; yet whatsoever Danger may threaten, I would not that my *Husband* should desert his Poste; rather let mee rejoice that he standeth up in his place to defend the People's Rights. My two Cousins from *Rutlandshire* will beare me company during some Portion of his Absence. What Mercy that our little Ones are well, and that I am not left in a childlesse Home.

On Monday the *Archbishop* was removed to the *Tower* from Master *Maxwell's* house where he hath beene allowed to remaine since his commitment: from *Cheapside* to Saturday. the *Tower* he was followed and railed at by the people, the which he took quietly.

Turning back the leaves of this *Diary*, I see many Interruptions, in some Places for Months together, no Notice or Note of any sort. The Period of my deare Mother's last Sicknesse is unrecorded: but so deeply engraven on my Memory are the Events of that mournfull Time, that I believe I may without danger of Error therein, commit to Paper some few Particulars. It may be a Satisfaction hereafter, that these should not be trusted wholly to Recollection, which may then fail me.

I remember as clearly as if 'twas no longer ago than yesterday, the Day whereon my Mother arrived, which did afterwards prove to be the last time it was ever my Happinesse to welcome her under our Roof. The Afternoon was calm and beautfull, and the Sunne low in the West caused the Shadows to fall at

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length acrosse the Grasse, the Honey-suckle over the Doorway was covered with its pale luscious Flowers, which hung down until some of the trailing Branches lost themselves in the old Sweet-briar Bush, and the White Rose, my *Mother's* favourite Tree, was arrayed in its faire Blossoms. As we stood looking at these, she did presently arrive. Methought she stepped feebly from her Coach; and when I gave her such aid as I could, she sayd with a mournfull yet sweet smile, I need a stronger Arme now than thine, my *Daughter*: one equally kind, I do fully believe, she added as she leaned on my *Husband's*. Saddest thoughts took hold of me, yet did I use my best endeavour to conceal the Feare that struck suddenly on my Heart, that her Tarryance here would not be for long. She looked better when seated in her accustomed Chaire: and her pale Cheek had a delicate colour, which gave me a Hope that her Weaknesse was not so great as at first did appeare, and that the Difficulty of Walking might be from her having sate so long in the Coach, causing a degree of Stiffenesse. Before retiring to her Chainber, she had conversed with much of her usuall Chearfulness: wee accompanied her up the staires one on each side of her: when taking leave for the night, she said to my *Husband*, I feare me I shall be a Burthen to you, Lord *Willoughby*, but not for long: but I meant not your kind Heart should so consider me. I thank you; thank you both: may God blesse you.

For the space of two or three weekes my *Mother's* State did so alternate day by day, the one day seeming to regaine the Strength lost the previous one, that I perceived not any great Change in her Appearance, save that her Breathing was somewhat hurried by an exertion more than common. I read to her daily, morning and evening, Portions of the *Scriptures*, her favourite Passages often repeated: of such I might make particular Mention, of the *Psalmes* and the *Gospels*. She did fre-

quently remark thereon with much earnestnesse and sweetnesse. She was able most days to walk out a little: and sometimes, she, being unwilling to disappoint my Desires, would consent to be borne on a Chaire by two of the Men, never failing to thank them with much Kindnesse of manner, and expressing her concerne at giving this Trouble. One fore-noon I did prevail with her to let them carry her a considerable distance from the House, to a sheltered sunny Spot, whereunto we did oft resort formerly to hear the Wood-pigeons which frequented the Firre Trees hereabout. We seated ourselves, and did passe an houre or two very pleasantly; she remarked how mercifully it was ordered, that these Pleasures should remaine to the last Days of Life; that when the Infirmitie of Age make the Company of others burthenesome to us, and ourselves a burthen to them, the quiet Contemplation of the Workes of *God* affords a simple Pleasure which needeth not aught else than a contented Minde to enjoy: the Singing of Birds, even a single Flower, or a pretty Spot like this, with its bank of Primroses and the Brooke running in there below, and this warm Sunshine, how pleasant are they. They take back the Thoughts to our Youth, which Age doth love to look back upon. She then related to me many Passages of her early Life, wherein was observable the same Love of natural Beauty that doth now minister in so large a measure to her Enjoyment.

The sweete Season of Spring was delightfull to her beyond any other Time of the Yeare: yet in all did she recognize the bountifull Hand of the *Creator*: and most aptly drew from all his Workes those Divine Teachings made manifest to the pious and lowly Minde unto whom *Day unto Day uttereth Speech, and Night unto Night sheweth Knowledge*. In the Quietnesse of Contemplation, the still small Voice of *God* findeth a Place in the Heart: she had listened thereunto in the days of her Youth, and in Age she

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reapeth her Reward : the Yeares draw not nigh unto her when she will say *I have no pleasure in them.* Such were my thoughts, as I beheld her placid Enjoyment, and heard her commend the delicate Beauty of a Flower she held in her Hand, remarking that she look'd upon this Portion of Creation as in a particular manner worthy of our sacred regard, the Flowers of the Field being sanctified by our *Lord* teaching from them Lessons of Faithfulness in the Wisdom and Love of our *Heavenly Father*. She asked me if I would repeate the 90th and 91st *Psalmes*, which I did for the most part ; she repeated after me the words, *Yet is their Strength Labour and Sorrow.* Three score and ten Yeares I have not seene : and this lengthened Span of Life may not be ordained for me, yet in the latter Days of my Pilgrimage thus farre toward the Grave, the *Lord* hath layd upon me no Burthen which his Love hath not made light and easy to be borne : Sight and Hearing remaine, and the use of my Limbs so farre as an old woman needeth. Surely Goodnesse and Mercy have followed me all the Days of my Life, and will, I doubt not, to the close, and my evening Sun will, I humbly hope, be permitted to set in brightness. She took a Rose-bud which I had gathered, and sayd, This Bud will never open ; but some there are which will unfold in Heaven. She look'd earnestly in my Face : I perceived her meaning, My precious *Child*, mine that is in Heaven, I sayd, and could not refraine from Teares. Calm thyselfe, my *Daughter* : I shall soone meet him, if I am found worthy to be where his pure Spirit is : let me feel as a Link between thy Soul and his. O that I may one day meet there all my deare Children : many have been my Bereavements, but Mercy, tender Mercy was in all my Afflictions. We arose, and she was able to walk a good part of the Way towards the House, untill the Servants mett us. Henceforth my *Mother* left the House but seldom, and soone showed herself incapable of this much exertion : her strength diminished daily, and she became scarce able to quit her chamber.

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She desired one day to speak with my *Husband*, and communicated to him her conviction that there remained to her but a short Time to live, and requested him to prepare me for her immediate departure to *Wimbledon*, talking of setting forth the next Day: but it was too late, she was too weake to bear moving: she tooke to her bed, and I thenceforth left her not, save when wanted in the *Nurserie*.

One Night, it was the *Sabbath*, she called us both to her Bed-side, expressed her Happiness in beholding us so united in the bonds of Affection and Friendship: in a most touching manner addressed my *Husband*, commended me as her chief earthly Treasure to his continued tender Care and Love, and then, the Teares running down her Face, thanked him for the Kindnesse and Gentlenesse he had alwayes shewn to her beloved *Daughter*: she pressed our two Hands together, rays'd herself up, and in a low tremulous Tone, slowly utter'd as nearly as I can remember them, these Words:

*Allmighty Father, behold these my Children: blesse them in each other and in their Children: keepe them in the Path of Righteousnesse: protect them in Danger, comfort them in Affliction, and when they come to passe through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, let their spirit faint not, neither be afraid: but let them lay hold on the Promises of Eternal Life, through Faith in Christ Jesus our Lord and Saviour. Amen.*

She sunk back exhausted, and revived not againe to hold much Intercourse with us. Her Countenance, though at times marked by Suffering, was Calm and Peacefull: her Eyes mostly closed as in Sleep: the Silvery Hair parted on her Forehead: she lay throughout the remainder of the day without taking notice of any thing: twice or thrice she ask'd for Water to drink, and smil'd affectionately upon all around.

Late in the evening she sayd, Is *Mabel* here: her faithfull Servant approach'd near the Bed. She had taken leave the day before of such of our Domestics as she knew personally, and now gave Messages of Remembrance to those at *Wimbledon*, not forgetting one or two poore aged Woemen to whom she had beeene a good Friend in their old Age of Poverty. Againe she became much exhausted, and we thought the faint Breathing must soon cease: but she so remained some houres. About five of the clock in the morning she opened her eyes: the early Sunne shon in at the Casement, which was at the farthest side from the Bed: she appeared conscious of the Daylight, and we could partly distinguish the Words, *Heaven, no Sun, the Glory of God, the light thereof.* She look'd on all that were neare unto her, and we thought she sayd, *Deare Children.* I stoop'd to kisse her: with a last Effort she returned my Embrace; and as I gently layd her Head on the Pillow, her pure Spirit left its earthly Mansion.

In the stillnesse of this awful Moment, my Mind was impress'd with the Belief that her passing Spirit look'd on her weeping Family with a Love set free from all earthly Feare in the perfect Fruition of Faith, which was become her blessed Experience, knowing that our Sorrow would be but for a Moment compared to the *eternal Weight of Glory.* Dearest *Mother*, may thy precious Example be ever present with me. I felt it a sore Triall, the House being at this time full of Company, yet believe it might be good for me that there were so many to be cared for. My Sister *Dorothy* was truly kind: *Albinia* was prevented coming: My Lord *Noel* was a true Mourner, a more than common Affection united him in Bonds of Intimacy with his late Sister, and he sought every Opportunity of Converse with me, and pass'd much Time of every Day alone in her favourite Walks: his Daughter *Eleanor* had accompanied him

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out of *Leicestershire*: before he left us, my deare Uncle had gained the Love and Esteeme of all.

I may here write an Inscription to the Memory of the late Mistresse *Hampden*, which my *Lord* did copy from her Tomb in the Church at *Great Hampden*, when he was last at that Place, the same appearing to me particularly suited to the Subject of the last pages of this *Diary*, wherein my Pen would faile, were I to attempt to describe her Excellence, or my own great Losse.

To the eternal Memory of the truely Vertuous and Pius *Elizabeth Hampden*, Wife of *John Hampden*, the tender Mother of an happy Offspring in 9 hopefull Children: In her Pilgrimage the Staie and Comfort of her Neighbours, the Love and Glory of a well-ordered Family, the Delight and Happinesse of tender Parents, but a Crowne of Blessings to a Husband: In a Wife, to all an eternal Paterne of Goodnesse, and Cause of Joye whilst she was: In her dissolution a Losse unvaluable to each, yet herselfe blest, and they recompensed, in her Translation from a Tabernacle of Claye and fellowshipp with Mortalls to a celestiall Mansion and Communion with *Deity*, The 20th Day of *August* 1634. *John Hampden*, her sorrowfull Husband, in perpetuall Testimony of his conjugal Love, hath dedicated this Monument.

My *Mother* in a special manner did walke by Faith. In all Trouble she could say, It is good for me to be afflicted, it is the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth to him good: and in time of Prosperity and Gladnesse she forgot not the Giver of all Mercies, the Song of Thanksgiving and Prayse was in her Heart and on her Lippes: Scrupulous in the exact Performance of all her Duties, she regarded none as too insignificant to be done well: to the Poore she was a kind and bountifull Friend; and as *Hampden* sayth of his Wife, she was a Paterne

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of Goodnesse, and Cause of Joy to all who knew her: and the *Lord* permitted his aged Servant to depart in Peace. Blessed be his name!

This Morning arose somewhat earlier than usuall, and felt the Benefit of so doing throughout the day: Mind composed and strengthened. At five of the Clock my *Thursday*. Cousins *Anne* and *Margaret* arrived: seem warm-hearted young Women, *Anne* grown into more Comelinesse than she appeared likely to do, two yeares since; *Margaret* lovely as a bright Morning in May, the calme Truthfulnessse of her Countenance brings to mind *Spenser's* Verses to the Memorie of his beloved Friend,

*A sweet attractive kind of Grace,  
A full Assurance given by Looke,  
Continuall Comfort in a Face  
The Lineaments of Gospell Bookes:*

the two last Lines escape my Memory. We sate round the Fire for the most part of the Evening: family News and country Gossip: and *Anne* eager to relate sundry Tales of *Robin Hood*, and marvellous Stories of Witch-craft and Fairie-lore, drawing down upon herselfe the grave Rebuke of the *Chaplaine*, to which she gave little heed. When retired to my Closet, could not forbear contrasting my present State with that of these light-hearted Maidens: I have not seene many more Yeares than these have, and yet such Gaiety of Spirit is mine no more, the Hand of Care presseth heavily on the young Heart, which enters upon the troubled and carefull Path of domestic Life, and upon the Duties which appertaine unto the Mistresse of a Household, before it hath had time to enure itselfe to Hardships and Disappointments, or hath had Experience of its owne Weaknesse or its owne Powere: yet

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I would not repine ; a deeper Well-spring of Joy hath beene open'd to me, though its Waters are mingled with Drops of Bitternesse. Some one sayth, our best Blessings are bought with Paine, as our highest Virtue through Sin and Sorrow : this may seeme a Mystery ; but *my Thoughts are not your Thoughts, nor my Ways your Ways, saith the Lord.* Raise up and strengthen within me, O mercifull *Father,* that Faith in thy perfect Wisdom and Love as shall enable me to trust in thee to direct my *Ways* and lead me to obey thy Will as a Little Child : blesse and protect my *deare Husband,* and keep him in the Way of Truth and Liberty : keep in Health and safety, O *Lord,* my precious little Ones, and uphold me in the Fulfillment of the several Duties committed to my Charge.

The *Nurserie* a Scene of much Merriment this Morning.

*Anne* at high Play with *Di* and *Fanny*, and *March 24, garet* with the *Baby*, who clapp'd her Hands and *Wednesday.* screamed with Delight. My Cousins are both good-tempered, lively Creatures, and I am vastly fond of them already, and they no lesse so of me and the Children. I tooke them over the House, and left them in the *Long Gallery.* They followed me after a while, bringing their Needlework, and I tooke my Embroidery, which has got on but slowly of late : their lively talk made the Day passe pleasantly. After Dinner we walked down to the *Village*, calling at blind *Betty's* as we return'd.

*Lady Day.* In the *Steward's* Room two or three Houres, paying out Wages and so forth, and looking over *March 25, Armstrong's* Bookes. The last yeare's Wool was *Thursday.* sold, the greater part thereof, to the Baize-maker at *Colchester*, at 24 Shillings the Tod, a better price than hath been payed of late.

The *Great Hall* with its blazing Fire and the Women busy at their Spinning, ever and anon singing to the hum of the Wheels, was a Sight pleasant to look upon. *Nancy* did desire she might have a Wheel taken to the *Parlour*, much preferring making of Thread to using the same. *Margaret* is a notable Needle-woman: her Sister brought a bright blush to her Cheeke by some Query respecting a particular Piece of Needle-work in hand; and added, on perceiving the Effect she had produced, she had heard *Sr. Erasmus de la Fountain* much commend the delicate Paterne: whereat poore *Margaret* attempted to look up unconcern'd, but was obliged to smile at her Sister's Pleasantry. I was discreet, and led the conversation back to the Spinning.

The Days passe smoothly, yet Time seemeth very long since my deare *Lord* departed on his Journey. We heare no News. *Armstrong* will perchance gain some Tydings at *Colchester*: and I must await his Return with such Patience I can

Since my little *Fanny*'s long Sicknessse I have continued the Habit of remaining by her at night, sometime after she is in Bed: these are seasons peculiarly sweet and soothing; there seemeth something holy in the Aire of the dimly lighted *Chamber*, wherein is no sound heard but the soft breathing of the sleeping Infant. I feel at such time as if brought nearer to the *Divine Presence*, and with every Care and busy Thought gathered into Silence, almost seeme as though admitted to the Company of the Angels who keepe their appointed Watch around the little Child: one desire only filling my Soul that my Children may grow up to walk in the Way of the Righteous: at such Moments too how clearly is perceiv'd and acknowledg'd the Claim of the *Creator* over the young Creature he hath formed: He hath breathed into it the Breath of Life, and made it a living Soule, and hath given it to a Mother's Keeping: she boweth herselfe before him, and receiveth from his hand this *Pearle of great price*, when the

Lord makeith up his Jewels to be required of her againe. Sanctifie, O Lord, I beseech thee, these Houres of Stillnesse and Meditation to my Soule's eternal Good, and to the Fulfillment of thy holy Purpose towards us.

Sitting with my two little Maidens in the *Nurserie* to-day, *Baby* asleep in the Cradle, and the Time drawing March 30, nigh for them to go to Bed, the way opened of saying a few words to them on the subject of Prayer, and methought it strengthened my owne Faith as I brought to their Remembrance that *Jesus Christ* himselfe pray'd, and had told us to do so, and had taught us in what manner we should pray, also giving us Assurance that *God* would alwayes heare our Supplications, if offered in Humility and Faith: Herein should we find abiding Comfort and occasion of Thankfullnesse: *Diana* I thought, from the Expression of her Countenance, understood what was sayd. *Fanny* look'd and smiled and made some childish Remark, but possibly tooke some notion of what was meant. It is a teaching Lesson, the loving Sorte of Trust with which our Children listen: how carefull should we be that Nothing destroy this Confidence.

When I came downe staires, met *John* in the *Hall*: he brought me a Letter, and had heard divers Reports. He had the good hap to fall in with Messengers on their road to the North, and accompanied them a mile or two on their Way to gaine what Intelligence he could. When the Earle of *Strafford* was brought from the *Tower*, he was guarded by 200 of the Train-band on his way to *Westminster Hall*. Every day of the past weeke he was brought thus to and fro to the Triall. The *King* and *Queene* and the *Prince* proceeded to *Westminster* about 9 of the clock: they sat in their private Closet, one being enclosed on each side of the Throne with Boards and hung with Arras, in order that the *King* might be present without taking Parte, untill such time as he should choose: nevertheless he shortly brake downe with his own Hand the Trellis, and so sate in the eyes

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of all. When the *Earle* enter'd, the Axe was not carried before him, the *King* having so commanded. The Reading of the Impeachment with the Lord *Strafford's* Reply occupied the first Day.

There was much Eating and Drinking during the Day, unseemely Conduct in the *King's* presence, and ill becoming the Solemnity of the Occasion : the Sittings did oft last till 2 or 3 of the clock at night. Mr. *Pym* made a long speech on the 2nd day. What seemeth strange, in the *Galleries* were all the chief Ladies of the Court, with Pen and Ink and Papers, taking note of what pass'd. It is sayd, though he was proved guilty of great Wickednesse and Tyrannie, yet no one Deed taken singly did come within the verge of Treason. The *Earle* did himselfe say aloud, there was nothing that could be Treason, and if one thousand Misdemeanours make not a Felony, how should 28 make it a Treason ? So soone as the Triall is concluded, we shall surely hear thereof.

No Letter or Messenger yet arrived. It is well for me that nurserie Cares and Employments cannot be neg  
April 19, lected, and I am thus compelled to exertion, though  
*Monday*. painfull Thoughts occupy my Mind. It is an awfull thing for Man to take the Life of Man, and difficult to reconcile to the Precepts of Mercy and Forgiveness, given by our *Saviour*, more especially doth it grieve me to see the Spirit of Persecution so strong in the Minister of Religion. The *Chaplain* and I agree not in these Matters, and he hath ever readie in his Mouth Texts from *Holy Scriptures* to justify Bloodshed : the Law of old Time was an Eye for an Eye, but not such is the Law of *Christ*. I do oft wish for my *Husband's* Presence in his owne Family : the discontented and fanatic Tone of Exhortation adopted of late worketh no Good : for my poore Part I see no doing of *God's* service in neglecting their

Duty, which some both Men and Women in the Household scruple not. This wresting of the old *Bible* expressions to suit different Opinions, methinks, is like to be dangerous, and maketh a Snare to the Weake.

The Bill hath pass'd the *Commons' House*, by a very great majority, and is sent up to the *Lords*. Mobs April 24, of violent Men were gathered round the Parliament, crying for *Strafford's* Blood. The *Lords* made *Complaint* they were threatened: and Dr. *Burgess*, a popular Preacher, was put forth to address the crowde, who thereupon dispersed themselves. The *King* is accused of endeavouring to influence the *House of Lords*, and trusts much in the Earle of *Bedford*, who it is sayd hath secretly undertooke that the Earle of *Strafford's* Life should not be forfeited.

May 7, A Report hath arisen that the *King* hath projected the Earle's Escape from the *Tower*.

So great is the excitement that the Noise of a Board breaking in the *House* did so greatly terrifie the Members that some ran out: others thought it was another Gun-powder Plot.

No further News from *London*. Thoughts so distracted that to set downe some Particulars of public Events as May 8, they reach us is all that I am well able. Children Saturday. at this time well in Health, a great Mercy: let me not be unmindfull of this and other manifold Blessings: but, as the *Apostle* sayth, *by Prayer and Supplication, with Thanksgiving, be my Requests made known unto God*.

The Bill has pass'd: the Majority 21 to 19: my *Husband*

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sayth many left the *House*. The Earle of *Bedford*,  
May 13, having sicken'd of the Smallpox last weeke, died  
*Thursday*. on the 9th : he is a great Losse to all Parties, being  
a just and good Man : he hath alwayes opposed the  
persecuting Laws against the Non-conformist Ministers, and  
beene the Enemy of all arbitrary Power, and had occupied  
himselfe till his Death in the endeavour to reconcile his Party  
to something lesse than capital Punishment in the *Earle's* case :  
and 'tis thought the *King* had confidently trusted in his Influence  
obtaining this End. The Royal Assent has beene given  
by Commission. When the Earle of *Strafford* was inform'd  
thereof, he layd his Hand on his Breast, and sayd, *Put not your  
Trust in Princes* : poore Man, he hath good Reason to say so.  
The Prince of *Wales* came to the *House* with a Letter from the  
*King*, a poore Effort to save the *Earle*, and to satisfie his Con-  
science.

The Execution tooke place on *Wednesday* the 12th : the  
crowds of People present were orderly, and gave  
May 15, way to no expression of Triumph; but at night it is  
*Saturday*. reported they testified their Satisfaction by light-  
ing Bonfires, &c. My deare Life doth hope to get  
away in a few Days: how great will be the Joy to see him  
enter his own Doore againe. He sayth the *Queene Mother* hath  
petition'd the *House of Commons* for a Guard: she being fear-  
full of Crowds and Tumults: 'twas referred to Committee.  
The *House* moved that the *Lords* should join in a Petition to  
His Majesty that she depart this Kingdome.

Have retired to my *Close* at an early Hour, that I may  
passe some time in the Exercise of Self-examination, especially  
suited to the Day, the same being that in which I was born.  
First, let me return Thanks to *Almighty God* that I was blessed  
with a Pious and Tender *Mother*: 2ndly, That I have been

favoured with goode Health: and thirdly, that in Wedded Life my Partner is one worthy of my dearest Affection and high Esteeme, and who hath ever treated with Gentlenesse and Condescension my Faults and many Deficiencies. Like unto the loving them who love us is the Thankfulness of the Heart for those Mercies and Orderings of *Providence* pleasant to our natural Feelings: how have I borne the Trialls and Disappointments which have beeene given mee to beare? When the *Lord* tooke from me my precious First-born, it was as it were the Dividing asunder of Soul and Spirit, and of the Joints and Marrow: and I would not be comforted. Yet I doubt not that through this Tribulation I have in some measure beeene brought to a more humbling Sense of my thoughtlesse and sinful State, and to the Conviction that only through Divine Grace could my disobedient and rebellious Spirit be brought into entire Submission and the patient taking up the *Crosse* felt to be a daily Duty. Great and oft have beeene my Backslidings; yet blessed be *God*, I hope that Faith faileth not, but doth strengthen and become more and more an abiding Principle of Action. Much of Indolence and Selfishnesse I have daily to struggle with: yet sometimes the comforting Hope is granted, that in these respects there is Improvement. Though no longer have I a deare *Mother*, yet is her Memory so connected with my *Children* that in my own capacity as a Mother I seeme with her in many Scenes of her past Life. Perhaps she doth now behold mee stepping along through this Vale of Teares, oft stumbling, but an unseene Arm supporting mee from utterly falling, and peace full Resting-places and refreshing waters vouchsafed: and when I draw nigh unto the End of my Pilgrimage, where lieth the Shadow of Death, may I still feare no Evill, but know that the *Lord* is with mee. Have read the 51st and 103d *Psalmes*, and the 5th, 6th, and 7th Chapters of *St. Matheu*, and with renewed Thanksgiving after looking on the sleeping Little Ones, I will now retire to my solitary Chamber.

There hath of late been public Events of such strong Interest, that small domestic Affaires have seemed of June 2, too little import, compared therewith, to set ought *Wednesday*. downe, and my Pen too is idly disposed. My time is mostly thus ordered: after that I have looked into ordinary household businesse, I teach *Diana* her Reading and Spelling; she is an apt Scholar, and is becoming a notable little Sempstresse: her Temper is quick, and her behaviour sometimes overbearing to her *Sister*; but she hath warme Affections, and soon repents of Unkindness or Anger: *Fanny* is more gentle and docile, but with this too readily in Teares; they are both vastly fond of *Baby*, and *Fanny* gives it oftentimes such a hug with her chubby Arm as makes it cry, and then she cries too. *Fan* learns some little. In the Afternoone walke out, calling on some of my poore Neighbours, and administering to the ailing such Remedies as I can bestow.

It is like to be a good Hay-harvest: the Women all called forth to give Helpe therein. I tooke Charge of the June 24, *Nurserie*: *Di* and *Fan* in the Field most part of *Thursday*. the Day. Old *Briget* died last night; and *Smythe* now keepes to his Bed.

The Report hath reached us that the *Queene Mother* hath embarked: a good Riddance to the Countrey. It July 17, is sayd the *Queene* wished to accompany her; and *Saturday*. under plea of Ill-health made Request to this effect to the *House of Commons*, which was refused: at the same time the *House* expressed a Willingnesse to further her Satisfaction in all things so farre as may stand with the Public Good. Methinks the *King* must be discomposed by this Opposition to the *Queenes* Wishes, which bodeth further Trouble and Vexation to him.

Sept. 15, The *King* is still in *Scotland*, but is likely to go to *Wednesday. Ireland*: Rebellion and dreadfull Massacres in that unhappy Countrey.

Dec. 14, The Bishops accused of High Treason.

1641-2.

THE *Commons* have petitioned for a Guard. Newes that Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Hollis, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, Jan. 8, Mr. Pym, Mr. John Hampden, and another, have Saturday. been accused of High Treason by the *Attorney General*. Whilst the *Lords* were deliberating, Word was brought that Officers were sealing up the Doores, Trunks, &c., of the accused Members. The *Commons* ordered their *Sergeant at Armes* to breake them open: of a sudden there came a Message from the *King* to the *Speaker* requiring him to deliver up the 5 Members. The *House* replied they would take the Matter into Consideration. The next day after dinner, and when they had scarcely taken their Seats, Newes was brought them that the *King* was coming with Hundreds of arm'd Men and Officers; they fearing Violence and Strife in the House, order'd the accused Members to leave the House: which they did just in time. My *Lord* sayth the *King* knock'd hastily on the Doore, and came in with the *Prince Palatine*, leaving the arm'd Men at the Doore. The whole *House* stood up uncovered: the *King* walked straightway to the *Speaker's Chaire*, and seated himselfe therein. Then he cast searching lookes around, and not seeing those he sought, spoke in a severe Tone, asking where were any of those Persons there, ending with these Words, or some similar, *I do expect, as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me; otherwise I must take my owne Course to find them*, and arose and went out, amidst Murmuring and cries of Privilege. This open Defiance of *King* and *Parliament* has created a vast stir: and many marvel at the bold bearing of the *House*. The next day the *King*

went into the City of *London*, when the *Common Councill* were assembled at the *Guildhall*; but made not much Impression: nevertheless he got a good Dinner at the House of one of the *Sheriffes*.

For some days no Tidings have reached us: all that we have heard of late is of the *Militia Bill*, which is calling Feb. 28, forth strong Feelings on both Sides. The *Queene Monday*. and *Princesse* are at length gone into *Holland*: it is sayd she hath taken, beside her Plate, the Crown Jewells. The *King* returned not to *Whitehall*, but is at *Theobalds*, the Prince of *Wales* with him.

This Forenoon my little Daughter *Fanny* showed so wilful and foward a Spirit, refusing to do that she was March 17, told, that I was forced to correct her with some *Thursday*. severity; she hath of late fallen away from the ready Obedience wherewith she did formerly attend to my Bidding, and I do much reproach myself in that I have beene neglectful of my Duty towards her, and the others; thus occasioning Trouble to them, and Grief and Disappointment to myselfe. Sorely tried by divers Anxieties I have too much look'd to my deare Little Ones for present Joy and Comfort: and haply in my forlorne State, with an encreased Tendernessee have beene led to overlooke the Beginnings of unruly and disobedient Conduct, which ought to have met with Correction.

As I stood and look'd on the little Face so lately disturbed by angry Feelings now quietly asleepe, I deeply bewailed the Effects of my Selfishnesse. *Lord*, I have beene an unfaithfull Steward, and neglected the Talents committed to me: call me not to account, Oh Righteous *Father*: take not away from mee this precious Trust: but whilst I acknowledge and deplore my Unworthinessse, strengthen, I beseech thee, my weake Minde,

and helpe mee to traine them up in Obedience, which shall prepare them for a yet higher. Thou knowest the Burthen of these fearfull and troublous Times is heavy to be borne : yet would I strive and pray for a more patient and faithfull Spirit.

Attended to family Businesse and Duties with renew'd Dilige-  
March 18, nce : and I trust humbled, by the past Experi-  
*Friday.* ence of Slacknesse in performing the same. I  
weary for my deare *Husband's* presence and  
Support.

Intelligence that the *Lieutenants of Counties* are forthwith to  
organize *Militias* : The Farmers and Labouring  
March 19, Men will be put to great Inconvenience and  
*Saturday.* Losse.

Late in the Afternoone my *Lord* arrived, travailed-soiled,  
having ridden so farre out of his way to the North : he with  
some others are appointed to present to the *King*, now at *Yorke*,  
a Declaration from *Parliament*. He had but a few Houres to  
stay : so much to be sayd in short Time, we scarce knew where  
to begin : he inclined to dismisse for awhile all Public Affaires.  
I caused a good fire to be made in our favourite Parlour. *Arm-  
strong* relieved his *Master* of parts of his Riding-dresse, and  
tooke Orders respecting fresh Horses, baggage, &c., the while I  
hasten'd up to the *Nurserie* and brought downe the three *Girls*.  
*Fan* tooke her old Place on her Father's Knee, *Di* on a stool at  
his Feet, and I nursed and coaxed *Baby* into not being alarmed  
at a Stranger, so little has she seene of him, that at first she did  
refuse to leave my Arms for his : very great was our Satisfaction  
and Delight : he look'd wearied, and well he might, but sayd  
the sight of so many deare Faces was the onely Happiness he  
had had since he last saw us, and did more to rest him than  
could aught else : the Dogs too shared his Notice : and the

*Children* prattled so that we could hardly get in a word to each other. One by one they were sent off to Bed, and we had a short space of Quiet to ourselves. Before we are like to meeete againe, he doth expect, as doe all Men, that Blood will have beeene shed: both Parties are now scrambling for Armes; and nothing can save this unhappy Kingdome from a Warre. Wee are much out of the way; but in disturbed Times, worthlesse and evil-disposed Persons are readie for any Violence, and under Pretext of being engaged for one Side or the other, likely to plunder the undefended: and *Armstrong* has orders to see that before dark, the House be shut, and all the Men within; who are to be armed: the new *Militia Act* will make this needfull. My *Lord* will have with him alwayes one or more trust-worthy Serving-men, whom he can send with Letters or Messages, and heare from us in return: and herein wee must both take such Comfort as wee can. He is now under the Orders of *Parliament*, and for some time is pretty certaine to be in the *North*, the *King* having established a sort of Court at *Yorke*. The Take-leave time came at last, *And now, deare Heart*, he sayd to his trembling *Wife*, with much adoe I kept a tolerable Composure, *have no Misgivings of thyselfe: I have ever found thee of quick Wit in Difficulties, and manifesting a quiet Courage and Endurance, at which I have marvelled: and if need should be, I will find Meanes for your better Protection.* Well was it now that the Horses were readie, and he look'd not around, after his parting Embrace, to see mee drown'd in Teares. He set forth well armed. Two Men the same, and another with a led Horse and Baggage.

Went to my lonely Roome at Night: the Casement shook with the Winde, and presently the Raine came downe heavily: for a time I was overpower'd with the Grief of losing him, and thinking of him riding all night in Weather so tempestuous, the while I sat by a brightly burning Fire, in a comfortable warm Roome. Yet would I gladly share his Hardshippes, and be at

his Side through all. Roused myself at last, and prepared for Rest, praying for Strength that my selfish Love may never bee a Hinderance to my beloved *Husband* in the way of his Duty, but rather that I may give all the Aide that a poore weake Creature may, to one so farre above her in all true Noblenesse. As I beheld the little Face sleeping beside mee, thought what should betide if wee were driven from our Home: how should wee find Shelter for this tender Flower, and the other deare ones.

The *Chaplaine*, when we met this Morning, with much Respect did offer his Services: he sideth with the March 22, *Parliament*, and I fancy could play the part of *Tuesday*. Soldier well, other ways than in Spirituall Warfare.

Had the great Comfort of a Letter dated *Nottinghame*; my *Husband* reach'd that Place soone after Sir *Anthony Ereby* and the Lord *Dungarvon*, whom he was to *Thursday*. meete there: and they presently departed for *Yorke*.

My *Husband* telleth me that Mr. *John Hutchinson* boldly opposed the Taking-away the Pouder from the *Castle* by the Sheriffe for the *Kings* Use: the which was well nigh accomplished. It did so happen that Mr. *Hutchinson* chancing to call on the *Mayor*, was there told that Lord *Newark* and the Sheriffe were up stairs seeing the Pouder weighed out. A good number of People were gathered together, and told Mr. *Hutchinson*, if he would stand by them, they would not let it be taken away: and some were minded to go up and tosse the Sheriffe out of the Windowes. Thereupon Mr. *Hutchinson* went up, and made manfull Remonstrance with the sayd Sheriffe, and they did presently put up their Papers and left the Townes-hall. My *Lord* had some knowledge of Mr. *Hutchinson*, and is right glad

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to find him a stedfast Friend, on the side of Liberty and Justice.

It is no easie Matter to follow my usuall Employments, and I make some excuse continually to myselfe for April 5, looking towards the Gate, though no Newes is like *Tuesday*. to arrive yet awhile. The afternoone was fine, and I walked with the *Children* to *Framlingham*, and went over great part of the *Castle*, met there Doctor *Sampson*, who gave me at considerable length the History thereof. He was in much Concerne for his Friend Mr. *Lovekin*, the Rector of *Ufford*, who hath beene plundered of every thing save one Silver-spoone which he did hide in his Sleeve. The Oak-trees hereabout are of great size. The *Children* were mightily pleased with the *Castle*: and were it not that their Hunger made the thought of Supper well pleasing to them, I should not easily have got them away.

This morning was mild and bright: the Woods clothed in the soft Greene of early Spring: and the whole Scene April 19, so quiet and beautifull, 'twas sad to reflect how *Tuesday*. many happy country Places were defaced by the Trampling of Soldiers, and Women and Children sitting in Terror of Warre at their very Doores. I walk'd down to blind *Betty's* Cottage: the Doore stood partly open: and as I entered she was seated by the small Fire, her Dresse cleane though homely and worne, and her poore sightlesse Face wearing its accustomed Looke of Contentment: her Lips moved, and she raised up her withered Hand at times, as if in Supplication. She knew my step, and arose to meet mee with her wonted Salutation of Respect and Wellcome: her first Enquiry was to know if I had heard Tydings of the Lord *Willoughby*: and then of the *Children*, every particular of their Health. And now shall I reade to you, *Betty*? I asked: with many Thankes

she express'd the Pleasure it would give. The *Chaplaine* had not call'd to see her these three Daisies: and a Chapter, as she sayd, would be more to her than Meate or Drinke. I read a portion of *Isaiah*, and afterwards the 15th Chapter of *Corinthians*: her Remarks thereon, though simple, reminded mee in their Piety and Zeale of my deare *Mother*. She then begged for the last of *Revelations*, wherein she doth alway find peculiar Edification and Delight. This poore lone Widow is a living Sermon to mee in her Faith under all her Troubles, which have beeene manifold: but they have led her to the true Source of Peace and Consolation.

Before I left my Chamber this morning, was told a Messenger had arrived from *Aldborough*, having come there April 30, by Sea from *Hull* desiring Speech of mee, saying *Saturday*. he was from *Yorke*: I did lose no time in seeing him. He sayd the Lord *Willoughby* had not Time or Meanes to write, but sent mee his Ring as a Token that he who bare it was to be trusted in his Relation of Affaires as they then were. On the 22nd the *King* sent the Duke of *Yorke* and Prince *Palatine* with the Earle of *Newport* to *Hull*, without any armed Force, my *Lord* with them, as if to see the Towne: the Day following, they were to dine with the *Mayor*: but a little before noon Sir *John Hotham* was informed the *King* intended to dine with him that day, and was within 3 or 4 miles of *Hull*, with 300 Horse and more. He hastened to consult the Aldermen and some others on the *Parliament* side: and they sent a Messenger beseeching his *Majesty* not to come, as the Governour could not admit him. But the *King* advanced: the Bridge was drawn up, and the Gates shut, and the Soldiers stood to their Arms. The *King* rode up to the Gate, and commanded Sir *John* to open the Gates: he answered that he was entrusted with the Securing the Towne, and would do his Duty: but if the *King* pleased, he might enter with 12 Men: this the *King*

refused. At one of the clock the Duke of *Yorke* and others with him were allowed to go out. The *King* stayed there till afternoone, when he gave Sir *John Hotham* an Houre to consider what he would doe, and retired: then he came backe to the Gate and received the same Answer as before. Thereat he caused the Herald to proclaime Sir *John Hotham* a Traitor and in great Anger and Dissapointment the *King* went away, and lodged at *Beverley*. My *Husband* will remaine at *Hull*, being appointed with 3 other Commissioners to act with Sir *John Hotham*. The *Parliament* have voted thanks to the Governour, and sent an Order for the Ordnance and moste of the Armes to be sent to *London*. For a short time my deare *Husband* is employed on a Service of seeming little Danger, but this cannot be for long. The Messenger stayed only for needfull Refreshment, proceeding to *London*: desired *John Armstrong* to reward him with liberal hand, and also request him to send us the *Perfect Diurnall*, or such Paper as he can procure, when he reaches *London*.

The *King*, having got possession of the Great Seale, hath issued Proclamations commanding the People in no way to aide the *Parliament*: the *Parliament* doing the same to forbid their aiding the *King*: what can the poore People do ?

There is Rumour that the *King* hath collected a considerable Force, and is gone to besiege *Hull*.

The *Parliament* have issued an Order for the bringing in Money, Plate, Horses, &c., and have named the Earle of *Essex* Commander of the Army: many Gentlemen of the *House of Commons* have entered the Service, Lord *Grey*, *Hollis*, Sir *William Waller*, and our good friend the excellent Mr. *Hampden*.

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The Paper says the Lord *Willoughby* is made *Lord-Lieutenant* of *Lincolnshire*; and Mr. *Oliver Cromwell*, the July 16, Member for *Cambridge*, is a Colonel: and will Saturday. raise Forces and Money in that County and *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*.

Some part of *Suffolk* has shown it selfe in Favour of the *King*. Would that my *Lord* were at Home: yet his Estates lying chiefly in *Lincolnshire*, his Presence there is doubtlesse important.

Not only have the Wealthier Sort brought in their Money, Silver Goblets, and such like, but poore Women of their small meanes, even to their Silver Bodkins and Thimbles.

The Royal Standard set up in *Nottingham*: we heare that the *King* himself rode up to the Top of the Hill with the Standard Bearer: the evening was stormy, and the next morning the Standard was found blown downe; and some say it so happened a second time, and many of the Royalist Party much cast downe by an Event so ominous. Poore *King*, my Heart pitith him, as who can help? happy they who are not set in the high places.

The *King* hath marched towards *London*: the *Parliament*, having notice thereof, ordered the Train-bands to September. be in readinesse, and that the *City* should be fortified with Posts and Chaines: and they say vast numbers of People, even Women and Children, came to the Worke, digging and carrying the Earth to make the new Fortifications.

Whilst that my *Lord* some while ago was raising and putting into order the *Lincolnshire* Militia, the *King* being informed

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thereof wrote to him desiring him to desist: whereupon he returned Answer, that it was not in his power to do that which his *Majesty* required of him, without Breach of that Trust which he had undertaken to the *Parliament*, and to which he was encouraged by the Opinion of his *Majesty's* great Officers eminent in the Knowledge of the Lawes, wherein he was not learned.

The Lord *Brooke* is actively at work in *Warwickshire*.

Tidings of an Encounter betweene the two armies; the first Report that our Side were defeated: then came Oct. 28, Others that the *King's* Forces were beaten with *Friday*. great Losse. Certaine it was that a Battle had beene fought: and late in the evening I saw from my Bedroom Window a Man riding up, his Horse stumbling from Fatigue, and presently was told it was *Shephard*. As onely from great Necessitie would my *Husband* send from him this trusty Man, I feared some ill Newes: and when *Shephard* said his *Lord* was well, I could scarcely stand, so great was the Relief from that which I was afraid of hearing. A battle had beeene fought at a Village called *Keynton*: Lord *Essex* with his Army in the Village, the *King's* halted at *Edgehill*. *Essex* advanced into the Plaine, and he ordered the Artillery to fire on that Part where the *King* was reported to be: and a terrible Fight began. The Royal Standard was taken: Prince *Rupert* entered *Keynton*, pillaging and committing great Cruelty: men said it would have gone hard with *Essex* if he had not thus lost time. My *Lord* joined them with his Regiment, *Hampden's* and another, in the height of the Conflict; they had laine on the Field all night, without Covering or Provisions. He told *Shephard* to tell mee he could not be in better Company, Colonel *Hampden* and he being much together. Some wished to pursue

the *King*, who is gone towards *Banbury*: others advised Rest for the Soldiers. I asked *Shephard* how my *Lord* looked, and he sayth passing well, not so wearie, to his thinking, as when in *London*: he is to remaine one or two Dayes; and take back Linen, &c. After the first hurry of Feeling had somewhat subsided, I endeavoured to compose my Minde to a due Sense of Thankfulnesse that I am yet spared Tidings of his being wounded or even worse: how many Wives and Mothers at this time are weeping over the Dead, or watching the Wounded and Dying: and we know not whose Turne will be next.

Nov. 2.      The Lord *Say's* House at *Broughton* hath beene taken by Prince *Rupert*.

Dr. *Sampson* walked over from *Framlingham*, and stayd Dinner: he hath heard that a sudden Attack had beene made by the *King* on *Brentford*. Nov. 18, Lord *Essex* was Saturday. in the *House*, which had just received a gracious Answer from the *King*, and asking if Hostilities were to be suspended. Whilst he spoke, he heard the Sound of Cannon: he hastily left the House, and gallopped acrosse the Park in the direction of the Sound; and he found that Prince *Rupert*, who was followed by the *King* and the whole Army, had taken advantage of a thick Fog, and had attacked *Brentford*, where was Col. *Hollis's* Regiment, who fought so well, the Regiments of Colonel *Hampden* and my Lord *Brooke* had Time to come up: and when the Earle of *Essex* came up with a considerable Force, he found the *Royalists* had retired, and were stationed quietly on the western side of *Brentford*. The *Parliament* is in great Indignation, and have voted they will never treat with the *King* againe.

*Essex* at the head of more than 20,000 Men, it is sayd, was urged by *Hampden*, *Hollis*, and others to pursue the *King*, who

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had retreated : but for what reason was not known, he remained still. Cart-loads of Provisions, Wine, and Ale, &c., were sent out of *London* to the Army.

Some say Sir *Thomas Fairfax* has beene defeated by the Earle of *Newcastle*.

1648.

NEWES from *London*: the *Parliament* have enter'd into a Negotiation with the *King*, to forme a Treaty of Peace, March 29, in order whereunto Commissioners have beene appointed, and are now at *Oxford*, where it is sayd the *King* treats them with Civility. He refuses to have the Lord *Say* and *Selz* one of the Commissioners, because he had proclaim'd him a Traitor: and another was chosen in his place. Abroad there seemeth only Gloom and Apprehension: let mee hope that within our Home there is a brighter Prospect: Children well, and meanding of their little Faults; and when I looke backe on the Yeare just past, I see Cause for Encouragement respecting them. And herein is any effort at Self-discipline well rewarded: the more circumspectly I endeavour to walke in the strait and narrow Way, bearing cheerfully the Crosses, and performing with diligence the Duties appointed mee, not onely is my owne Progresse in the *Christian* Path made evident in the Peace which at times I am favoured to experience: but in the increased Care and Watchfulness over the Tempers and Conduct of these deare *Children*, I am Witnesse of their Growth in Virtue and Happiness. Before this Yeare cometh to a close, haply *Peace may be in our borders, and the People shall dwell in a peaceable Habitation, and in quiet resting-places.*

People say there was a Rising for the *King* at *Lowestoffe*, and that Colonel *Cromwell*, with 1000 Horse, came upon them unawares, and gained the Towne with small difficulty: many Prisoners taken. Hitherto this side of the Country, being mostly for the *Parliament*, has beene

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quiet: but now, I feare mee, we shall share in the general Disturbance.

It is confidently sayd Colonel *Cromwell* hath gone to *Norwich*: Thankfull to heare the same, I had trembled to think of him within so few miles of us.

There is Newes that the Lord *Brooke* hath beene shot: I would faine hope this may not be the fact. The March, King has march'd forward to *London* with a great *Monday*. Army.

*Armstrong* heard at *Woodbridge*, when he went to the Faire on Wednesday, that Colonel *Cromwell* and my *Lord* have joined the Army at *Loughborough*, and are expected to make an Attack on *Newark*. They say *Cromwell's* Soldiers are the best ordered of any, save *Hampden's* Greencoates. The Lord *Brooke's* Death is much lamented. A party of Soldiers had taken possession of the Cathedral at *Litchfield*, and fired at the House where he then was, and the bullet struck his Head, and he died instantly. He hath left 5 Children; poore young Man, he hath soone fallen: it is a satisfaction to believe Lady *Catherine* and her Family will meet with Helpe and Protection from the Earle of *Bedford*.

All hope of present Peace is at an end. The Commissioners April 19. are re-called from *Oxford* without coming to any Wednesday. settlement of these unhappy differences.

Dr. *Sampson* hath seene some Letters wherein is mention of Sir *Thomas Fairfax* having received a Shot in his May 16. Wrist, the losse of Blood was so great he lay on Tuesday. the ground senselesse till his Surgeon came up. His Wife was taken Prisoner with the Officer behind

whom she rid : and the Child after being carried on horseback for twenty hours could not hold out longer, and her Father thought would have dyed, in the frequent Swoonings she did fall into. Seeing her in so distressefull a state, he bade her Maid take her to a house he saw not farre off, where she did meet with kindly Treatment.

No Newes of my *Husband*, but am comforted to heare that Sir Thomas Fairfax's little Daughter hath recover'd May 22, and his Wife hath beene sent back by the Earle Monday. of Newcastle in his owne Coach, and with a guard of Soldiers. See cause to beleeve that I did most consult my deare *Husband's* ease by remaining at home, of which I have sometimes doubted.

Thanks be unto God, I have to-day a few Lines written by my dearest *Life* in much haste. A slight hurt of his July. left Arme being all the injury he hath sustained in the late Fight near Grantham. Burleigh House hath beene taken by Cromwell. Heard with feelings of sorrow of the Decease of my honoured Uncle, the Lord Noel, at a great age. We have not met of late, but I have never ceased to love and respect him, and have at times received Tokens of his Remembrance, valuable to mee for my deare Mother's sake, who did entertaine for him a particular Affection.

The *Diurnall* sayth Sir John Meldrun was well nigh beaten at the Siege of Newark, the Garrison sallying Wednesday. forth forced him to retreat, but the Lord Willoughby came gallantly up with his Regiment, and beate them backe into the Towne, taking divers Prisoners and a piece of Ordnance. Deare *Husband*, how conflicting are my Feelings, one moment rejoicing in his Success and proud of his Ability and Bravery ; and then trembling for his Safety, and

stricken in Conscience that I could heare of Strife and Death, with ought but Horroure and Compassion.

Further Particulars of the Siege of *Gainsborough* have reach'd us: Colonel *Cromwell* had retired to *Lincoln Tuesday.* to recruit his Forces, and my *Lord* was in *Gainsborough*, where he made a brave Defence, and repulsed sundry Assaults. The Earle's Force consisted of 6,000 Men: upon their proceeding to set fire to the Towne, my *Lord*, to save so terrible a Distresse and Ruine, sounded a Parley, and surrender'd upon quarter after eight days: but the Enemy broke the Articles and disarm'd his Soldiers, and others that had beeene sent from *Nottingham*. He hath now gone to *Lincoln*. He is considered to have done good Service, though the Towne is lost, having made some hundred Prisoners at first Taking of the Place, some of them Men of Rank, among them the Earle of *Kingston*, who with others being sent in a close boat to *Hull*: a party of *Cavaliers* seeing them passe by, called to them to stop the Boat, which they refusing to do, they fired, and so the Earle and his Man were slaine by their owne Friends. When I shall have private Intelligence I know not, or how I bear up under this terrible uncertainty, I know not: sorely am I perplex'd when I pray unto the *God* of Peace and Love to give Successe to our Armies: can his Blessing rest upon the Field of Strife and Death? Mercifull *Father*, looke with Pity on thy poore mis-guided Creatures, and over-rule all this Evill and Suffering to a wise and rightfull issue; and if it be possible, restore the Husband and Father to his helplesse Family: and helpe mee, oh *God*, to support whatever tryall thou mayst think fit to send mee: and in my own Distresse may I the more seeke to aide and comfort those who are yet more afflicted than has yet beeene my lot in this time of Peril.

In the Paper mention is made of a Conspiracy : in which Mr.

*Waller* is concern'd : he is fined, and hath gain'd Permission to go abroad. Two Men have beeene hang'd.

To-day my Pen must record the saddest event that next to private losse could have happen'd : *Hampden*, July 1, to whom all Men did looke up as a Patterne of *Saturday*. Virtue and a most true Patriot, has fallen : he was severely wounded in an encounter with Prince *Rupert's* Troops, who made a sudden Attack by night. *Hampden's* active and courageous Temper could not wait the slow steps of *Essex*, and he rode up to support his Friends. It had beeene confidently sayd by many that *Essex* would be removed from the Command, and *Hampden* succeed him, and his Friends strove to keepe him back from this Skirmish. He was wounded in the shoulder by two balls, and rode off the Field in the direction of his Father-in-lawes Habitation at *Pyron*, but could not go that way, by reason of the Enemy's Cavalry, and was taken into the House of one *Browne* : here he linger'd some days in severe Torments, notwithstanding which he writ divers Letters, and died on the 24th of June, a few houres after taking the Sacrament, offering up fervent Prayers for his Country. We are tempted to exclaim, Why might not one so excellent be delivered from the terror by night, and the arrow that flieth by day ? Allmost it seemeth as a judgement from Heaven upon our Cause. We heare of some serious Disasters to our Army : *Bristol* is deliver'd up to Prince *Rupert*, and elsewhere the King's Troops have beeene successsefull. Sir *Harry Vane* is in the North.

Heard at *Framlingham* tha *Hampden* was interred in the Parish Church of *Hampden*, his Regiment followed July 5, him to the Grave singing the 90th *Psalme* : after *Wednesday*. seeing their Friend layd in the Grave, they returned singing the 43d, to expresse their Trust in *God*, and

looking to Him to deliver them and their Country from Injustice and Oppression. Thus do they truly honour the Memory of their beloved Leader in banding together to go on with his Worke : never was there such Consternation and Sorrow at one Man's Death, as when the Tidings thereof did reach *London*, in the *Parliament*, and the People throughout the Land, as if their whole Army had beeene defeated : his private Losse is unspeakable.

As day succeedeth day I can only strive to wait with some degree of Composure for the next Reports : one of September 21, our Neighbours came up to the *Hall* to tell mee he *Thursday*. had met with some wounded Soldiers a few Miles beyond *Wickham*, who told him Sir *Thomas Fairfax* and Mr. *Cromwell* and my *Lord* have join'd Forces, and are designed for the *North*. *Hull* is besieged by the Earle of *Newcastle* : it is sayd he had secret Correspondence with the *Hothams*, which was timely discover'd ; and Sir *John Hotham* and his Sonne are sent to the *Tower*, and the Charge of the Towne given to Sir *Matthew Bointon*, the Brother-in-law of Sir *John*.

The Towne of *Nottingham* has beeene sett on fire, but not more than two or three Houses destroy'd ; and the September 25, same attempted againe at divers times, fire having *Monday*. beeene discovered layd to barnes and other buildings ; it is sayd that Women did go in companies at night, to prevent the burning, which doth seeme strange. Mistresse *Lucy Hutchinson* hath not only dressed the Wounds of many of their owne Soldiers, but also of Prisoners brought into the Castle Dungeon. I have afore-time heard her much commended as a kind Lady of great Capacity and Learning ; and Colonel *Hutchinson*, who ever since he was Governour has had to contend with personal Jealousies and Opposition, my *Lord*

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saith is one of the bravest and most honourable Men on our Side.

Tidings of a Battle at *Newberry*. The Lord *Faulkland* killed: he hath soone followed his once beloved Friend September 26, *Hampden* to the Grave, and doubtlesse to a world *Tuesday*. where all Differences will cease. He was a Gentleman of great parts, and did love to entertaine at his House, near *Oxford*, Men of learning and ability: he was courteous and just to all, and did endeavour all he could to promote Peace betweene the *King* and his People. Also in this Battle the young Earle of *Sunderland* hath lost his Life.

For a few dayes my deare *Lord* hath stay'd with us: and I have some hope, now that the severe Season hath Dec. 15, set in, that he may perchance get time to see his *Friday*. Family, and settle his Affaires: he hath now departed for *London*. He saith the Lord *Faulkland* had of late beeene a changed Man: his gentle Spiritt and quick Feelings so distressed, that he could not sleepe, and would oft sit long in silence, at times uttering with deep Sighs the words *Peace, Peace*, and would say to his Friends, *the very Agony of the Warre, and the Sight of the Calamities and Desolation the Kingdome did and must endure, would shortly breake his Heart*. He was consider'd to have sought his Death, having no call to enter into the Fight, he being *Secretary of State*: he replied to one who did urge this on him, that he was wearie of the Times, and foresaw much Misery to his Countrey, and did beleeve he should be out of it ere night: and did call for a cleane Shirt, that his Friends might find his Body cleanly arrayed. If in more of Men's Minds was this Abhorrence of Warre and Strife, how happy would it be for mankind: but others say, yes but men must first act justly, then would they meete with Mercy. This

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the *King* hath never done by his People, and now he must suffer :  
what is a Crowne if the head that wears it is dishonoured ?

My deare *Husband* well in Body, but ill at ease in Mind.

Poore Mr. *Pym* is deceased after a life of Toyle and Suffering.

1643.4.

THE Season of *Christmasse* hath pass'd gloomily. At a time when Families are divided by Civill Differences and January 1, many gathered round a darkened and desolate *Monday*. Hearth, there is not much disposition to Mirthfulness. The newe Yeare hath arisen upon a distressed Land: the Dayes and the Weekes thereof are yet in the Hand of the *Almighty*: and who shall live or who shall die we know not. Apart from the publick Distractions and Unhappinesse, precious Blessings and abundant Mercies fill our House with rejoicing and thanksgiving: not onely Life but Limbs spared to him who had to go forth into Battle and danger, and Nurserie prospering: Methought as yesterday I sate by a bright Fire-side, my three little *Daughters* playing round mee, and the deare *Father*, though absent, in health and present safetie, few were so blest, suddenly their play ceased, and *Di* and *Fanny* were no where to be seene, *Bess* on my Knee: when hidden in the deep Bay Window, they sung to my eare very sweetly the Carols they had learned from the Neighbours Children: they staid up to Supper, and kept up a fine Prattle.

Walked downe to *Wing fields*: the poore Mother is in a pitiable state, her Son's lingering Death has worne her January 27, away, and she doth long to lay her head beside him *Saturday*. in the Grave. Strove to comfort her, but beleeve she took more in seeing mee share her Sorrow than in any Words I could say. Went on to see the Soldier who had his arme broken, beside other injuries; he was greatly better,

and able to walke a little : he sate cleaning his Carbine and Sword, and the Teares ran downe his Wife's pale Cheeke as he talked of againe joining the Army, so soone as he could beare the Fatigue: poore Creatures. The *King* hath summoned a Parliament at *Oxford*: it is reported many have left the one sitting at *Westminster*.

The *King* has beeene forced to leave *Oxford*, and is gone to *Worcester*. The Earle of *Manchester* and his May 31, General *Cromwell* are in the North. This *Oliver Friday*. *Cromwell* riseth more and more into note.

As we sate downe to dine to-day some Horsemen were seene to approach, and Sir *Harry Vane* came into the Hall : he was on his way to *Fairlaoun* : and in much kindnesse rode so farre out of his way to bring mee good Tidings of him nearest to my Heart, and of the growing Successe of the People's Friends: He is hurrying on to rejoyn the Army at *Yorke*, where are the Earle, General *Fairfax*, and Colonel *Cromwell*; a large body of *Scotch* Troopes under their old Commander *Leslie* have joined them. So soone as he was gone, retired to my Closet disturbed in Minde and Conscience : in Conscience, that I had beeene ledde away by Sir *Harry's* vehement and powerful Minde to catch something of the same Spirit whilst listening to particulars of this terrible Warfare, wherein seemeth to mee now a want of womanly Tendernes and Pity; and sorely distracted is my poore Minde by conflicting feelings of Wife and Mother: our Duties separate us in these fearefull Times : hitherto I have remained calmly at my post, but how can I longer abide so farre from one exposed to suffering and Death, who is dearer tha*m*y owne Life: yet have I beeene supported through times of like Anxiety in a good degree of Quietnesse and Patience: let mee pray for renewed Strength and Faith.

June 18, The *Queene* hath given birth to a Daughter at  
*Tuesday.* *Exeter*, on the 16th.

The *Chaplaine* returned Thankes at morning Prayers for the Victory gained by our Army: he hath received July 6, Intelligence, it seemeth, by a sure hand, that a great *Saturday.* Battle hath beene fought at a place called *Marston Moor*, a few miles from *Yorke*.

Some further Particulars have reached us: Prince *Rupert* has beene wholly defeated, a vaste number of Prisoners taken, as also Armes of divers sorts, Powder July 11, barrels, the Colours and Standards, and more than *Thursday.* 20 Pieces of Ordnance. The losse on our part small: alas, alas, all are *Englishmen*, and Children of one common *Father*. Sir *Thomas Fairfax* his Men have received great Hurt, and himselfe well nigh lost his Life: his Brother *Charles* hath since dyed of his Wounds and lies buried there.

I have no Letter, but a Message by word of mouth, that sets my Heart at rest: Thanks be unto God.

The Earle of *Newcastle* hath left the Kindome, and so it is reported hath Sir *Marmaduke Langdale* and others. Our Army has taken possession of *Yorke*.

It hath beene very cold of late; sharp Frost in the Nights, the Oak Leaves wither and fade and come flutter Oct. 22, ing downe with every little Blast: and the Swallows *Tuesday.* are gone away, after collecting in Flocks on the Roofe of the House, during the past Weeke.

Nov. 18, The Archbishop of *Canterbury* hath againe Monday. beene brought before the barre of the *House*.

Great Feare and Amazement in the Countrey round at the  
sight of three Sunnes in the firmament, and a Raine-  
bow with the Bend towards the Earth: and this  
Nov. 19, happening on the *King's* Birth-day many did  
*Tuesday.* thinke it portended Evill to him, and it was remem-  
bered that a remarkable Starre was seene to shine at noone-  
day, the Day whereon the Prince of *Wales* was borne: some  
wept and trembled, and divers both men and women did kneele  
downe in the roads and fields. That which did most affect my  
Minde was beholding the Bow, that had beene set in the Clowde  
as a Token of the everlasting Covenant, now appearing as it  
were overthrown. I had withdrawne to my Closet, when *Alice*  
did send to speake with mee in the Still-room: She had beene  
out to looke at the wondrous Sight, and was greatly perturbed:  
I did remaine with her till she was somewhat comforted.

Letter from *London*: Mr. *Cromwell* hath made a strong  
Speech in the *House*, and a Mr. *Zouch Tate* hath moved the  
bringing in of an Ordinance to exclude all Members of *Parlia-  
ment*, whether of the House of *Lords* or *Commons*, from Com-  
mand and Offices in the Army; he was seconded by Sir *Harry  
Vane*, and the Motion carried. A Petition from the Citizens of  
*London* hath beene presented, thanking the *House* for their Care  
over the Commonwealth. Opposition by *Whitelock* and others,  
who spoke against the Motion as a perilous and uncalled for  
novelty.

The Bill which they call the Self-denying Ordinance has  
past: In my Ignorance I know not what is like to be the Effect  
of this new Act: they say the Removal of *Essex* is chiefly  
aimed at.

Dissensions arise in our owne Party : fresh Discussion on the  
Self-denying Ordinance Bill, which has at length  
Dec. 11, passed the *Commons*; but when sent up to the  
*Wednesday Lords* was rejected. The *Commons* have named  
Sir *Thomas Fairfax* as General in chief in place of  
the Earle, and other Alterations in the Army have beeene made,  
and partly agreed to by the *Lords*.

1644-5.

A LETTER from my deare *Lord*: he writes with melancholy Heart, no Effort could save his former Friend, January 6, poore Sir *John Hotham* has beene put to deathe: *Monday*. his Son was executed the day before. Sir *John* had few Friends, he had a cold harsh manner: the *Lords* had past a Vote for his Reprieve, which being known, he did fully expect one to the last moment: but the *Commons* would not give way, the Execution proceeded.

The *Chaplaine* is return'd: another of these dreadfull Executions: the *Archbishop* was beheaded on the 10th, January 14, poor old Man, he hath suffered even in this world a *Tuesday*. large measure of retribution for his past Cruelties: at the end of his Speech, when upon the Scaffold, he said he forgave all the World, all and every of his bitter Enemies; that no man could be more willing to send him out of the World than he was to go out. Some over-zealous *Presbyterian* did presse him with Questions: he replied the Knowledge of *Jesus Christ* was alone the meanes of Salvation. To the Headsman he gave some Money, and said, *Do thine office in Mercy*. As he knelt downe, he turned pale, thereby proving it false what some were whispering about, that he had painted his face, that he might not looke afraid. It is thought that he was brought to Death chiefly by meanes of the *Scots* Party, in their vehement and unchristian Revenge for the Part he had taken to force upon them the *Liturgy*, and to remove him out of their way.

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The *Scots* Commissioners have obtained the setting aside of the abhorred *Liturgy*: but *Parliament* refuses to give them any legislative or judicall Authority: so the *Chaplaine* doth informe mee.

Sir *Harry Vane* is appointed one of the *Parliament's* Commissioners to meete those of the *King* at a town January 30, called *Uxbridge*. What Mercy would it be, if a *Wednesday*. peacefull Settlement could now be entered into, of the *Countraye's* Grievances and the *King's* Claims: and this would seeme not unpossible, if the *King's* Word could be depended upon. It is thought he might be brought to yeeld some Points but for the Influence of the *Queene*, which is never for good. She it was who added the Postscript to the *King's* Letter on *Strafford's* busesse, *That if he must die, it were charity to reprise him till Saturday*.

This being my *Diana's* Birth-day, I did my endeavour to contrive for her some Amusement more than ordinary: tooke her first to my Closet, and after halfe an houre spent there in, I hope, a profitable manner, we joined the other Children. She is now eight yeares of age, mends of her little Faults, and hath gained a greater degree of command over her Temper: she is Truthfull, and sheweth a tender Conscience, active and industrious, and withall can enjoy a Game of Play right well. She bids fair to be comely in Countenance and of gracefull Carriage: a Satisfaction to mee, as doubtlesse it will be to herselfe. I profess not to be indifferent on this Point for my Daughters, as some are or pretend to be: neither do I think beauty any peculiar Snare to the possessor of it, but rather contrariwise, unlesse the Mind be neglected, or is by nature vaine and selfish beyond the ordinary degree in which these Defects are shared by most: and even then such Passions are no worse than in the ill-favoured,

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though mayhap more conspicuous by the contrast. The three *Girls* and some young Companions made very merry.

My deare *Lord* arrived most unexpectedly : he saith there is no hope of Peace. After three weekes Negotiation, the *Parliament* have recalled their Commissioners. He looketh worne, and would faine leave all these Distractions, and doth sometimes talke of going out to *Barbadoes*. Jealousies and Bickerings increase ; and he with some others, sickened with Warre and Intrigue, are readie to make allmost any Terms with the *King*. Would that our good and excellent Friend *Hampden* had been spared : trusted by all, and wise as brave, we should have had a head to our Party, fit to governe, and one whom all would follow. Sir *Harry Vane* in close Intimacy with *Cromwell* : he and *Fairfax* keep up the Energy and determined Spirit of the Parliamentary Partie. How small a matter it seemeth would set all right.

April 9, During the time my deare *Husband* could re-  
*Wednesday*. maine, found not time for writing.

A long time hath elapsed since I held the penne : the illnesse of my three Girls hath occupied mee night and day. *Fanny* began with the Measles, and had a dangerous time of it, through the Fever which ranne high, and Symptomes of Inflammation of the Lungen : and for many nights I did never undresse ; *Di* followed, but thro' Mercy had the Complaint lightly : and deare *Bess*, though sadly troubled by the Irritation, had but little Cough. This Season of Care and bodily Fatigue, and at one time of Alarm, hath not beeene without its Use and Comfort : Troubles that arise in the naturall Course of *Providence*, and are adapted to our Nature and Situation, bring with them somewhat of Peace, and oft of Thankfulnessse. We receive Paine

and Sicknesses as from the Hand of *God*, and looke to him to helpe us under them: and my Minde having thus beeene called off from the Contemplation of the distressefull State of this poore unhappy Countrey, is renewed in Strength. Many sweet little Sayings of the Children at different times of their Sicknesses have given great Encouragement respecting them: can there be ought so precious to a Mother as a sure Hope that the Spirit of her Child hath tasted of the Fountaine of living Waters? May the *Lord* helpe me to cherish these faire Blossoms of Piety and Goodnesse: and grant that they may bring forth, some thirty, some sixty fold. And, oh *God*, thou who hast made mee, unworthy as I am, to be the Instrument of thy good Providence towards these little ones, make mee daily more sensible of my owne Sinfullnesse, my owne Weaknesse, and assist mee in the Worke thou hast given mee to do. *According unto the Multitude of thy tender Mercies blot out my Transgressions: wash mee thoroughly from mine Iniquity, and cleanse mee from my sinne. Create in mee a cleane Heart, O God, and renew a right Spirit within mee. Thou hast crowned me with Loving-kindnesse and tender mercies: blesse the Lord, O my Soul.*

*Cambden House*, near *Evesham*, Sir *Baptist Noel's*, has beeene burnt downe to prevent the Parliament making it a *May. Garrison*. It was built not many yeares ago at a great Cost and was a noble Building.

The day so milde the Children went out, and did greatly enjoy the fresh aire, and rambling about the June 21, Fields: seated on the Bank by the Pond, they *Saturday.* wove Caps and Baskets of Rushes. *Fanny's* dainty Hands and slim Fingers looking barely strong enough for the worke: whilst we were all at worke, we saw Dr. *Sampson* coming acrosse the Field: whereupon I left them, to hear what newes he might bring. At their tender age,

I like not their hearing of Fighting and Crueltie more than can be helped. I have heard little of publick Affaires since the Battle at *Naseby*, whereat our Army was victorious, and Colonel *Cromwell's* part much noised abroad. Dr. *Sampson* says the *King's* Cause hath suffered more by the Letters found in his Cabinet, the same being now made publick, than by his Defeate: many of his Friends greatly grieved thereby: his Double-dealing and Arrogance herein proved, during his Treaty with the *Parliament* at *Uxbridge*, as likewise in the *Irish* Affaire. He has now left *Ragland Castle*, it is supposed making towards the North. Prince *Rupert* delivering up the City of *Bristol* in foure Dayes, after that he had boasted he could keepe it foure Months, hath greatly incensed the *King* against him. Whilst at *Ragland* the *King* did give into Hunting and other Sports, and this the while his people were suffering, and many giving up their Property and Time in his Cause, his very Crowne too in peril.

Reading in the *Arcadia* the Prayer of *Pamela*: so well pleased therewith that I know not that I can spend June 25, my Time more profitably this morning than in *Wednesday*. copying the same, that I may have it nigh at hand.

O all-seeing Light, and eternal Life of all things: to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned: looke upon my Misery with thine Eye of Mercy, and let thine infinite Power vouchsafe to limit out some portion of Deliverance unto mee, as to thee shall seeme most convenient. Let not Injury, O *Lord*, triumph over mee, and let my Faults by thy Hand be corrected, and make not mine unjust Enemy the Minister of thy Justice. But yet, my *God*, if in thy Wisdom this bee the aptest Chastisement for my inexcusable Folly, if this low Bondage bee fittest for my

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over-high Desires, if the Pride of my not enough humble Heart bee thus to bee broken, O *Lord*, I yield unto thy will and joyfully embrace what Sorrow thou wilt have mee suffer. Onely thus much let me crave of thee (let my craving, O *Lord*, bee accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee), let mee crave even by the noblest Title, which in my greatest Affliction I may give myselfe, that I am thy Creature, and by thy Goodnesse (which is thyselfe) that thou wilt suffer some beame of thy Majestie so to shine into my Minde that it may still depend confidently on thee. Let Calamitie bee the exercise, but not the overthrow of my Virtue: let this Power prevail, but prevail not to their destruction: let my Greatnesse be their Prey: let my pain bee the Sweetnesse of their Revenge: let them, if so it seemeth good unto thee, vex me with more and more Punishment. But, O *Lord*, let never their Wickednesse have such a Hand, but that I may carry a pure Minde in a pure Body.

My *Lord* telleth mee he met with Colonel *Hammond*, who was at the taking of *Basing-house*, and made Prisoner Oct. 20, there: he and another Officer were taken, before Monday. the House was attacked, by a Party stealing out therefrom on a foggy night. Lieutenant General *Cromwell* wrote a Letter acquainting the Goverour that if any violence were offered these Men, the best in the House should not expect Quarter. The Countesse of *Winchester's* Gentlewoman and Waiting-woman were killed by a Cannon-shot. Sir *Marmaduke Rawdon* declared to the Marquesse who proposed to surrender, he would not, so long as a dog, or a cat or rat did remaine: yet it would seeme there was not much Danger of such Extremity, there being found in the Castle vast store of Wheat and 300 Flitches of Bacon, and forty-thousand pounds weight of Cheese, besides Beef. They took off the Lead from the Turrets, to use for Bullets: and the Marchionesse with her

Ladies did helpe to cast them. There were within the Castle 600 common Soldiers, most whereof Papists, and fought desperately. *Inigo Jones*, the great Builder, is one of the Prisoners. So likewise was *Wenceslaus Hollar* who did make his escape. He is one well skilled in the Arte of engraving on Copper. My Lord *Arundell* did once show mee some small Figures by him, of Women of divers Condition and mode of Apparell, accurately designed from the Life, Merchants' Wives, Country Women, and the like. *Hollar* had Losse of his Patron when the *Earle*, who brought him to *England*, accompanied the *Queene Mother* and did remaine in Foreign Parts; the *King* having look'd coldly on him since the Affaire of *Strafford* he did not incline to returne. Also it is sayd his *Majestie* was offended by his boldnesse of Speech on some occasion, maintaining his own Right, albeit opposed to the *King's* Wishes. Colonel *Hammond* sayth, the Marquesse, on some Quarrel with Sir *Marmaduke*, he being of the *English* Church, and the Marquesse a Roman Catholick, became suspiciois of him being the Governour, and had him removed; and shortly thereafter the House was taken, the Storne not lasting more than an houre. The Silver plate, Cabinets, Jewells, and other Treasure did afford rich Plunder: the House is burned down to the Ground.

Greatly surprised to read in the *Perfect Diurnall*, that the *House* has moved that the Lord *Willoughby* be made an Earle, and the same of other Lords, and that the Earles of *Essex*, *Pembroke*, &c., be made Dukes: in all likelihood the matter will end here. They whose Titles are of long Descent, methinks, would not consider newe ranke, given under the circumstances, as any addition to their Dignitie. We heare an *English* Barony is to bee conferr'd on Lieutenant General *Cromwell*, with an Estate of 2500 Pound yearly.

A Neighbour of the blind Widow came up at Noone to say

the poore infirme Creature did appeare neare her last Houre : went straightway to her Cottage, she was still sensible, and did expresse great Satisfaction at my coming : sate some time by her bedside, she spoke of her Sonne, whom she yet beleeves living, and strong were her Supplications that Divine Mercy might be extended to him, that he might turne from the Evill of his Wayes, even at the Eleventh Houre : My poore prodigal Sonne, thus she spake, hath he in that distant Land, away from his poore old Mother, call'd to minde her Words, her Prayers, and return'd to his Heavenly Father, saying, *I have sinned in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy Sonne.* If the *Lord* in his Mercy would give mee this hope, then would his unworthy Servant depart in peace. She seemed comforted : and repeated at intervals, *With God all things are possible.* I left her, in her awful Passage from Life unto Death, a passage to her deprived of Terrour, for her Faithe forsooke her not, but rather burned brighter and brighter, even to the End : she did not live through the night. Her Gaine is my Losse : though poore and meane, I have failed not to find in her Company Edification and oftentimes Comfort.

The *King* hath fled by night from *Newark* to *Oxford* : the two *Houses* have againe resolved to submit to certain Propositions.

My *Lord* hath heard that the young Earle of *Carlisle* hath established his Claime to the *Barbadoes* Property, and is inclin'd to enter into Negotiation concerning the same. Present Perill in fighting or strife, or Perill of the deepe waters and pestilence, whichsoever way I turne Trouble on every side.

An order hath pass'd that the Summe of 3300 pounds be paid to Lord *Willoughby*, which I am sure the sayd Lord much needeth.

Having been told that *Peggy Lydgate* was in trouble, I sett forth early as it was farre to walke. Tooke with mee the young Greyhound. Rested awhile at the Bridge, saw many Fish, and a Water hen with her young ones paddling about at the Water's edge by the tall Reeds. The King-fishers did use to frequent hereabout, but they came not in sight to-day : feare mee they have beene killed or frighted away ; the People deem it lucky to possess them, and hang them up in their Houses. Further downe where the streame narrows stayed againe to hearken to the pleasant Sound made by the Water running with little splashes amid the stones, and keeping up a cheerfull rippling noise as it went on its way through the Meadow below. The Doore of the Cottage was open, *Peggy* was seated on a low stool, her Face covered with her Apron, the 2 Lads standing by her. The poor Creature hath cause enow for trouble, both her Sons would be Souldiers, the elder in the *King's Army*, whilst the younger would join the Parliament Forces, some of his Kinsfolk having a yeare agone followed Mr. *Oliver Cromwell* ; so in all likelihood would the Brothers meet in fight against each other. They did appeare moved by their Mother's grieve, the youngest methought shewed some tokens of yielding. I bade him follow mee good part of the way home and have hope hat a few words I then spake would prove of some availment.

August 16,     *Armstrong* mett *Robert Lydgate*, he sayd his *Saturday*. Mother tooke on so, hee had not the heart to leave her: his Brother was gone.

The Children greatly pleased with a tame squirrell sent them by the old Man at the Mill. Three Turkeys Oct. 23, and a Basket of Fish came up this day from *Thursday. Martins'*.

*Latham House* in *Lancashire* is taken: the Lady *Derby* hav-

ing defended it two yeares: the Earle in the *Isle Dec. 9, of Man* by the *King's* command. For 9 Months *Tuesday.* together the besieged Party held Communication with their Friends by meanes of a Dog, in this way: they tied a Letter round his Throat, and he went to where he did use to live, 8 miles off: here he was kept, and when any Papers were to be sent, his Mistress tyed them in like manner, and having kept him awhile a hunger'd, open'd the door and beat him out, when he set off and returned to his Master, who was in *Latham House*. He was at last shot by a Souldier, but got to the Mote-side near the Gate, and there died. The House is burnt: the rich silk Hangings of the Beds were torn to pieces, and made into Sashes. The history of the Dog was related to mee by one there present.

Great Disagreement in the *House*: the *Scots* take the Side of the Presbyterians. There seemeth no Master-  
Dec. 13, minde to give a steady Direction to the Power they *Thursday.* have gained. General *Cromwell* and *Fairfax* are away from *London*, deeming it most prudent, as they hold out, to bring the rest of the Kingdome into subjection to the *Parliament*, before they besiege the *King* at *Oxford*. People remark that other Generals shut themselves up in Winter-quarters, but this *Cromwell* sets at Defiance the Cold of Winter, Stormes and Darknesse.

1646.

LAST weeke *Fairfax* and *Cromwell* reached *Newberry* a place within a short distance from *Oxford*, and where the April. Lord *Falkland* was killed, whereupon the *King* fled from that City in disguise: surely brought to this extremity he would yeeld to his *Parliament*, and keepe to his Engagements. He hath made a Treaty with the *Scots*, through his Agent *Montreuil*. I do heartily wish they may convey him in safety to *Scotland*, and thence beyond Seas, there to abide for a time, till the heate of Men's Spirits against him passe away, and haply then Affaires might be settled for his returne to his Kingdome. The Prince of *Wales* is sayd to have escap-ed. My deare *Husband* is wearie with the Confusion, and apprehendeth an Army may in the ende be more tyrannical and a worse Enemie to contend with than a King.

It is sayd the poore defeated *King* fits like a hunted *Partridge* from one Garrison to another; the last Report was June. of his being at *Newark*. The Princes *Rupert* and *Maurice* have demanded Passeports of *Parliament* to go beyond seas. The *Commons* readily complyed, with Thankfulnessse to get rid of one who hath shed so much *English* Blood. Prince *Rupert* hath latterly shewne great Disrespect and contemptuous Manner to the *King*.

On the 15th Parliament sent Deputies to the *King* at *Newcas-tle*, with an Address containing Propositions express-ing their wish for Peace. July 20.

Sitting yesterday toward evening at the Bay-window, in great Abstraction of Minde, oppressed by a sense of my August 19, lonely Condition, I did weepe unrestrainedly, know-Wednesday. ing not that I was perceived by any, until a little Hand was put into mine, and *Lizzy's* face was raysed up to kisse mee. Sorrowfull Thoughts could not be at once set aside, and I did not speake to her for a time, for my Heart was heavy. She sate quietly downe at my Feet with a gentle loving looke and so remained. The Raine had ceased and the Sunne shon in through the side casement. The Light as it fell upon her golden Haire made her seeme like to the holy Children in the *Italian* Pictures. Of such, methought, are the Kingdom of Heaven: thus looketh, and haply is even now nigh unto me, separated only by this veil of Flesh, the Spirit of my precious Child; as the Flower of the Field so he perished, and my Heart yet yearneth after him, my First-borne. Arose and tooke *Lizzy* in my armes and held Her up to the Window. A few pale flowers of the Musk Rose smelled sweetly after the Raine. *Di* and *Fanny* were running on the Terrace: wee went out to them, and they were as merrie as Birds: and I did put from me my own Griefe. Very gracious is the *Lord* unto me, and in him I will trust.

Had occasion to looke for some Papers wanted by the Steward, having relation to the Estates of Lincolnshire, which I thought to find in the Cabinet, presented to mee by my honoured *Father* on my Marriage. Found them not therein, opened a little Drawer which did containe a Box made of the wood called Sandal of a sweet Perfume, a small piece of Amber, and a Signet Ring of wrought Gold curiously graven, which if I misremember not Sir *Henry Wotton* did bring from *Italy*. In another Drawer was a sprig of Rosemarie, how much hath come to passe since the day whereon I tooke it with mee in sadnessse from the desolate room

where my deare *Mother* departed this life ! she went to a timely Rest.

Newes hath arrived that *Fairfax* has taken *Ragland Castle* in *Wales*. The old Marquesse held out bravely more August. than ten dayes, but at length surrender'd : as many as eight hundred People and Souldiers marched forth the Castle, which I have heard say is a noble Building. The Marquesse was accompanied by his Sonne Lord *Charles*, the Countesse of *Glamorgan*, and Lady *Jones*. How great a change for this venerable Nobleman, who but a short time since did entertaine with princely Magnificence and Loyaltie his Sovereign : and now both *King* and Subject are Wanderers. Beside losing his Castle, he is like enough to lose large summes of Money which he hath lent the *King* : high and low, Misery is over all the Land.

Sept. 16. The Earle of *Essex* died on the 14th.

1646-7.

THE *Scots* having received the Summe of 200,000 pound, have march'd out of *Newcastle*, leaving the *King* to the January 28, Commissioners of *Parliament*, the Earles of *Pem-Wednesday*, *broke* and *Denbigh*, and the Lord *Montague*, and the Commissioners of the House of Commons. It tooke 36 Carts to carry the bags of Money to *Yorke*, and some say it did take nine or ten dayes to count the same.

The poore *King*, a Prisoner in his owne Kingdome, is now established at *Holmby House*, and hath expressed Feb. 19, his Satisfaction with his Treatment there and *Acc-*  
*Friday*. *commodation*, with one Exception, that he hath no *Chaplaine*, the which he petitioneth for, but it is not thought safe or expedient, and they who have taken the ordering of this Businesse have sent him *Chaplaines* of their owne Persuasion, but the *King* will not listen to them, neither will he permit them to say Grace at his Table: Men say he beareth his Misfortunes, which truly are many, with Dignity and Clearefulnessse.

My deare *Husband* hath much Turmoile in the House. • The Earle of *Warwick* doth aime to get the three March 10, Earles, *Bedford*, *Hollande*, and *Clare* admitted: the *Friday*. which others would if possible prevent, and they talke of getting the *Commons* to bring in an impeachment of the Lord. *Hollande*, on some Affaire which my *Husband* calleth the Forrest-businessse, of which I know not:

beside this he went over to the other Party, notwithstanding that he had taken the Oath.

The Lord *Lisle* hath been removed from the Government of *Ireland*: and likewise his Brother *Algernon Sydney* May 12, from *Dublin*, the latter on the Motion of old Sir *Wednesday. Henry Vane*. This sudden removal of his Sonnes will no doubt be displeasing to the Earle of *Leicester*, though he keepeth himselfe in much privacy at *Penshurst*, and meddleth not in publick Businesse.

Yester night did receive a Letter from my Sister *Albinia*, wherein she doth expresse much tender Solicitude May 14, and Affection. Let mee be duly thankfull for the *Friday*. Love of so many deare Friends. Children through mercie keepe well. Have observed with satisfaction that *Fanny* hath of late shown more Denial of Selfe. This day I did note an instance, though in a small matter. *Alice* had made two shapely Pincushions of watchet coloured Brocade, and as is too much her wont did give *Fanny* the one of most curious Device and Workmanship, who quickly perceiving some Disappointment to be felt by her Sister, with winning manner did prevale upon her to exchange Gifts. I did refraine from bestowing Commendation, believing it to be our Duty to leave undisturbed by humane Praise, the appointed connexion of inward Peace with the performance of Duty. By the contrarie practice we encourage the growth of that, which hereafter we strive to up-root, the seeking the Praise of Men rather than the Praise of God.

On Saturday the 5th the *Commons* sate long, and because of the greatnessse of their Businesses they resolved to June 10, sit even the next day (Sunday). They did desire *Thursday* the *Peers* to do so likewise, which they, expecting

some great Matter, agreed to do. Mr. *Algernon Sidney* did tell my *Husband* that when the *Commons* met, Mr. *Marshall* their famous Minister did pray for and with them, and that when he ended his Prayer, the *Commons* desyred him to make a repetition of his Sermon which he had preach'd that day at *Westminster*. The same being over, the *Commons* rose without doing any thing, and without sending so much as a word to the *Lords*.

Much Discontent rising up: the *Presbyterian* Party have proclaim'd the establishment of their Form of June 24, Worship to the exclusion of every other. My *Thursday*. *Lord* becometh more and more dissatisfied with the Spirit of Bigotry which has of late gathered such Strength, and the Self-exaltation, as exclusive as that of Popery, which they do condemn in others. This is most contrary to my deare *Husband's* naturall disposition and former Principles. It is proposed to reduce the Army, and some Troops have been disbanded.

The Army is greatly incensed, and hath broke up its Quarters at *Nottingham*, and march'd, People say, upon June 25, *London*. Alas, must more blood be shed? What *Friday*. will become of this unhappy Countrey: no King, no Rulers, and a large victorious Army set in opposition to the now feeble power of a misguided and fanatic House of *Commons*. And woe is me, the Husband whom I love and honour, so mixed up with them that he must abide by their acts, and share in them.

The Earle of *Northumberland* hath had permission to take the *King's* Children to see their Father: coming to *Caversham*, we are told, a great number of People flocked thither to see them, and strewed the Way with greene branches and herbes.

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Poore Children, their pitifull Condition moveth many hearts, and no marvell; many will in secret rejoice that this drop of comfort is permitted to the unhappy *King*.

The monthly Fast: met with the Remark following, which seemeth much to the purpose: *Let thy religious*  
June 28, *Fast be a voluntary Abstinence, not so much from*  
*Monday Flesh as fleshly Thoughts. He fasts truly that abstains*  
*sadly, grieves really, gives cheerefully, and forgives charitably.*

*Alice* becometh daily more infirme, and is but little able to take any oversight: think to place my own Waiting-woman more in charge, and she hath given some Instructions to *Patiience*, who is apt at her needle, and will suit me well-enough.

As I came up from the Dairie met the Children full of Sorrow that a poore Partridge had been killed by a Scythe, whilst sitting on her Nest: the Egges are put under a Hen, and the Men think will be hatch'd in a few dayes.

August 3, Voted in the *House* that the Army should not  
Tuesday. come within 40 Miles of *London*.

The Army, they say, hath made *St. Alban's* their Head-quarters, and have sent up to accuse *Hollis, Stapleton, Maynard*, and others.

Great Tumults in *London*. The Speakers of both *Houses* and great part of the Members have put themselves under the Protection of the Army. Sorely perplex'd, and know not what is the meaning of these disturbances, or what may befall my *Husband*: the Children, too young for care, are as happy as May-queenes.

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Aug. 12, One Day cometh, and then another, and yet no  
Thursday, Tidings: this is hard to endure, ignorant what may  
betide us in these evill Times.

Late to-night my dearest Life rode hastily up: he was safe  
for the present moment, and my first Feeling  
Aug. 14, was of unmix'd Thankfulness to Him who per-  
Saturday. mitted us to meeke once more. After he had rested  
awhile, he entered into some Relation of the late  
Events in the *House*. He and many others have believed that  
the Power of the Army endangered the libertie of the Countrey,  
and the Common Council of *London* united with them, and met,  
and sent a Letter to the Generall declaring their wish for Peace,  
and entreating that the Army might not advance, nor inter-  
meddle with the Rights and Privileges of the *City*. The Train-  
bands were ordered out. Some Members met in either *House*,  
but the Speakers came not: and to my *Lord's* Amazement he  
was chosen Speaker, *pro tempore*, and Mr. *Pelham* of the *Com-*  
*mons*. They proceeded to appoint a Committee of Safety: and  
the *City* issued a Proclamation to the effect that they desired a  
happy and speedy Peace, by the Settlement of true Religion,  
and the re-establishing his *Majesty* in his just Rights and  
Authority. But the Proceedings of the *House* were marked by  
uncertainty and trepidation, and the day following, *Fairfax*  
came up to *Westminster* attended by *Cromwell* and regiments of  
Horse and Foot. The Generall on horse-back with his Life-  
guard, then the Speakers and Members of the *Lords* and *Com-*  
*mons* in coaches, and another regiment of Horse brought up the  
rear. Mr. *Whitelock* writes, the Officers and Gentlemen, and  
every Soldier had a branch of lawrel in his hat. The Generall  
received the Thankes of both *Houses*, and was made Lieutenant  
of the Tower: and thus the Army asserted its Supremacy.

For a time the consideration of our private Affaires was set

aside, in the momentous concerns of this distracted Kingdome. Who will arise with a strong minde and pure Heart, to bring these struggles for Freedome, and these conflicting Opinions to a happy issue? There is one my *Husband* sayes who lackes not the will to become Leader, or peradventure the power: but none have penetrated his heart, or know if he may be trusted. I did once behold this *Cromwell*, who maketh so many quail before him, but methought his Looke was hard and cunning, and I liked him not. And the *King*, deare *Husband*, I asked, is he safe, will he depart the Countrey? No Man knoweth, he reply'd: he will not be permitted to leave the Countrey, if Guards and strong Castles can prevent. He is safe, so far as concernes his Life: he may be deprived of Power or even of his Crowne, but on no Plea can they take his Life; and yet who shall say where they will stop? I would lay down my Life to know him to be safe: we have fought and striven, and have set a Stone rolling that haply will crush all that come in its way, *Laws*, *Parliament*, or even the *King* himselfe. My *Husband* leant downe his Head on the table, and hid his Face on his arme, and so remained overwhelmed by the prospect of Misery before us. I ventured not to speake: it is an awfull thing to behold the Spirit of a strong Man shaken, and to hear Sobbes burst forth from his over burthened Heart. At length such violent Shivering seized him that I summoned *Armstrong*. We endeavoured to persuade him to drinke a little Wine, he tooke some, but begged for Water, his mouth was so parch'd: after some time he went to bed, and desired that *Armstrong* might sit up by him during the first part of the night, his owne Man having had poore rest of late: he feared to affright mee by his uneasie sleepe. I layd mee downe in the Nurserie, rising oft to see if he slept: toward 3 of the clock he was more quiet: and at 4 I sent *Armstrong* to bed, and tooke his place by my poore *Husband*. I look'd on his altered Countenance, sunk and pale, the faire Brow wrinkled, and his long black Haire

now gray and disorder'd : a slight quivering of his Lippes and unequall Breathing betoken'd still uneasy rest : my Eyes grew blinded with Teares, and I bent downe and hid my face on the Pillow beside his. And here to my surprise found I had dropt asleepe : he seeming likely to remaine quiet, I arose softly and stepp'd into my Closet, and there alone, endeavoured to compose my Thoughts : had he not been preserv'd in many Battles and dangers, and should I now give up Faith in the good Providence of *God*, beleeving heartily that we are safer in his Hands than if we could take the ordering of our Fate into our owne ? I would faine have my deare Life depart hence with speed, but untill he knoweth what Course the *Parliament* will hold towards him, and those with whom he hath acted, he is unwilling to leave the Kingdome : he hath Enemys in the House of *Commons*, but likewise good Friends, and he doubteth not receiving timely Notice of any measure to his Hurt. It would ill beseem his Wife to counsel flight, nor would I, how great soever my Feares, if he could doe ought for his *King* or Countrey by remaining : but this Subjugation of the *Parliament* by the Armie, will bring the Countrey under the fierce and uncertaine Rule of the Souldiers and their Commanders, and there is no Party to withstand them. I strive to put from mee the dreadfull Vision of the Scaffold and the Block, which hath often visited mee in the night-watches when such danger existed not, but now may well fill my soul with Terrour. I will beseech him to passe over to *Holland*, he sayeth the worst will be Imprisonment in the Tower : but how many are led therefrom onely to their Death.

Word brought by a sure Hand that it is order'd by the House  
of *Peeres*, that the Lords impeach'd by the *Com-*

*Sept. 11,* *mons* be brought up to answer to the Impeachment.

*Saturday* Friends of my *Husband* advise him to keepe out of  
the way untill the present Heate and storme be a

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little past over : this Counsell but ill receiv'd by him, and he is bent upon appearing.

The *King* hath escaped from *Hampton Court* : the Report is, that he having retired to be private, as hath been his Nov. 13, custome a short space before evening Prayers, and • *Saturday*. staying somewhat longer than usuall, it was taken notice of, and not yet coming forth, suddenly there were Feares of the cause hereof, which were encreas'd by the crying of a Dog within, he had latterly kept constantly with him a favourite Greyhound, often saying he did prefer them to Spaniels, upon Search being made, it was found the *King* had departed by a back Doore which ledde to the Garden. I do heartily hope he may get away : methinks he will then stand in a more honourable position to make Termes with his *Parliament* than when shut up as a Prisoner : and the People finding themselves without a King, perchance may wish for him back. It is currently believ'd that some Officers of the Armie did secretly communicate with the *King*, and had Instructions from Generall *Cromwell* himselfe and others, that if he would assent to their Proposals, which were lower than those of the *Parliament*, the Armie would settle him againe on the Throne : and it is thought he was hereupon inclined in his own Judgement to enter into a Treaty with them, but was diswaded by the Bishops. Some are as hotly against *Cromwell* as against the *King* : nay some goe so farre as to say he was in danger of being sent to the Tower, had he not left *London* before they were prepared.

Made the needfull preparations for my Departure : my stay in *London* must of necessitie bee uncertaine: wearied by much Toyle and Care, but Duty clear, is a Help through difficulties. The Morrow is a day of Rest, and will bee a season of Comfort and renewed Strength if used aright.

This being a day whereon the *Parliament* sate not, the Lord *Gray* and *Henry Willoughby*, a young Kinsman of Nov. 24, my Husband's tooke mee to see some Tapestrie *Wednesday*. Hangings in the House of *Peeres*. A Portrait of Sir *Ambrose Willoughby* is work'd therein, who was Uncle to the late Lord, and Grandfather to *Henry*. They did persuade mee to be carried in a Sedan-chaire: I was well pleased to get out againe, being much discomfited by the jolting. After some examination we discovered the Portraite, on the border under the Armes of the Lord High Admiral: it is of oval shape, a Gorget of plate armour over his Doublet, and a picked Beard and Mustachoe, like to those now worne. He was in Command of a Ship against the *Armada*. I was faine to aske whereabout my deare *Husband* had heretofore sate, but when the Thought arose, that the next time he would enter that House it would be as a prisoner to be tried by Men, many of whom were his bitter Enemies, I could scarce raise my Voice: the Lord *Gray* suspecting wherfore I look'd around so wistfully, did kindly point out the Place.

To-day my *Husband* occupied himself for my satisfaction in drawing up a Letter to the House of *Lords*, some-  
Nov. 30, thing to this effect: begging their Lordships would  
*Tuesday*. be pleased to order his Enlargement, seeing that he had beeene committed without any particular Charge against him: that he had received counsell of his Friends that he is not fit for publick Employment, and was therefore resolv'd on Privacy: that he had allwayes beeene faithfull to the *Parliament*: and desired their Lordships to make an honourable Construction of his Wish for Retirement. After all our Toyle, I much feare he will not at present send his Remonstrance: whensoever sett free he would without delay embarke for *Holland*. He can no longer act with the *Parliament*, since they will make no Termes whatsoever with the *King*, and he is

iealous that the Monarchy is in danger of being wholly lost, and all Rank destroyed.

Went downe in a coach to the Parliament-house, and sate therein the while *Henry Willoughby* did try to Dec. 2, learne some Newes. After waiting more than an *Thursday*. houre, the Lord *Say* came out and inform'd mee a Message had beeene sent to them by the *Commons* that morning praying for further Time to be allowed for bringing up the Impeachment of the seven Lords, which was granted. Hereupon I went backe to the *Tower* to tell my *Husband* of this further Delay: and it was agreed betweene us that it were well I should returne to *Parham* forthwith: and as Mistresse *Gage* did purpose to sett forth early in the forenoone to morrow, and would goe by *Hengrave*, and had offered to carry mee with her in her coach, it seemed too favourable an opportunitie to be miss'd, although it would make my Departure sudden. Left the *Tower* before 8, the Snow lying thick upon the Street, and with sorrowfull Heart made Preparation for setting forth homewards. My deare *Husband* maketh light of his situation, and strives to cheere mee, and persuade mee to take Hope in the Exertions now making by a few faithfull Friends of Influence in the *House*, who promise they will doe him what Service they can to pacifie his Adversaries, who are the more sharply bent against him. The cheerfull and composed Demeanour he did maintaine served for a time to lighten my Forebodings, and the moment of Parting came on a sudden, and I followed the Guard downe the Staires and under the Archway as in a Dreame: the Doore closed after mee: had I in truth left him, my dearest Life, in that dark Prison-house there alone to await his Sentence? I knowe not how I reach'd my Lodging, some kind Friend put mee into a coach and supported mee to my chamber.

Nature would have her way for a time, but the *Lord* suffered mee not to be wholly cast downe, and in spreading my Sorrows

before Him, and committing my beloved *Husband* to His Keeping, who hath the power to save even to the uttermost, I was strengthened, and did endeavour to submit with patience to the present Triall, though it is indeed heavy and grievous to be borne. The night was cold, and my condition forlorne and comfortlesse, but I laid me downe on the bed in as much quietnesse of spirit as I well could, feeling that rest was needed to encounter the morrow's Journey from this weary Citie to returne to my poore Children. Reflection on the Encouragement given by divers kind and powerfull Friends was very helpfull, and I slept. The time of our Departure the next day was appoynted at an early houre.

1647-8.

No Tydings from *London*. Newes of greate Disorder and Tu-  
mult in *Canterbury*. The Mayor endeavouring the  
Jan. 3, execution of the Ordinance for abolishing Holly.  
*Monday*. days, he was much abused by the People on  
*Christmasse-day*, they beat him on the head, and  
dragg'd him up and downe. The like Violence hath beene  
practised at other Places, but none hereabout. Some fewe  
People came into the Parke, and collected around the old 'Thorn,  
which hath many times put forth a fewe Blossoms on *Christ-  
masse-eve*, and which they looke upon as a Miracle, but no person  
did molest them.

The Children were abroad so soone as the Sunne rose, and  
brought in Ivy and branches of Holly, which they put about the  
*Hall* and their *Nurserie*, as their pleasure is. They set up a  
great Shout when there was seene a fine piece of Missettoe at  
the top of a Hamper containing Apples, timely sent by their Uncle  
from *Gloucestershire*. I could not beare to sadden their  
Pleasure by the trouble of my owne Heart, and they did spend  
a right merrie *Christmasse*. Their Uncle *William* and his  
Family staying with us.

It is well for mee the Children give mee full Occupation:  
they take well to their learning, and the *Chaplain's*  
Jan. 11. saith *Fanny* maketh goode progresse in the Latine;  
*Tuesday*. but I find her somewhat averse to Needleworke,  
wherein her Sister *Diana* is more expert, as also in  
some other Matters which in my judgement are like to be of more

Service than a knowledge of Latine : though where Nature hath given a Capacitie for such studies, methinks we should err in not providing Meanes of improving the same : and I doe already see in *Fanny* an encrease of Steadinesse at her taskes, and exactnesse in the Performance of them.

Jan. 29,           Hear from Sir *Harry Vane* the charge against *Saturday*. my *Husband* pass'd the *House* on the 27th, and was ordered to be sent up to the *Lords*.

*Armstrong* returned yesternight from *Aldborough* : no Vessel, Feb. 29, it is sayd, will sail to *Holland* from that Place or *Monday*. *Yarmouth* for some time.

March 6,         My deare Life, Thanks be unto *God*, is safe, his *Monday*. Letter is writ from the *Hague* : he hath seen the Prince of *Wales*.

Deare Heart,

After a toylsome Passage we landed at *Dort* : methought the Voyage did too nearly picture my troubled and A portion of uncertaine Life. I am well in Health : the Packet the letter ap- came safe to hand, and I was right glad of the Parently allud- tie and Wheaten-loaf, after having spent the night ed to by Lady on deck, the Victuals on board being ill to eat. Willoughby. The Doublet worked by my sweete Wife did *Editor*. greatly add to my Comfort, as did divers other Matters lovingly remembered by her for my use. Heretofore, though often separated, yet was I in the same Countrie that did containe my little Ones and her who is my Soule's Joy and Consolation, the truest Friend and Counsellor that ever Man had: now each wave carry'd me onward to a strange Land, and never did Absence appear so unsupportable. Kisse our deare Children for me. Bid *Armstrong* be carefull to omit nought that I left in his Charge ; he would doe well to see *Wingfield* concerning the gray Horse, which should be cared for : my Brother can ride *Berwick*.

SOME FURTHER PORTIONS

OF THE

DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY,

WHICH DO RELATE TO

HER DOMESTIC HISTORY,

AND TO

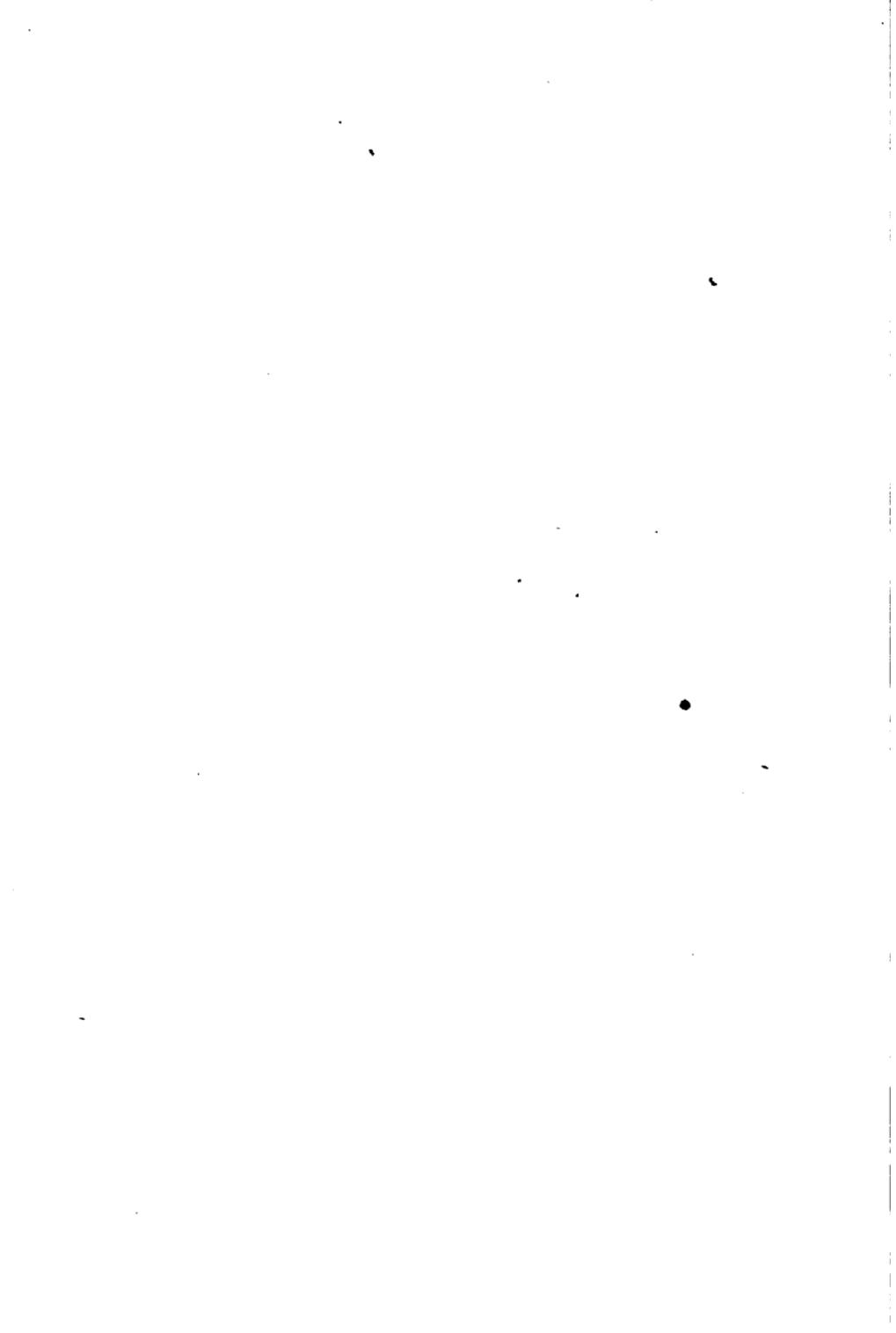
THE STIRRING EVENTS OF THE LATTER YEARS OF THE REIGN OF  
KING CHARLES THE FIRST, THE PROTECTORATE,  
AND THE RESTORATION.

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NEW YORK:  
JOHN WILEY, 161 BROADWAY.  
[OLD STAND OF WILEY AND PUTNAM.]

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1848.



SOME REMAINING PORTIONS

OF THE

DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY.

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1648.

HAV<sup>E</sup> receaved no further Newes of my *Lord* since I heard Aug. 15, from him that he was made *Vice Admirall* in the *Tuesday*. Duke of *Yorke's* Fleeté. There is a report that the *Duke* has saild for *Holland*.

A friend doth write that a letter from the Prince of *Wales* to the Speaker of the *Lords* has beeene read in the Aug. 16, House, giving assurance that he will endevour his *Wednesday*. part with the *King* for a good Settlement: Also he speakes of divers merchant Vessels seized, one of these Ships it was understood was full of Gold, and was captured by the Lord *Willoughby*. I have this satisfaction in that as he doth hold this publicke Station, should any great mis-chance befall him, notice would be taken thereof.

Discouraged under many difficulties, and in an especiall manner tried by the ignorance in which I am day unto day, of my deare *Husband's* present fortune, be it ill or well; pray to be preserved in Faith: if not thus held up, how ofte should I have beeene dismayed and sunke beneath the weight of care and perplexitie.

This morning, as for several past dayes, awakened contrarie

to my wont, with little sense of Refreshment or re-

Aug. 19, renewed Strength ; usually the night bringeth Rest to

Saturday. my wearied frame and Sleepe to mine eyes. *Care-*

*charming Sleepe*, sayth the Poet, *Sweete Father of soft Rest*, as he hath it in another place ; but yester night Sleepe was troubled by the Restlessnesse of waking Thoughts, like the swell of the Ocean after the Winds are stilled ; and so the day, commenced under this Depression of Spirit, did seeme onely as another burden, an added day of Taske-worke to bee performed. Neither received I the sweete renewal of trust and hope from my Devotions, that is so ofte graciously permitted mee to enjoy, nevertheless I was preserved from the Presumptuous Sinne of repining. If for a time the light of His countenance is withdrawne, who am I, the poorest of His Creatures, that I should complaine, if my path, when it seemeth to Him good, should bee through the darke valley of Humiliation ; so I walked sorrowfully on my way, uncomforted from within or from without ; thought on the text, *In thy afflictions He is afflicted, and the Angel of his Presence saaveth thee*, but this comfort seemed not intended for mee.

Begin to doubt, that I have beene too readie to bee satisfied with myself, and to say to my soule *Peace, peace, when*

Aug. 22, *there is no peace*, and have not beene so contrite and

Tuesday. broken under a sense of Sinne, and so is it not unrepented Sinne which doth stand betweene mee and

the light of my Father's Countenance. Read the 51st *Psalm*, but still felt in darknesse.

To night hath *God* spoken to mee by the voice of my little child. It did chaunce that late in the evening I had occasion to give some orders in the Nurserye, passing by the bed I stooped to kisse my little Girle as I asked her, had she sayd her prayers to Nurse ? She answered, No, I sayd them to *God*. I told her *God* will blesse little Children who pray to Him, and He lookes downe and sees us all. Yes, she answered, keeping the whiles

fast hold on my apron, *God sees Father in the Ship a long way off, and he sees me in Bed, and when I feel affraid in the darke I say, Please God I am a good little child sometimes. Except ye become as little Children ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Lord increase my Faith. I believe, helpe thou mine unbelieve. Why art thou cast downe, O my soule, and why art thou disquieted within mee? hope thou in God.* Chastened but not without Hope, I goe to my Bed and lay mee downe in Peace, praying to become as a little Child.

Much impressed with a sense of the *Divine Goodnesse* toward us, whilst so many are induring all the dreadfull

*Aug. 25,* calamities of Warre at their very doores, than  
*Friday.* which none have beene brought to such a height of  
Suffering as the poore besieged people at *Colchester*,

for more than two moneths have they held out, till it is sayd the cries of the starving Women and Children are very great ; numbers are driven to the eating the flesh of Horses and Dogges ; and of this now there is little left. One Woman got out of the Towne with her children to begge from the Parliament Armie, and was driven backe.

Now they say many hundreds of Women were let to come out of the Towne, and were then fired upon by Col.

*Aug. 26,* *Rainsborough* both with Cannon and Muskettts, according to some not loaded with shot, yet would not the Towne let them come backe : what did be-

come of the poore Creatures ? Well may ordinances be passed for days of Publicke Humiliation to bewaile the Sinnes of the Nation : yet to what purpose, when they goe on the more sinning, as if they beleeved they could fast and pray away their sinnes as easily as wash their hands. *Keefe backe thy Servant from presumptuous Sinnes.*

Heare to day that *Colchester* has surrendered; and that Sir  
George *L'Isle* & Sir *Charles Lucas* were shot, to re-  
Sept. 1, taliate it is sayd the same crueltie exercised by them  
*Friday.* in like circumstances.

Good old Dr. *Sampson* called: he had heard it was reported  
Dec. 13, that the *King* had made his escape from the *Isle of*  
*Wednesday. Wight.*

1648-9.

TERROUR and amazement doe fill all men's minds, so unheard of  
a Crueltie did seeme impossible, even by the *King's*  
Feb. 3,      bitterest enemies ; surely the Judgements of the  
*Friday.*      *Lord* will be drawn down upon this unhappy Coun-  
try. What further suffering shall bee, wee know  
not, before the nation is chastised and purged from its iniquities.  
Renewed cause of Thankfulness that my beloved *Husband* did  
betimes withdraw himself from the Councels of these Men : oft  
did he use to say to mee, they could on no pretence take the  
*King's* life, how little can wee foresee whereunto men's passion  
will lead them.

My poore *Fanny* can scarce sleepe at nights, so besett is shee  
with the Image of the Murthered *King* : when the Newes were  
told of a sudden, she nigh fainted. *Die's* grieve hath more of  
Indignation, and hardly can she refraine wishing to heare of  
some signal Vengeance being taken. Gave orders that the  
Household should put aside and desist from their several Occupa-  
tions, that the remainder of the Day might be kept with due  
solemnitie befitting the sad occasion : at Evening Service all  
were sensibly affected, at the seasonable Exhortation of the  
*Chaplaine* on this awfull event.

Heare with no small concernment that Coll. *Hutchinson* was  
one of those who did put their Names to the Sen-  
Feb. 13,      tence given against the *King* : one of more honour-  
*Monday.*      able repute as a Christian and Gentleman I never  
heard speake of: wherefore it cannot be doubted  
but that he hath beleeved himself called upon by his Conscience

to this act, and I would also hope, others likewise have beene constrained to join in it against their naturall feelings, but even Zeale in a good cause requireth to be kept downe by a sober judgement : so long as the flame burneth Heaven-ward it is a pure and Shining Light, but turned Earth-ward it becometh a fierce and destructive Fire.

Letter from my *Sister* ; she sayth Proclamation hath beene made, that whosoever shall proclaime another to bee *King*, shall bee put to death as a *Traitor*.

*Fanny* who hath beene ailing of late, was yester night so feaverish that I gave her a composing draught, and she keeps her bed to day.

*Fanny* better ; thinke to give her a course of Bitters: my Feb. 14, *Mother* did much recommend them taken fasting Tuesday. every Morning.

More Executions ; the three Lords have beene beheaded : Lady *Holland* had ceased not importuning for the March 15, *Earl's* life, and buoyed herself up with hope to the Wednesday. last ; and when the *High Court* granted a Reprieve for two Dayes, she and other Ladies & Relatives of the Prisoners had great expectations there would be a Pardon, and so was it nearly carried in the *House* : as the Speaker's was the casting Vote, and he gave it against him ; he having just before by his voice in favour of Lord *Goring* saved that bad man, in regard of some Private services hee had rendered to him : yet did cause the Death of one who, though he might have done some wrong to his partie, had ever beene a friend to the poore and to those who were oppressed and persecuted for their Religion, and who was civil and courteous to all people. Some particulars were related to mee, by one who is well acquainted with one of my Lrd. *Holland's* friends who did accompanie him to the Scaffold.

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Mr. *Hodges* had much discourse with him after his Sentence : being desirous to comfort him. He would not see his Wife and Children saying it would adde too much to his sorrow ; he was for a while in great agonie of minde in that he had not assurance of Pardon for his Sins, but it pleased *God* in his great Mercie to raise him up, out of this afflicted condition, and after passing through a severe conflict of spirit, he remained in a cheerefull frame of Minde to the end. He slept soundly the night before his Execution, insomuch he was with some difficulty awakened ; he went to the Scaffold without shewing any Feare, and showed himself to the People, who were moved with sorrow at the sight of him ; he tooke an affectionate leave of his Friends and so did submit to be put to Death.

It is to mee, matter of Amazement as well as of Sorrow, that men pay so small Regard to the right every man hath to his owne Life, which *God* hath given to him, and which *Hee* alone can take away. Vengeance is not for man, weake and erring ; the promise is given that Evil shall be overcome of Good, not by evil.

The time seemeth very long before I can with reason expect March 30, to heare from the *Barbadoes*. The Dutch Marchant *Thursday*. Ships, it is reported in *London*, sailed in February.

*Fanny's* health improves. Since she hath had charge of the Still-room, she hath taken a pleasure in the cultivation of the Plants, and hath enlarged the Herbe garden. The Lavender slippes have strucke roote, and she hath good stocke of Clove Gilloflowers, a neighbour hath promised her an excellent Recipe for making a Conserve of these, obtained as a favour from Mr. *Gerard*, the Chirurgian and Botanist, who sayth of it, that it is exceeding cordiall and wonderfully above measure doth comfort the Heart, being eaten now and then.

Her liking for Reading did lead to her over much Studie, I do blame myself for not giving more heed to the effect upon ner Health ; it seems that her Sister was more sensible in this matter, and did often indeavour to perswade her to leave bookees. In small things as in greater, so true is it, that the right is a straight and narrow way.

Our Nephews *William* and *Henry* staying with us, good laddes in the maine ; and wee do expect a visite April 18, shortly from my deare Cousin *Margaret de la Fontaine*, wee have not mett since her marriage.

*Receipt.* The flowers of Lavender picked from the knaps, I meane the blew part and not the huske, mixed April 20, with Cinnamon, Nutmeg, and Cloves, made into *Friday.* pouder and given to drinke in the distilled Water thereof, prevaleth against giddinesse. Conserve of the flowers made with sugar.

This Recipe given to mee by Mr. *Gerard's* Aunte.

Mr. *Gerard* doth recommend for a cold and cough, or sore throat, a ~~c~~oction of Hyssope, made with Figges added ; or Figges boiled, and Honie and Rue added thereto.

1651.

THIS our Wedding day : a sweete morning ; rose early : first thoughts saddened by the absence of him, who is indeed first in my Hearte, but not here to give the *May 24,* *Friday.* welcomings of Love so precious to mee ; so sweet to receive and lay up with recollections of other like endearments to live upon in Absence, preserved, as some one saith, in the Memorie as in a Cabinet richly stored, garnered in Faith, and safely locked with the Key of a loving Constancie, and truly can I say, no Mistrust hath ever fallen upon our deare Affection for each other : although in looking backe through these Sixteene yeares now past, to the early part of my wedded life, I do perceave that there was on my part some Constraint and an over feare of Displeasing, and haply some perversitie of Temper, that made some things appeare as Unkindnesses that were not so intended, yet was it I truly beleeve more through Ignorance and the newnesse of my Situation. My deare *Mother* had exercised such a tender care over me, that like a timid bird no more sheltered by the Parent wing from the rough Winds and pitilesse Storme, I was affrighted, and oft times would faine have returned to the Arke. But the olive branch appeared above these darke Waters, and was found to be a sure Resting Place for the sole of my Foot, and its roots were firmly fixed and it hath stood firme. Wee have need of two faiths, faith in humane affection, and the higher faith, in Divine Wisdom and Love : *Lord, I beleeve, help Thou mine unbelieve,* is the earnest suppllication of my Hearte. Oh if wee were constant in this praier, how manie feeble knees would be strengthed, how many hard and rebellious thoughts be kept downe.

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Sixteene yeares ago, I do well remember the morning was like this : the Sunne shone brightly, and my Sisters did thinke mee happie to be the choice of the brave Lord *Willoughby*; his comelinesse and youth made him to bee greatly admired by them, as hee was by manie others. Since that day how much hath come to passe : Trouble and Difficulties to overcome not a few : then my first Childe borne, bringing new hope and a joy unspeakable ; but the sweete blossome was early nipped and the cup of joy dashed from my lippes : oh *God* thou knowest what I suffered, that my Faith was tried to the uttermost and for a while failed, but Thy Mercie and Truth failed not : other Children were given to us, lent and graciously spared : My deare and excellent *Mother* tooke her peacefull departure, this a Sorrow, but not a Sorrow without Hope, no bitternesse was in it, her Worke was ended and I had no wish to keepe her from her Rest : Precious *Mother* ! I humbly hope I have not beene insensible of my privileges : I think I may say that under a sense of my owne favoured Lot in this respect, I have alwayes felt much tender Solitude for such as are early deprived of Maternal care, whether knowne or unknowne to mee.

During this long period I have had the Happinesse of seeing my beloved *Husband* zealous and active for the Publicke good, and protected through many Dangers ; and though very frequent have beene our Separations, and this last the most distant and Perillous, yet have they beene mercifully permitted to his greater Safety. Thus in casting this backward looke over past yeares I am led to acknowledge with Thankfulnessse the gracious dealings of our *Heavenly Father* to us, and especially would I note my *Husband*'s timely withdrawal from a party of Men who have fallen into the Snare spread by worldy Pride and Ambition, and in the end brought about the Death of the *King*.

Oft have I beene cast downe as the Sinne and Suffering, that doe so fearefully abound, were from time to time brought before mee ; but strength hath beene given mee to endure, and praise be

unto *Him* who hath vouchsafed a measure of Faith, whereby the discipline of Life is now viewed in a more cheereful spirit, and its burdens and imperfections borne with lesse of Impatience as Yeares do encrease, and I am able more entirely to acknowledge that *the Judgements of the Lord are true and righteous altogether*, and if so in mine owne experience, may I not trust that in Publicke affaires in like manner, man's doings are working out the purposes of the *Lord of Lords and King of Kings*: that the Nation when it shall have passed through this Fire of tribulation and anguish, shall rise up in a newe and righteous Libertie and bee at Peace.

But little to add this evening to the foregoing: after fervent Supplication for my deare absent Love, went downe stairs and was met by the deare Children, each of them with a Posie of flowers, Cowslips Primroses and Hawthorne, and *Fanny* had gathered some of more raritie from her garden. *Dick* was eager to know the number of Yeares we have been maried, that she might give directions for the same number of Pies to bee made, according to the custome in these parts, that there should be set on the Table a Pie for every yeare that a couple have beeene maried, and she and her Sister ranne away to order 16 Pies: They are kindly hearted and gladsome creatures, and most dutifull and comforting Children.

Received tidings that the Ship in which my *Husband* did saile,  
July 4, hath reached *Barbadoes*. Thankes be unto the *Lord Thursday*, who hath brought them unto their desired Haven.

July 7, The deare Letter yesternight hath filled my Hearte  
*Sunday.* with Joy and Thankfulnessse.

Most Deare Wife,

Wee came to anchor in *Carlisle Bay*, in somewhat more than two moneths after we left *Holland*. We fell short  
*Letter of* of Water, having but halfe a Barrel when wee came

Lord in sight of Land, and were still worse off for For-  
*Willoughby*, rage, and were forced to take the Straw out of the  
March 24, men's cabines, and mix it with shavings of Deale  
1650. boards to give the Horses to eate. We kept our-  
selves Concealed some dayes, considering it the more  
prudent, till we had all in readinesse. Wee then appeared in  
good force and proclaimed the *King*. Numbers joined us, and  
my Commission met with due respect. I send this Letter by  
the Master of a Ship sailing to *London*. Sweete Life and my  
deare Children, may it fare well with you. During the wear-  
some Voyage, plans did suggest themselves of your joining mee  
here, but I knowe not how you would endure the hardship and  
dangers of the Passage. The Climate of this Island is not so  
unhealthy as in some others. I hope *Parliament* will not with-  
draw the Graunt, it would cause greate trouble with those who  
accepted it in Settlement of Demands against mee, and might  
put my deare Hearte to inconvenient Straites for money: wee  
are like to have unfriends in both Houses; it may not bee safe  
to say more. Give mee whatsoever Newes of the *King* can  
be depended on. I cannot beleeve the present state of affaires  
will last long. The heate is greate, nevertheless my Health  
is good, in the which I do heartily rejoice, knowing there is One  
who will be much comforted herein,

Whose I am in all faithfull Affection,

*Willoughby.*

It is reported, and I feare mee truely, that Sir *George Askew*  
hath set saile for *Barbadoes*, to take that Island and  
July 11, others thereabout from the *King's* friends. How  
*Wednesday*. may I endure the thought that again my beloved  
*Husband's* life is exposed to all the dangers and  
sufferings of Warfare, and this at so great distance, that for  
Moneths I shall be in ignorance whether he yet Live. I thought

it well hee should be out of this poore Countrey, full of strife & bloodshed, but the dangers of Warre are every where.

Sept. 7, Word brought of a Fight at *Worcester*, and some Saturday. say the *Prince* is slaine.

The rumours that the Prince of *Wales*, or more rightly the *King* was slaine after the Battaille, not true, though Sept. 7, he was wounded in the hand. He fled from *Wor-*  
*Tuesday.* *cester*, and it is hoped he hath escaped from his cruell Enemies, as no one knows where he is. A Messenger kindly sent by Mr. *Tobias Bridge*, who setts out for *London* tomorrow, and hath engaged to send to my *Husband* a Letter thro' a safe channel by means of a friend of his, a considerable Marchant in the *Citie*, who hath undertaken this out of regard to the Lord *Willoughby*, who did shew some kindnesse to a neare Kinsman of his at the Seidge of *Newark*, which he hath not forgotten. Have writt to my *Husband* in such termes as I thought most like to have weight with him that he would yeeld up the place ; telling him, that the most zealous Friends of the *King* do now give up all hope ; that his Wife and Children wearie of his absence and are kept in continual Feare for him, and that as I never had wished to hold him backe from what he judged to bee his duty, so now hee might beleeve that I would not urge him to a course dishonourable, or that would injure others. Likewise I added that all his friends did agree with me in this opinion. Easier in mind having taken this steppe, so much more hopeful to the Spirit is action, let the thing done towards the desired end be ever so small or by ever so weake a hand, than to remaine, as my lot hath mostly beene, unable to do ought ; not even to holde a cup of water to the lippes of him who while I write these wordes may be lying wounded or dying.

In a Letter from my Sister she sayth, one told her who was

present in the *House* when Letters were received October 31, from *Paris* containing divers curious particulars of *Thursday*. the *King's* adventures and escape. Hee and my Lord *Wilmot* were so sore pushed that on the Second day's march from *Worster* they betooke themselves into the Woods, and did sleepe two nights in a Tree, and whilst there some Souldiers came close by, but saw them not. Hee had other marvellous escapes ; and owed his Safetie to a Gentlewoman who disguised him ; she cut off his Haire, and put Serving Man's clothes on him, and a Perriwig (hereat, as this curious historie was read aloud, some of the Members refrained not from laughing), he was Mounted on a Horse, and she did ride behind him on a pillion. That which does seeme most wonderfull, the *King* was in *London*, and walked about dressed in a Gentleman's habite, and did even look into *Westminster Hall*. The Lord *Wilmot* at length did procure a Marchant Ship, and the *King* followed him into a House, when to their greate terrour the Master of the Vessell came to them and sayd he knew the *King*. They prevailed with money and promises, and sailed for *Harvre de Gras*. This relation did seeme so full of wonder and mercy towards the poore young *King*, who doubtlesse would have beene slaine had he been taken, that I have thought it well to copie the same from my Sister's Letter.

Death of Colonel *Ireton* is much lamented ; he did compassionate the deplorable condition and miseries of the Dec. 11. people of *Ireland*, and in this barbarous Warfare shewed more Mercie than some others.

1651-2.

NEWES sent mee that Letters have beeene received by the *House* that Sir *George Ascue* had reduced the *Barbadoes*: January 6, and likewise there was read a Copie of an Act of *Monday*. the Lord *Willoughby*, and the Assembly for sequestring Estates. This will, I feare mee, inflame people's mindes the more against him. \*

My Lord *Say and Seale* hath sent mee such particulars as have come to hand. Sir *George* had taken many Ships, Feb. 21, and fired at the Castell, and they in the Castell shot *Friday*. at him and killed one man. Then he sent a Summons to the Lord *Willoughby*, who made answer that hee would keepe the place for the *King*, who he was informed was neare *London*, and that all the Countrey came in to him: this it is supposed he had been told by the *Dutch*. Offers were made of indemnitiie, and great persuasion used to bring over the people to the *Parliament*. It was expected that Sir *George Ascue* would waite some dayes, in the hope that the *Island* would surrender, before he attempted to land his Forces.

Alas! I know its brave *Gouvernour* too well to doubt what course hee will take. May the *Lord* have mercie upon us, nothing is there for mee to doe but to keepe neare to the everlasting Arme that can support the weakest of his creatures, and save in the midst of the greatest Dangers.

Miss the faithfull oversight of *Alice*, tho' of late she had beeene too infirme to do much. My Brother *William* and March 25, his familie make us a large Household: and to

*Thursday.* keepe a well-ordered and well provided House is no small charge. Since my Brother compounds for the Estates, I am releaved from some perplexitie. Poore old *Alice*, her death was timely, had she lived to heare of the Execution of the *King*, it would have gone farre to breake her hearte.

*March 27,* The Diurnal doth containe the report that Sir *Saturday.* *George Ascue* hath taken *Barbadoes*.

Eclipse of the Sunne: many have been infected with feare of some greate Calamitie or Disturbance to happen at *March 29,* this time, and would not goe out to their Worke, or *Monday.* leave their Houses: the darkness was so great one could not see to reade a booke without the light of a candle.

No tydings of my deare *Husband*, and my very Soule is sicke with waiting and listening to catch the lightest Rumour.

My friends have sent mee all the Information they could obtaine, and my hearte is bowed downe with Thankfulnessse for the mercifull and wonderfull Preservation of that precious *Life*, the object of daily prayer and supplication. It doth appeare that my *Lord* did refuse to submit to the Summons of Surrender thrice demanded by Sir *George Ascue*, who thereupon did land some Troopes: the Lord *Willoughby* made a gallant defence, but by reason of the Darknesse, they thought the Enemie were in number more than they were, and the Seamen running up with great shotts they were so amazed they gave way: the *Parliament* Forces pursued them to *Fort Royal*, which they stormed, and were joined by Colonel *Muddiford* and his friends, following this example they did engage to live or die with the *Parliament*. The Lord *Willoughby* finding this, marched up to them with all the Force he could make, and whilst that he held a Councell of Warre, one of the Enemies great gunnes shot in at the doore and carried away the Sentinel's head. A Treatie has beene con-

cluded, protection being granted to the Lord *Willoughby*, Colonel *Walrund*, and divers others for the keeping their Estates in *England* or elsewhere. Surely I may hope to have a letter shortly. Chose out for my portion of Scripture the 103d Psalm. What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits, this crowning mercie wherewith he hath blessed mee ?

To-day I had the great happinesse of a Letter. My deare *Husband* beareth bravely his ill Fortunes : he was April 8, entreated very courteously by Sir *George*. My *Thursday*. *Lord* doth purpose returning by one of his owne Vessells, having Businesse to settle in *Surinam*, and in *Antigua*.

*Wingfield* tells mee he has had some newes of the Horse that was stolen last weeke, and would goe to *Ipswich* to-morrow that being Market day ; told him not to be sparing of Reward on this occasion, I would ill like him to be lost : Bade *Wingfield* see at the Weavers when the Linnen would be readie, also if the Flax was arrrived.

The Packman is long in coming his rounds, and my waiting woman is alarmed that her stores of housewiferie May 5. will scarce hold out, and *Fanny* is like to want impatience, as sometimes he doth bring of Bookes a few sortes and Ballads, which she doth eagerly catch up, & he had entered into some promise of bringing for her a booke of Poems by a Mr. *John Milton*, one that keeps a Schoole at *London*, the same it is sayd, who did write the *Image Breaker*, a Booke that did excite the Indignation of manie, that a man of parts and learning should desire to injure the memorie of one not onely a Martyr, but who had manie rare qualities, and was our anointed King, albeit in that capacitie he did some great wrongs. The

worke was little read, the while the subject of his attack, the *Eikon Basilike*, did excite in people such true Sympathie, that it was read with Teares. A Friend did procure one for mee, which not only doth serve to cherish a sorrowful remembrance of the heavy trial and the grieves of his late *Majesty*, but by the pietie and meeknesse of the several Meditations, doth greatly tend to Edification and Improvement.

May 7, No Tydings of the old Horse to be heard at *Ips-*  
*Friday. wic* : *Wingfield* and one of the men are gone in  
another direction, some miles on the *Lowestoffe* road.

The men returned this forenoon after two Dayes absence,  
bringing with them the poore Animal, jaded and  
May 11, half starved, hope he will looke in better condition  
*Tuesday.* before my *Lord's* return. A man living at *Sax-*  
*mundham*, who had served in one of his Regiments,  
had seene the Horse go through the Village, and knew it againe,  
and by this Clue they traced him.

May 12, *Lizzy* hath finished her Sampler; her Sister *Duc*  
*Wednesday.* hath much credit for the same, for the Patience  
with which she hath taught her this, and other Nee-  
dle-worke.

Reading our usual portion of *Holy Scripture* this morning, after some remarks thereon, I felt encouraged to say a few wordes to my Daughter *Fanny*. Shee hath lesse of self-will and heate of temper needing restraint and watchfulnessse than her elder Sister, but falleth into error of another sorte, seeming too well inclined to take her ease, and sheweth an indifferency to such Pursuits as suite not her Fancie, yet which are of good account and Service in a Familie. Especially she hath of late againe addicted herself over-much to her Bookes, which, if not to the hurt of her Health as formerly was the case, causeth her to bee so enwrapt

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in them, and in the indulgence of her own Imaginations, that she neglecteth those small occasions wherein she might bee of Use or Pleasure to others, and at the same time secure Benefite to herself by being drawne into little acts of Courtesie and Kindnesse, which doe keepe alive and enlarge the kindly dispositions of our nature, and doubtlesse are soe intended by *Him* who hath planted mankind in Families. She did receeve with meeknesse this Re-proof, acknowledging her sometime negligence, and her temptation to the unprofitable spending of her time in some particulars, and did confesse that haply her affections had beene too highly sett on Works of the Fancy and Imagination ; although shee sayd, they were such as for the most part did containe manie pious and vertuous Meditations, and added with modesty, that she believed the minde was elevated and refreshed by drinking at these Fountaines. The while she spoke, raising timidly her eyes & blushing as she pleaded for some Poets above others, more especially Mr. *Edmund Spenser*, one who hath indeed tuned his Lyre to the utterance of most sweet Truths and deepe Philosophie, she seemed not unaptly described in his own wordes :

*Ne in her Speech, ne in her 'Haviour,  
Was lightnesse scene, or loose Vainitie,  
But Gracious Womanhood and Gravitie  
Above the reason of her youthly yeares.*

I can truly say it is my desire, not through an over-strictnesse or misconstruction to narrow the benevolent designs of the *Creator* toward his creatures ; hee, with bountifull Hand hath adorned the Heaven and the Earth with beautie, and if he hath in a peculiar manner fitted some Mindes to taste hereof, and to approach him by these ways of Pleasantnesse & Peace, doubtlesse it may bee to the attainment of the highest *Wisdom*. Yet, like all things else in this World, hath it not its peculiar temptations, this keene sense of the Beautifull and aptitude in the discernment thereof ?

doth it not sometimes lead to a turning away from the rigid aspect of Dutie, and minister to selfe-gratification under a faire disguisement, which maketh it unsuspected of evill. The Beautiful Gate of the Temple inviteth us to enter, but if so be wee remaine at the portall we prophane its sacred purpose.

Once more the *Poet* cometh to my aide.

*The meanes therefore which unto us is lent  
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,  
Which hee hath made in beautie excellent;  
And in the same, as in a Brazen Booke,  
To reade inregistred in every nooke  
His Goodness, which His Beautie doth declare,  
For all that's good, is beautiful and faire.*

Through whatsoever ways we are led, how various soever may bee our gift, there is but one end, that we may all be brought to see the Beautie of Holinesse, to perceave the Harmonie that doth exist in the morall government of *God*, as in the visible wonders and beauties of Creation, and so come to worship Him in Spirit and in Truth.

There is like to be a poore Hay harvest, no raine as yet; this long drought is a great concerne to *Fan*. Some of May 15, the seeds she hath sowne scarce to be seene; what Saturday. is more serious, fodder for the cattell is difficult to be had.

Great tempests during the Weeke; raine and winde, and lightening; the Thunder ceased not for houres May 28, together. About *London* it is said there were Friday. Haile stones which did measure some inches round, and some of singular shape. Much Glasse hath been broken.

Went to see *Cicely*, shee and her children are bravely. She

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had beeene to *Langham*, neare unto *Colchester*, to  
May 31, visite her husband's Mother, whom she did find in  
*Monday*. a distressefull state, her Sonne not well of his  
wounds, and shee, every time she dresseth his  
arme, hearte-broken to thinke that hand had given his *Brother*  
his death stroke. He knew not who it was, till he got sight of  
his face as he dropped, and as he fell on his knees beside him, he  
received a Blow on his head, which Stunned him. This chanced  
well for him, as he thereby could remaine, he dragged the Bodie  
of his *Brother* to the side of a Hedge, and then as he did pas-  
sionately bewaile his Death, and kissed the bleeding Face, he  
found Life not utterly departed, and ran some distance to a Ditch  
where was water, and pouring it into the Laddes mouth, for it  
was his youngest *Brother*, and very deare unto him, he opened  
his Eyes, and seemed to know him, but was past Speech, and  
could onely draw him closer, and so Died. All the Countrey  
round there was Want and Sicknesse, the Grant from the *Par-  
liament* is a seasonable help, but it mendeth not broken bones, nor  
bringeth backe *Sonnes* and *Husbands* to Life.

For some Weekes I have not left my Chamber, and have beeene  
July 10, confined to my Bed the greater part of that time,  
*Saturday*. having beeene seised of a sudden Sicknesse ; at least  
so it did then appeare, though continuall harass-  
ment & suspence had brought mee into a weakeley  
state for some time past. It happened that some Noise, and the  
sound of unaccustomed Voices in the Hall, did startle mee for a  
moment with the notion that my deare *Husband* had come into  
the House. I hasted downe staires, and some great packages  
strucke my Sight, and did the more confirme my Hopes, but it  
proved only to bee some goods shipp'd from *London*, which had  
come there by a Marchant Ship from *Barbadoes*. As I turned  
backe, the shocke of the disappointment following quicke on the  
joy that had seemed so neare, overcame mee, and my Limbes

trembled under mee, and I scarce could reach my Roome, and that night a Feaver came on, with such violent Shiverings that I greatly feared it was the Ague. For many weekes tooke no nourishment but Sage Possets, my drinke Whey. Still but poorly. My deare Children have beeene tender Nurses, and, when I began to recover, yet remaining weake, so that I mostly could heare but one person at a time, I had oftentimes sweet converse with Each, & ministered to the severall wants of their Characters, as I was favoured with help so to do ; endeavouring to impress upon them Faithfulness to their Convictions, whether in Small things or Greate, as the only way to obtaine true Peace.

Also hath it beeene a season of Self-examination, and deepe searching of Hearte ; and my Birthday happening when I was thus layd low, I endeavoured to passe it profitably, and to question myselfe if, as I approched nearer and nearer to the Grave I was the nearer Heaven. Selfe seemed the great hinderance in the way of improvement. It is a hidden Idolatrie and often unsuspected. Is it not Selfe that prevents our eye beeing single ?

July 12,              Read some portion of the *Scriptures* that were  
*Monday.*      not so familiar to mee as other, or as they should  
                      bee.

I would here note downe, as a cause of Thankfulness, one of a multitude of tender mercies and loving kindnesses of my *Heavenly Father*, his raising mee up and restoring mee to Health, and to the care of my deare Children in their Father's absence ; and also that with returning Health he hath given mee a rejoicing Hearte. As I walked forth in the warme Sunne shine, the fragrancie of the aire, and every thing around mee so full of beautie, it did seeme that truly *My Youth was renewed like the Eagles*, so sweet and pleasant were my thoughts.

July 12,              To-day my strength was so farre increased that I

*Monday.* was able to walke downe to the Brooke, and sate downe on the warme sunnie Banke.

*The Winds were husht, no Leafe so small  
At all was seene to stirre,  
Whilst tuning to the Water's fall  
The small Birds sang to her.*

Thought of my deare honoured *Mother*, and of the last time wee did passe together at this Spot ; the little Stremme of cleere water did now run gurgling on just as it did then, and the Flowers and the Mossie Banke were there, but my *Mother's* voice no more, yet did she seeme neare mee, and nearer in this, that some of her experience had now beene mine, Sorrow and Death had beene my teachers, *Ministers of his that do his pleasure* ; but he leaveth not his Children comfortlesse : the words of the *Lord Jesus* sustained mee, His Life and His Death were my strength and consolation. How sweet is it, that the memorie of my *Mother* is ever linked with peaceful and holie thoughts. Oh might I so live that my deare *Children* might so thinke of mee, but I am not worthie of this. Oh that the desire may bee more present with mee, and put more of Heaven into my love for them. I do confesse, with sorrow and contrition of Hearte, that my solicitude for them hath beene more Worldly as they have growen older, and the sense of their Immortall destination not so abiding, as when they were younger, Gifts newly from *God's* owne Hand, and Talents entrusted to my Stewardship.

Yester-noone, thankes bee unto the *Most High*, to my unspeakable joy and comfort my deare Life returned to his July 19, Familie, through Mercie well in Health, but changed Monday. by the long Sea-voyages and the climate of the Indies ; this, though, onely in the outward, beeing the same loving *Husband* and *Father*. He stayed not in *London*, but so soone as he could leave the Ship, did earnestly set forth

hitherward. He expresseth some surprise to find the Nation so quiet, the joy of our Meeting was saddened by the manie relations to be given of the murther of the late *King* and of some of his former Friends, and divers other particulars of the state of Affaires and Parties, and the hopelesse condition of his present *Majestie*; of Familie Newes there was much to learne. Mr. Edmund Spencer sayth,

*One loving houre*  
For manie yeares of sorrow can dispense,  
A dram of Sweet is worth a pound of Soure;  
She hath forgot how manie a wofull stoure,  
For him she hath endured: She speaks no more  
Of past; true is, that true Love hath no power  
To looken backe; his eyes bee fixed before.

Feare that I can scarce say this, not having so great hopefulnessse.

My deare Life is well satisfied with his Daughters, and knoweth not which he doth the most admire; yet methought his eye turned to the youngest most lovingly; he is pleased to commend my care of them. I had feares that he might thinke them forward or deficient in observance of some ceremonies, and did assay some little Apologie if they were more free in his presence than did seeme altogether becomming, seeing they had beene, in consequence of my retired life, more with mee than is customarie. In my lonely state I was faine to solace myselfe with their sweet Societie, and did encourage them to feele unrestrained before mee; manie a lonesome and wearie Houre have they lightened by their simple Talke, and eased mee not seldome of troubled thoughts by their dutifull Affection.

He smiled as he replied he knew not what might be deemed too forward, they spake not to him without Blushing, yet were they free from awkward Bashfulnessse, he wished them none otherwise, or in aught different, and had onely to desire that they might grow

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up such as their Mother. Teares did spring to my Eyes as he uttered these kind Words; but although as a Wife the prayse was sweet and encouraging, and I beleeve might be so received without conceit, yet in my Hearte did arise the secret prayer, that they might be much better Women than their Mother. He added, no Father could desire better or prettier children, and in his absence *Diana* had so grown, she was, tho' not so handsome as *Fanny*, an exceeding lovely young creature. *So we are rich in our Daughters, if in nought else.*

This Evening my *Lord* discoursed some time on his severall adventures, affording us some pleasing entertainments by his Historie of the different Islands and places; already is there a Towne which he has called *Parham* began building on the north of the Island of *Antigua*, and on the Southern side of the same Island a beautiful Bay, into the which he sailed, and found shelter from a Storme, which suddenly arose, and as it was through the following his Councell that they steered in this course, it was named by the Sailers *Willoughby Bay*, and hence has beeene so called by others, so our name, and that of oure deare *Parham* may abide, and may some day be familiar words to the Voyager, & amidst a strange People, when our race may be passed away, and the place thereof be knowne no more.

My *Lord* having fixed on our Departure for *London*, have beeene too busie to take up the Penne. Hee could not beare Aug. 4, to leave his Familie so shortly after his Returne, *Wednesday*. also to mee the separation would have beeene ill to beare, now that I have againe enjoyed the support and happiness of his Presence, so it is determined that wee take Lodgings and remaine at *London* the while our affaires may make it needful so to doe.

Came to our Lodgings, which are conveniently situated in *Russel Streete, Covent Garden.*

My Sister called and tooke us in her Coach to the *Parke*. As wee passed *Whitehall* wee alighted, and did looke Aug. 10, with Awe and Sadnesse on the scene of his late *Tuesday*. *Majestie's* Death. The place through which hee was taken on to the Scaffold having beene newly bricked up, points out the exact Spot. The Girls wished to enter the *Palace*, but there were no meanes at hand, neither could I be sure in would be Prudent.

This day went to *Northumberland House*, there Aug. 12, informed that Lady *Lisle* was in a dangerous state; *Thursday*. she had beene doing well till yester night, the Babie is a healthy Child.

Mett the Earle of *Winchelsea* at *Spring Gardens*, he joined us; he seemeth a man of some Sence, and hath a lively and polite Manner.

Heard the sorrowfull newes of Lady *Lisle's* Death. The Bodie is to bee carried downe to *Penshurst* for Interment. Aug. 13, Mr. *Algernon Sydney* doth accompanie thither his *Friday*. afflicted Brother. It is thought my Lord *Leicester* will be likely to keepe the Children at *Penshurst*.

Aug. 18, Mr. *John Evelyn* called; the Lord *Say* and *Wednesday*. others.

Aug. 22, Went to heare Mr. *Owen* preach in the morning; *Sunday*. in the evening heard Dr. *Jeremy Taylor*.

Went forth early in the Day; returning from *Westminster* wee Aug. 23, tooke a Boate at *Whitehall*, a landing place runs out

*Monday.* some way into the River, and the boats are brought up close to the side, so that to some it was an easie matter to step in, and to those accustomed to this, had no more feare or difficultie than in stepping into a Coach; for myselfe, I doe confesse it seemed of no easie accomplishment: the boat appeared narrow, though, wee were told, it was one of the largest size in common use. It had a convenient shade or awning, with windowes, and was pulled by six rowers. Wee went at an amazing rate, and it did seeme marvellous how wee avoided running against other boats, or they against us. Landed at the *Tower Staires*, could scarce beleeve it safe for my *Lord* to be walking so neare this darke Prison-house, but could not prevail with him to hasten his steps, hee desiring to shew to his Children as much as he could see to point out of his former Prison. "Who next will bee murthered there?" he whispered; I shuddered to heare him speake of the Lords *Capel* and *Holland*, asking mee of the manner of their Death, and how it was taken by the People, and other questions, all most untimely, to my thinking.

Begin to wearie of this great Towne; so much going hither and thither. Our Kinsman, Mr. *Willoughby*, called Aug. 28, to-day, and tooke us to the *Royall Exchange*: it is *Friday.* a Quadrangle, and hath a Piazza round each side, within are benches for people to rest upon. Above this covered walke there are shops containing rich Marchandise from the *Indies*, both East and West, and elsewhere; Haberdashers' shops, and others of divers kindes.

The Earle of *Winchelsea* hath appeared to affect Sept. 20, our Societie more than our slight acquaintance did *Monday.* seeme to necessitate, the reason whereof is now made to appeare.

Retired early this Evening, a subject of much solicitude having beeene brought before my Minde, and truly one very unex-

pected. The Earle of *Winchelsea* hath expressed his desire to allie himselfe with our Familie, having fixed his Affections on my deare Daughter *Diana*, and doth crave permission to waite upon her, and expresseth his humble hope, that wee will looke favorably on his Suite. Our knowledge of him is but small, but I have heard my *Mother* speake of his Familie, shee having had great esteeme for this Earle's Grandmother, with whom shee had good acquaintance, and did consider herselfe honoured thereby. When Lady *Maidstone*, shee received the Title of Countesse of *Winchelsea* from the hands of his late *Majestie*, and this in respect of her worth and great merits, shee having beene previously raised to the Peerage by *King James*. So that my Lord *Winchelsea* cometh of good Parentage, a matter not to be lightly considered. It would doubtlesse bee a satisfaction to bestow our daughter on one come of a good lineage, and who in other respects seemeth deserving of regard ; nevertheless my minde is impressed with a painfull sense of the uncertaintie how farre this connexion may bee for her true happinesse, and with the certaintie that trialls of manie sorts attend this change of condition. The sharpest paines and Sorrowes of life, are inseperable from its brightest Joys. It is like unto bidding my deare Childe *God* speed, on her setting forth on a long and hazardous Voyage to an unknowne Country beyond my helpe, and exposed to divers hidden Dangers, and haply even Death. Who knoweth what a day may bring forth ? the early morning may shine out brightly ; but soone doe the clouds arise and obscure its brightness ; and oft the bow of promise, discerned through the falling Raine, is the only token of future Sunneshine ; so is Life : but for the gracious promises made visible to the eye of Faith, a darke and troublous passage, a discipline whereby the will is to bee subjugated and Selfe sacrificed, and so the Heart purified : what sayeth the Prophet : *Hee shall sit as a refiner of silver.* So wee must bee tried, even by fire, till our corrupt Nature is fitted to receive the Divine Image. But though I am prone to consider

Life, perhaps, under too gloomie an Aspect, as beeing more alive to the suffering of the Conflict, than to the peace of Victorie, yet have I through infinite mercie beeene sustained under temptation and triall ; and should not I have the same trust for this deare Child. Also I have received great earthly comfort and delight in the enfeared relations of Wife and Mother, and the same may bee her experience, and haply through lesse inward conflict ; shee hath a cheerful and brave Spirrit, and a loving and good Heart, and is worthie the esteeme and love of any man. How great a comfort and joy she hath beeene to mee, and this in es-peciall manner during the past two Yeares, when she hath greatly indeared herselfe to mee by her thoughtfulness and readinesse to Helpe and Cheere mee when all other outward Support failed ; this may not be told, nor at this time should it bee too keenely remembered.

October 5,      Calls from our Kinsfolke and Friends : The Earle  
Tuesday.   introduced his Sister *Lady Waller*.

Mr. John Evelyn called, and wee returned with him to *Sayes Court*. Tooke a boate to *Deptford* : Went over the  
October 6,   Garden to looke at the improvements therein : He  
Wednesday. doth say it can never be to him so sweet a place as  
*Wotton*, still he bestoweth time and paines, and hath  
much pleasure in laying out walkes, planting, and so forth. We  
were shewen manie Curiosities, Bookes, Pictures, and the like ;  
the dried Plants pleased *Fanny*.

Little time for Reading or quiet Meditation. Went to see the  
*Portugal* Ambassador goe in state to the *Parliament House*.

The *Earle* importunes for an early Day, my *Husband* inclines  
to the same for divers reasons. Although there ap-  
October 23,   peareth a settlement of the Nation, and an outward

*Saturday.* quietnesse and submission of Parties, some there bee who are unwilling to suppose it will last, and hints are occasionally dropped among friends, of secret Letters and Missions ; and this Mariage would put one of our Familie, as my *Lord* doth expresse it, to saile in another boate.

1653.

A SAD mischance hath befallen the tame Redbreast, which had  
not beeene seene for neare a Weekke, & wee sup-  
April 5, posed it had a Nest which kept it away ; but it hath  
*Wednesday.* beeene found lying neare the Windore of the Apple-  
roome, not much used of late, starved to death.  
*Diana* will lament to heare the sad fate of the little Bird shee did  
feed all the Winter, which was so tame hee would pecke out of  
her hand. The old Raven too hath dyed since shee went away.

Madame,

Your Ladyship's Letter was duly received by mee, and hath  
given mee comfort. Deare *Mother*, I will strive to  
From the walke after the excellent advice you give mee : this  
Countessee of great Citie is exceeding lonesome ; I will endeavour  
*Winchelsea* to to thinke lesse of the Fields and Woods of *Parham*.  
the Ladie My Heart pineth for home, and meethinks one Kisse  
*Willoughby.* from my *Mother* would bee a Consolation, and leave  
mee to more contented thoughts ; but I desire not to  
complain, neither have I just cause. The *Earle* speakes of our  
going into *Rutlandshire* this Summer: *Burleigh*, I have heard  
saye, is a fine place. We went to Suppe at Mr. *Pepys'*, and  
heard an *Italian* Musician plaie on a Harpe in an astonishing  
manner : Mr. *Evelyn* was there, hee did inquire concerning  
your health and of my Sister *Fanny*, who, I do assure you, hee  
doth admire greatly ; hee sayth people of fashion doe now be-  
ginne the Yeare as doe Foreiners, in *Januarye*, the change is  
like to bee troublesome ; some one made the remarde that the  
Spring time seemeth more properly to begin the yeare than the  
Winter, and so it seemeth to mee.

Deare *Mother*, I hope this will find you in Health ; also my honoured *Father*, to whom is my dutifull affection : I desire my love to my Sisters, and hoping you will excuse this poore writing, as you know I did never excell in this arte, I remaine,

Your Ladyship's obedient

*Strand*,

and loving Daughter,

6th of April, 1653.

*D. Winchelsea.*

Madame,

The *Earle* doth informe mee that a Messenger is going Northward, and hath offred mee, if I wished to write to your Ladyship, hee would send my Letter. Though but little disposed I take up the Penne : I cannot send you the better account of my Health you so much desire to heare, and at times, dearest *Mother*, I am so low, I wonder almost if I am the same Creature that was once merrie enough. Yester-day in the forenoone I drove out by the *Earle's* desire in the new Coach : he hath taken great paines in the ordering of it ; it is made after the patterne that Mr. *Evelyn* brought from *Paris* ; wee were nigh beeing upset in *Drury Lane*, by reason of the deepe tracks into which the wheels sanke, and a Wagon load of Hay mett us ; after a deale of lifting and pushing, wee went on. The sweet scent of the Hay coming in at the windore tooke my thoughts to *Parham*, and to those dayes when I was happier riding with *Fanny* and little *Bess* in our Hay-cart, than sitting stately up in this fine Coach. Drove in *Hide Parke* ; they paie one shilling now at the Gate, which displeases manie. On Wednesday, in *Mulberie Gardens*, met Mr. *Evelyn* and Mrs. *Evelyn*, and some Ladies ; here were a number of gaily dressed persons, and tables of refreshment.

Hoping you are well, deare *Mother*,

I rest your Ladyship's

*Strand*,

most obedient and loving Daughter,

16th of July, 1653.

*D. Winchelsea.*

P. S. My *Lord* tells mee your Ladyship's old friend Sir *Harry Vane* hath taken the late conduct of the *Protector* so ill, that hee hath retired to *Raby Castell*.

Have heard no newes of my Daughter *Winchelsea* for some time, to-day did receive a Letter writt with Cheer. October 25, fulnesse and in good hearte at the prospect before *Thursday*. her ; *The Lord hear her in the day of trouble*. It is a triall not to bee with her at a time when no person can bee the comfort which I know that I should bee to my deare Child ; but wee must submit : she will have kind friends and good care I doubt not. Shee hath beene at the Christening at *Sayes Court*, and findeth herselfe in no way the worser, but indeed the better, for the lively companie shee did there meeet. Good Mr. *Owen* did perform the Service in Mr. *Evelyn's* Librairie ; this I thinke is Mr. *Evelyn's* second Sonne.

To-day read in *1 Corinthians*, 13 Chap. 4. Verse. Under a trying sense of Discouragement in the failure of an Endeavour to set some Affaires straight which did October 27, concerne others as well as myselfe, wherein one *Thursday*. shewed a jealousy and meane suspicion very grievous to mee : I sate downe in my chamber, moved to teares at this unkindnesse in one from whom I did expect farre otherwyse. In this despondency, and lett mee confess it, not without some feelings of resentment, the wordes of the Text were brought before mee, *Charitie suffereth long, vaunteth not it selfe, is not puffed up* : Felt humbled ; had I not shewen an impatience of temper, a readinesse to take offence, and to justifie myselfe ? *Is not puffed up* ; Had I not given incouragement to a selfe-satisfied spirrit, like the *Pharisee*, that I was not as other men are, and so was guiltie of a worse fault than hee whom I did condemne ? Spirituall Pride. beeing the worst sort of Pride : now after that my perturbation had ceased, and through a little wholesome selfe-ex-

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amination did strive to overcome vaine thoughts of myselfe and  
evil thoughts of another, some parte of the Businesse did appeare  
in a new light, and shortly afterward I was able to convince my  
Friend, who did immediately repent him of the termes he had  
used. It is not enough alwayes to bee in the right, but wee must  
be carefull not to obscure the truth by too greate anxietie to  
make others thinke wee are.

1654.

THIS afternoone arrived my *Daughter Winchelsea* and her Infant, Servants, &c. A Coach drawne by six Horses was a sight in *Parham*, and all the Village ranne out, and manie People collected at the gate, some for the sight, others to testifie their pleasure : *Nurse* had come up to the House, likewise *Cicely* and her Children, and the hall was crowded with faces when my deare Child entered once more her *Father's* House.

Never was a greater rejoicing in our household. As I remained with *Die* for short space in the Parlour, and looked in her sweet face enquiringly, teares started to her eyes, but momentarie, her present joy shone through them, and saying, I am happie now, my *Mother*, shee quickly ledde me up to the Nurserie to see her Child ; as wee did enter the roome, such a din of voices scared the poore little fellow, and hee was just setting up a distressefull crie when hee caught sight of his *Mother's* face, and was pacified : *Nurse* rubbed her spectacles, and could not enough admire him. Quietnesse in the house at last. At night feelings were revived of past Sorrow ; as I stood with my *Daughter* by the Cradle where her little Sonne was sleeping, the same in which my *First-borne* had once slept, in the full promise of Health and Life ; yet so soone to lie there in the sleepe of Death.

The best Bed-roome had beene made readie with no small preparation of the Toylet Table, the new white Satin Pinne-cushion imbroidered by *Fanny* ; the chased Silver Candlestickes given mee by my *Uncle* ; the rose-coloured Ewers of Venetian Glasse Silver mounted ; and the Cup and Stand of wrought Gold set with stones, brought by my *Father* from the *Netherlands* ;

and *India* boxes for pouders and perfumes. Two *Maids* were in attendance, and *Nurse* stood at the Doore dressed in her best Gowne and Apron of fine Lawne, and her white Cap and Kercher, to receive the young Countesse, who did laugh merrily at all this state ; and afterward, when wee did parte for the night, as she did looke around her, and at the high bed, the thicke Dammaske Curtaines, and spread with a rich Coverlet of quilted Satin, shee prayed shee might be permitted after this night to sleepe with her Sister in their old pleasant Chamber.

Have settled to our accustomed Wayers, excepting that there is ever a going to and fro to the Nurserie, and young April 28, Master calleth out Lustily. He is surely a fine Friday. Child : Our Neighbours are somewhat surprized that my *Daughter* taketh on herselfe not more sedateness or Ceremonie. True is it that when her presence is required shee is seldom to be found in the withdrawing Roome ; yesterday, in the afternoone, when Companie did arrive, shee was downe at the *Dairie* making acquaintance with her pet Calfe *Strawberrie*, now growne up into a fine brindled Cow : In the Still-roome with her Sister, her sweet merrie voice is like my little *Die* of yeares past, but when at worke with mee, shee sometimes falleth into a sadder Mood, yet it passeth away. It pleaseth mee to see her enjoy her dear Sister's companie and the occupations of the Countrey, but shee doth seeme more indifferent to the absence of the *Earle* than I would shee did ; I have aduentured discreetly to approch the subject, but shee doth dextrously avoide saying ought that should imply Discontentment on Her part, or Unkindnesse or Disatisfaction on her *Husband's* ; and I have heard from others, that the match was acceptable to his Kindred, who have severally shewen their esteeme for her. If any cause there bee of a Personall kind, in the temper or habits that giveth her uneasinessse, which standeth in the way of a more entire Affection toward him who should be first in her Honour

and Love, she keepeth it to Herselfe : hard, yea, and unbearable must bee the Yoke, and bitter the Bondage, where Love is not, or but a divided Affection ; and woe is mee, I have great feares for my *Child's* Happinesse, and in this Trouble I can do little or nothing to lighten her Burthen. *The Heart knoweth its owne bitternessse, and a stranger intermeddleth not.* It is so farre well that there doth exist no want of outward courtesie or respect in my Lord *Winchelsea's* deportment. Hee is much in the gaie World, and as some Men affect an indifferency toward their Wives as more dignified, if such bee the present Mode his is not the minde to contemne such a despisable Vanitie, and hee hath the more credit that hee offend not in this way. It striketh mee at this time, as it hath not heretofore that the Scriptures doe oft so speake as though Man's portion mainly were worthie of consideration, for good or ill, in this union ; this may bee from the Custome of the Countreys in the East, to looke upon a Wife as no more than a Servant ; And here wee may observe the change in this respect wrought by our *Saviour*, whose tender Compassion overlooked not the weake and dependant nature of Woman, but raised her up from her low estate ; despised not her humilitie, but accepted her faith and opened her heart to understand his teachings. No marvell that the Mothers brought their little Children that their Divine Master might blesse them also.

Heare little of any Publicke Newes. *Die* sayth manie were greatly scandalized that the *Protector* should goe to a Feast at the *Lord Maior's* on *Ash-Wednesday*, riding in state through the Cittie ; Service was forbidden in all the Churches.

Have engaged Mr. *Peter Hingston*, Organist of St. *Marys Church in Ipswich*, to come to *Parham* one day in Sept. 5, the weeke ; the Girles mightily pleased, and promise Monday. to bee diligent Schollers. He is Nephew to Mr. *John Hingston*, the Organist to the *Protector*, who hath had the Organe of *Magdalen Colledge* brought from *Oxford*

and put up at *Hampton Court*, where he delighteth in hearing it as hee walketh in the greate Gallerie. Mr. *Hingston* sayth his Highnesse hath also a love for Singing, and hath Concerts performed before him, and so pleased was he with the Singing of one Mr. *Quin*, that he restored him to his Student's place in *Christ-Church*, from which he had beeene turned out.

Sentence hath beeene executed on Mr. *Gerrard* and one named *Vowel*, taken in the late conspiracie, likewise the *Portugal Ambassador's* brother, their time of probation cut short by Man's cruell judgements, and their Soules hurried unbidden into the presence of their *Creator*: when will the end of such things bee? when will man as well as the Angels rejoice over the Sinner that repenteath?

Letter from my *Daughter*, the little *Heneage* in good health, and likely to bee off on his feet before he is much older.

October 3, It was reported in *Ipswich* that the *Protector* was Monday. killed, some said by a Pistoll Shot.

The Newes of the Death of the *Protector* proves to have beeene a false report, yet was hee not farre off such an Accident; having a minde to drive his owne Coach drawne by the six horses lately given to him by the Duke of *Oldenburgh*, hee did provoke them with the Whip, which made them un-ruly, and his *Highnesse* was flung from off the Coach-box, & his Feet being caught in the Tackling he was dragged some way: the report of the Pistoll occasioned some present to thinke he was shot, but it was found to bee one which hee did weare concealed, & this hath beeene much commented on, as no one did imagine that hee stood in so great feare of his Life as to carrie Fire-armes about his person.

Much Sicknesse and Want among our poore Neighbours: not

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a day passeth but that some one or other sendeth up  
Dec. 10, to the *Hall* for Physicke or Helpe of some sort.  
*Saturday.* Our stock of Linsie Woolsie hath beene of good  
service, also a Cloth called Fustian, made in the  
north, called *Bolton* Cloth. *Fanny* is now rewarded for her dil-  
igence in her Herbe-Garden and the Stille-roome, and hath given  
out divers medicines with her owne Hands, which have proved  
serviceable, and comforting Cordials and Syrops for the Old and  
Weakely, which shee doth oft take to those that are Bed-rid, and  
returneth rich in the blessings of the Poore and those readie to  
Perish.

In some solicitude for my Daughter *Winchelsea*, who looketh  
to the increase of her Familie in another month or thereabout;  
when writing to her by Mr. *Gage* did call to her Remembrance  
the 15 Verse of the 2nd. Chapter of St. *Paul's 1st Epistle to  
Timothy*. The *Lord* blesse her and keepe her, the *Lord* blesse  
her evermore.

1654-5

My Lord *Newport* came yesternight, and this evening arrived  
Feb. 17, Sir *Henry Slingsby* and one other, who departed  
*Saturday*. after Supper.

Letter from my Daughter *Winchelsea*, shee doth write cheerfully, and says shee hath recovered wonderfully  
Feb. 20, well ; the Infant thrives, and her little *Heneage* is  
*Tuesday*. mightily pleased with his Sister ; when shee cries, he runnes up to kisse her, and is disturbed to find it  
of no availe : may my deare Daughter's Nurserie be to her an  
increasing joy, and repaire her for all that shee hath gone through.

How greatly to my comfort and happinesse would it bee if my  
*Husband* would keepe from meddling in the affaires  
Feb. 23, of either partie, and live in such retirement as doth  
*Friday*. now Sir *Harry Vane*, who abideth quietly at *Raby* ;  
also another of his former Friends, Colonell *Hutchinson*, who hath stirred not in publicke matters for some time ; I have heard saie hee did soone suspect the designs of *Cromwell*, and was held in small favour by him, this the more that he spake with plainenesse and sinceritie when words of complement would have beene more acceptable, hereby giving offence, as was evident and much noted at the time, in the neglect purposely shewn to him at the Funerall of Generall *Ireton* : Col. *Hutchinson*, it is sayd, doeth great good in his part of the Countrey as a Magistrate and doth give up much of his time in endeavour to improve the people in his neighbourhood : a Kinsman of Mrs. *Hutchinson* who had lately visited *Authorpe* and passed by this way on his

ourney homeward, did give us a pleasing relation of Mr. *Hutchinson's* care for the education and amusement of his Children, providing for them Masters in Musicke and Painting. Hee hath an ardent love for Painting, & hath become possess'd of severall choice Pictures of the late *King's*, some of which hee did buy from those who had received them for wages or money owing to them, before that the *Protector* had put a stop to the sale.

My deare *Husband* came home with a disturbed countenance.

The Government has beeene very busie with arrests March 24, and examinations, a Friend in *London* writes there Saturday. is a report much credited that the *King* is in this Countrey: it is pretie well knowne that my Lord *Rochester* is skulking about, and divers Gentlemen are under suspicion: feared to aske any question: Sir *Henry Slingsby* came at nightfall.

March 27,      My *Daughter* writes that the eldest *Child* is sicke.  
*Tuesday.*

March 28,      Another Letter; my little *Grandsonne* worse.  
*Wednesday.*

Deare *Mother*,

*Heneage* is very ill, and the Physitions think that *Babie* is sickening of the Disease. The *Earle* not having had the Small-pox, has yielded to my intreatie that hee would keepe out of the way of infection as much as possible, but he will not leave the house, and, dear *Mother*, sheweth tender care for mee and the Children :

asking your Prayers, I am  
your dutifull Daughter,  
*D. Winchelsea.*

Have writt to my poore bereaved *Daughter*; scarce, meethinks,  
can there be a chance for the *Babie's Life*. My  
March 30, deare *Husband* much moved by the loss of his sweet  
*Friday*. *Grandsonne*; and we wept together at the thought  
that we should see his little merrie face no more.

Madame,

It is with unspeakable Griefe that I have to informe your *La-  
dyshipp* of the Decease of my Sonne, who departed  
Letter from this Life at 9 o'Clocke this morning. The *Infant* is  
the Earle of better, but the Feaver is not so great as was the  
*Winchelsea*. little *Boyes*, and my deare *Wife* doth continue to  
hope it will be spared to comfort us for our heavy  
Losse: I beg your *Ladyship* to excuse more at this time from  
Madame your *Ladyships*  
Affectionate and humble Servant,  
*Winchelsea*.

To-day have received another Letter from my Lord *Winchel-  
sea*, the little Infant is released. My poore *Daugh-  
ter's* sorrow unexpressable, both her precious Babes  
April 2, taken! *Heavenly Father*, comfort and support her  
*Monday*. under this afflicting Dispensation of thy *Providence*.  
My poore Childe!

Have beene pleased to see the Sympathie felt by all our House-  
hold in this season of Trouble, the Women can  
April 4, scarce speake for crying when they aske how my  
*Wednesday*. *Daughter* bears the losse of her sweet *Children*:  
*Fanny* and *Elizabeth* greatly distressed, they doe  
heartily love their *Sister*: this is the first Bereavement they have  
suffered.

An unfinished Letter from my poore afflicted *Child* sent mee

---

by her *Husband*, who doth adde to it a fewe lines,  
April 8, hee found it on her table, shee having beene carried  
*Sunday.* to bed by her Maids, too ill to continue writing : my  
heart is pierced through by her Suffering. Have  
mercie oh *God* upon thy afflicted Handmaiden, strengthen her  
faith, binde up her broken Heart, and pour the oile of Consolation  
into her wounded Affection. Shee mourneth as *Rachel* for her  
*Children* and will not be comforted. Unto thy Fatherly care doe  
I commit her, in the blessed assurance that shee will be brought  
to know thee, the *God of all Consolation*.

Deare *Mother*,

All is now so changed I wonder that I Live. My Teares  
seeme frozen up, and a heavie weight is at my Heart.

Letter of Deare *Mother*, I am a little better ; in very Mis-  
erie I crawled up to the Nurserie, the Cradle and  
Winchelsea. the little Bed, they were there : but my *Children*,  
my precious ones : I kneeled downe and tried to  
Praie, and so wept. Were my Prayers too wilfull, that *God*  
heard mee not when I prayed Night & Day for the Life of  
my Darlings ? Is *my God thy God* Mother ? thou prayest and  
Hee answereth thee, but Hee is far from me, Childesse, Com-  
fortlesse.

Writt to my beloved *Daughter*, but could onely feebly expresse  
what I would faine give Utterance to of my tender

April 9, Sympathie, and Intreatie that shee would submit to  
*Monday.* the Chastening of Him *who doth not willingly afflict* :  
Exhorter her to seeke for the onely true Peace

promised by the *Saviour*, the Peace he left to his Disciples, of  
Love and perfect Obedience, even to the Death of the Crosse,  
and did conclude with a few words on Praier, which I humbly  
hope may be some Helpe to her. I cannot suffer for her, but I  
doe suffer with her, my deare afflicted *Child*.

While yet in much sadness my *Husband* perplexed by the news  
that Sir *Henry Slingsby* is arrested, and others, and  
April 23, hath delayed his journey into *Leicestershire*. He hath  
*Monday.* information from a Friend that in the examinations of  
one *Jones*, reported to Secretary *Thurlow*, the Lord  
*Willoughby's* name is mentioned, that hee was to bee a Generall  
and head the rising in *Yorkshire*; severall Gentlemen taken in  
*Shropshire*. Could no longer conceale my Feares, and urged him  
with even the most earnest Perswasion to have no more part in  
these vaine Attempts. How short a time is it since the last Vic-  
tims were brought to Death. Alas ! naught that I can saie Avail-  
eth, and no measure of Prudence that I can devise, can cover his  
Rashnesse ; not that indeed he acknowledgeth to the truth of my  
Suspicions, but says Women are alwayes thinking there must be  
something Dangerous if a Man doe but Stirre ever so little.

My *Husband* hath intelligence that Warrants are out against  
him and my Lord *Newport*, and his Brother Mr.  
June 2, *Seymour*, and other Gentlemen : He will not con-  
*Thursday.* ceale himselfe, saying there can nothing bee proved  
against him. Hee hath of purpose hidde from mee  
some late transactions, the so doing hee did entreat mee to con-  
sider no want of belief in my prudence, seeing there could by no  
possibilitie bee one in whom hee could more surely trust, or  
whose counsell hee would more desire, but the safetie of him-  
selfe and his familie, and others, did make this the most prudent  
course. Hee did kindly enter into some Particulars. An Order  
hath lately passed the *Councell*, that all with estates above 100  
pounds yearly value, who at any time have taken up armes for  
the *King*, shall pay a Tenth of their Propertie to *Government*.  
Something like, sayd hee, the old affaire of Ship Money : also  
another mode of raising money is set on foote, the whole Coun-  
try is divided, and officers, whom they style *Major Generals*,  
appointed over each division, who fine and send to prison whom

they please, under pretence of being delinquents : this oppression not likely to be borne. In the Afternoone he rode toward *Colchester*, where some one was to meeete him : *Wingfield* had gone on before with a led Horse.

*Wingfield* returned, and sayth his *Lord* was gone to *London*,  
and did desire I would make myselfe easie ;  
June 3, more easie to bee desired than to bee done. Did  
*Friday.* refraine questioning *Wingfield* more closely, possibly he hath beene commanded silence.

Not long have I had to wait for those tidings which I knew must arrive ; So soone as hee reached *London* last *Saturday*,  
June 6, my deare *Life* was arrested and carried straight to the *Tower*, at the same time with my Lord *Newport* and Mr. *Seymour*.

Left without any directions, have determined to take *Fanny* and *Elizabeth* and follow him to *London* : Interest must be made with all our Friends : now is it well for us that my Lord *Lisle* declined going on the Embassage to *Sweden*, and is in *London* at this time. The Lord *Say* too will give us helpe.

With *Fanny's* assistance chose some Lodgings in *Leadenhall Street*, leaving her *Sister* at my Lord *Winchelsea's* ;  
June 14, would faine have left *Fanny* also, but shee could by *Tuesday.* no persuasion bee prevailed upon, and a deare comfort shee is to mee. The young man *Lydgate* seemes likely to suite, hee is active, and though quiet is not easily daunted, and hath good stocke of common sense : When his Brother was killed in the North, his Mother tooke to her Bed, and soone after died, bidding her Sonne with her last breath come up to the *Hall* and saie that *Peggy Lydgate* did pray mee to take into my Service the Sonne whose Life I had saved ; and a Faithfull Ladde he hath beene and seemeth like to bee.

Refused admittance to the *Tower*, strict orders are given that no friends of the Prisoners bee admitted : Sent *Lyd-*  
*June 15,* *gate* back to the *Tower*, carrying with him linnen,  
*Wednesday.* wine, and other matters for the dear prisoner ; when hee returned sayd my *Lord* was greatly chafed at this misadventure, yet hath hee no misgivings of his safetie as to his life, for how long a time he may bee shut up in prison, it liketh not him to thinke. Divers other Gentlemen are in the *Tower*, Sir *Frederick Cornwallis*, the Lord *Maynard*, Sir *Geoffrey Palmer*, and others ; Could scarce sleepe at night, disturbed by present Feares and past Remembrances.

Tooke a Coach and drove to *Charter House Square* : My Lord *Grey* not at home ; then to *Northumberland House* ;  
*June 16,* got sight of Lord *Lisle* with some difficulty. Hee  
*Thursday.* doth assure mee that hee beleeveth the Gentlemen now in the *Tower* are put there more to keepe them from doing Mischief than with any intent to bring them to a Triall. *His Highnesse, then, sayd I, scrupleth not at Starre Chamber practice, and innocent Men are shut up in Prison at his pleasure without prooфе of being guiltie, or opportunitie given to shew their innocence.* He made replie with some harshnesse of manner, *My Lord Willoughby may bee innocent in your Ladyship's eyes, but his Treasonable designes are so well knowne that his best friends may bee glad of what your Ladyship is pleased to call Starre Chamber practise.* He then added more mildly, that hee hoped wee would bee patient, and promised he would use his utmost indeavour to procure leave for mee to see my *Husband*. Mr. *Algernon Sydney* here entered the roome, and his Brother introduced him to mee, and I rose about to take my leave : when Mr. *Sydney* begged to detaine me for a short time ; Hee then repeated what his Brother had before said, and proceeded to say that he had that esteeme for my Lord *Willoughby* that hee did desire he should not misjudge him in the matter of the late *King's* Triall and

Death. Hee was present on the first day of the Triall, but did see then a sterne Resolve in the Countenance of some which did alarm him as also Coll. Hutchinson, and forthwith he departed the House, seeing it was too strong a current for him to checke, and remained at *Penshurst*. All *Englishmen* hee conceived were called upon to resist the Tyrannous and Unconstitutional Government of the late *King*, but to the Necessitie of the last murderous Act, he would never subscribe ; what Measure might have beeene Adopted it were uselesse now to enquire ; He did beleeve those who were at the Head of the State were men of Honest views and intentions in the Beginning, but there had beeene a graduall change in some and a dangerous Ambition stirring in one Minde whereof it was not expedient to speake openly ; the End would shortly come. No great Evill can be remedied without Evill ensuing in the processe ; Honest men must hold fast to the Good to be obtained, even though they may bee drawne into the whirlepoole of man's worst Passion, and suffer the shame of man's worst deeds, an honest man must abide by the Truth ; ay, and Die for the Truth. He did appeare to forget to whom he spake, his sterne voice softened as he begged mee not to be alarmed, my *Husband's* Life he knew to bee in no jeopardy. I tooke my leave in some agitation : I had looked at these Things from a Distance, now I beheld One of the Actors in the Struggle, and my feeble Spirit quailed at the Sight : fervently thanked God that the awful Triall of giving up life for the Truth had not beeene apportioned to mee, or to those neare and deare unto mee.

My Lord *Lisle* called ; he had beeene to *White-hall*, but could not get an audience with the *Protector*, but hath engaged Mr. *Thurlow* in our behalf, who hath promised his influence.

Mr. *Evelyn* came ; he doth propose to carrie backe with him June 18, my Daughter *Fanny* to *Sayes Court*, and also ex-

*Saturday.* presses an earnest desire that shee may accompanie him to the *Tunbridge Wells*: gave my Consent gladly, beleeving that the Waters of that Place would be of Service to her Health, not that shee stands so much in need of improvement in that respect as shee once did.

My Sister came and tooke mee to Suppe with her.

Yesterday beeing *Lord's Day*, and having heard mention that at the Church of St. *Gregorie* was still used the

*June 20,* Church forme of Service, the Liturgie, &c. and *Monday.* beeing desirous to heare the same, went there.

Heard Dr. *Wild* preach. Church well attended. Returned home by the *Strand*; my *Daughter* but poorely; if through mercie shee keepe up through this Month I shall be more at ease concerning her.

Our friends, after using every means, could onely obtaine permission that I should see my *Husband* during the

*June 21,* space of one houre, and this in the presence of two of

*Tuesday.* the Soldiers on guard: my Lord *Lisle* did with much kindnesse, advise mee to appeare at ease, and talke

of indifferent matters, and seeme to be under no concerne that my *Lord* was there for a few dayes or weekes.

Went to the *Tower*; hard work to maintaine a cheerefull Countenance, say rather to keep up a cheerefull Heart, not much reall gaine if there is the One and not the Other.

Found *Fanny* returned from her Visite: shee doth looke Sweetly, and nothing loth to tell of all shee hath

*August 25,* Seene and Heard. Mrs. *Evelyn* hath showne her *Saturday.* most kind and loving Condescension, and is a Gentlewoman of rare accomplishment and amicable

Disposition, and doeth all things that shee doth undertake excellently Well. Mr. *Evelyn* is busied with his Alterations and Im-

provements at *Sayes Court*. The Gardens, which he laid out two yeares since, are filled with thriving Plants, divers sortes of Roses and other rare and beautious Flowers, more particularly such as are of pleasant Perfume & Fragrancy, for which he hath peculiar Liking. Also he cultivates such Herbes as will supplie Honie for his Bees, which he doth keepe in a transparent Hive given to him by Dr. *Wilkins*, of *Oxford*. *Fanny* omitted no Partikilar; It is so constructed, one upon another, that the Honie can be taken without the crueltie of destroying the Bees; He made her a drawing of the plan, and wrt full and plaine directions for the management of Bees. Also did he, with condescension and courtesie provide for her entertainment within doors, shewing her the arte of graving on Copper plates, and gave her a print done by himselfe of his dear *Wotton*, likewise his picture engrav'd by a Sculptor at *Paris*, much like: methought shee did slightly blush when shee spoke of a Mr. *Brereton*, a young Gentleman held in greate esteeme by Mr. *Evelyn*: so much to bee told of *Sayes Court*, description of *Tunbridge Wells* left for another time.

Mett Mr. *Evelyn* in the *Park* to day, tooke occasion to inquire somewhat particularly of his friend Mr. *Brereton*, he Sept. 15, did willingly enter on the subject. He is the Sonne Saturday. of my Lord *Brereton* and hath lately come to *England*, having beene at *Breda* for his education some yeares, and is a very accomplished Gentleman; his Father's estates are much involved through the late troubles in assisting the *King*.

Met at dinner Mr. *Pepys*, Mr. *Evelyn*, and the Lord *Baltimore*, who seemeth a Gentleman of most rare Excellence Sept. 18, and ability. Hee discoursed very Agreeably, and Tuesday. gave the Companie a long and full Historie of the founding of *Maryland*. Hee was now in *London* to

Petition the *Protector* to issue an order to the Governour of *Virginia* that there should be no Interference on his part with the government of *Maryland*, that Countrey having flourisht beyond all others under the Laws and Regulations he had Instituted. Hee had mett with a courteous reception at *Whitehall*.

Nov. 9, Went to the *Tower* as usuall, the day bitter Cold ;  
*Friday.* in the Evening supped with my Daughter *Winchelsea*, Mr. *Brereton* there.

This day all Ministers of the Church of *England* forbidden  
Preaching and Teaching. Thus while wee make  
Nov. 27, collection of Money to assist the persecuted in for-  
*Tuesday.* reigne Countreys; the spirrit of persecution burnes  
hotely in our owne.

Yesterday Sir *Robert Stone* tooke us to see *Whitehall*, hee  
gained Admittance through some small Acquaint-  
Dec. 13, ance he had with Sir *Oliver Flemming* Master of  
*Thursday.* the Ceremonies : as wee passed through a roome  
called the *Greene Chamber*, wee were told it was  
there the late *King* was permitted to retire with the *Bishop*, re-  
maining there some time Private in order to the receiving the  
*Sacrament* about an houre or so before his execution : As wee did  
enter the Gallerie wee saw divers Gentlemen passing out by an-  
other Doore, and learned that a Conference had then ended : wee  
stayed to looke at the Pictures, some still remaining, also some  
fine Tapestries in another apartment which wee did see after-  
ward, and so it was that a doore at the other side of the Gallerie  
was throwne open ; Sir *Oliver Flemming* and others stood in At-  
tendance, and presently his *Highnesse* appeared engaged in Dis-  
course with a man strangely Apparellled and of remarkable coun-  
tenance, and wearing a long beard ; wee kept as much out of  
sight as wee could and were in part concealed by a doore way :

The *Protector* advanced but a few steppes along the Gallerye, as it seemed, to conclude that which hee was saying, then making a salutation to him to whom he spake, hee retired whence he came. Meeting Sir *Oliver* ere wee left the Palace, hee informed us that the Stranger in the forreine Garbe whom wee had just seene, was the Jewish Rabbi *Menasseh Ben Israel*, sent over from *Holland* by the *Jewes* who desire permission to establish some of their nation in this Countrey ; A Councell was held this morning to consider of their propositions, the *Protector* looketh favorably on their petition.

Had an opportunitie this day of gaining some further Information on the subject of the *Jewes*, it affected mee not

Dec. 14, a little in thinking on our returne home from *White-Friday hall*, that wee had looked upon one of that despised

People the Rejectors of the *Messiah* and the imprecators of the curse upon Themselves and upon their Children : yet a people highly favored by the *Most High*.

It did happen that as I was speaking of the Circumstance of our seeing the *Rabbi*, one present expressed his Hope that the *Jewes* would bee admitted into *England*. Dr. *Wilkins*, (of *Oxford*.) answered him, did he know that they were for having St. *Paul's* for their Synagogue, and the *Bodleian Librarie* at *Oxford* to bee given into their Keeping. He had beeene told they had offered the *Protector* 500,000 pounds if these two points were Yielded, to which hee was willing enough to Agree, but others would not. There was a Reason whispered about that the *Jewes* were for making out the *Protector* to bee the expected *Messiah*; and it was knowne to not a few that some *Jewes* had beeene searching through the Librarie at *Cambridge* for Bookes relating to Prophe-sies, and afterwarde did goe downe to *Huntingdon* where *Cromwell* was borne to get knowledge of his Familie and Ancestors ; but this was noised abroad, and it was thought prudent to dismissse them the Countrey : these *Jewes* were from the *Levant*, but it is

not unlikely that this hath beeene pleasing to the *Protector*, and made him well disposed to favor the Deputation from *Holland*. I did listen with much attention to all that was sayd, and have here put it downe, as it seemeth to mee something Wonderfull, that the *Jewes* should hold this opinion of *Cromwell*, and likewise it is curious to see the hidden Motive to men's Actions.

Dec. 15,      No Churches open : We heard there was private  
Tuesday.      Service in some Families ; I went to a Chappel  
near by.

Word early this morning from my Lord *Winchelsea* that my *Daughter* was ailing. Went to the *Tower*, tooke leave of my *Husband* ; my deare Life ill at ease, affected with Cold and some Feaver, no doubt caused by his damp and miserable lodging, and want of all comforts : The wretch *Baxter* taketh a pleasure in treating his Prisoners despitefully.

Found *Die* in prettie good heart, and disposed to sleepe.

This Afternoone my deare *Daughter* safely brought  
Dec. 29,      to bed ; returned heartfelt Thankes to *Almighty* God  
*Saturday*. for this great Mercie : the *Infant* weakely, but with  
Care and good Nursing likely enough to Live.

A smile of peacefull Happinesse on my beloved *Child's* Face as shee lay with the *Babie* on her Arme, such as I have not seene there for long. May shee be restored to Health, and the little one be spared to be a present Joy and a crowne of Rejoycing to her latter dayes. Her *Sisters* scarce take their eyes off, or doe anything but Rocke the Cradle and watch *Nurse*. Sent to the *Tower* to gladden the Heart of the poore Prisoner by the good tidings.

1655-6.

WENT to the *Tower*, thence to call at Mr. *Evelyn's* lodgings by  
*Covent Garden*, where I did encounter the unhappy  
Feb. 11, Widow of the Lord *Capel*, her Daughter newly  
*Monday.* maried, Ladie *Beauchamp*, was also present; a Gen-  
tiewoman of gracefull Cariage, and seemingly of  
sweet ingenuous Temper. Mention beeing made of Dr. *Peter Heylyn*, Mr. *Evelyn* related some anecdotes of divers Frights and  
Disasters which befell him in the late troublous Times; and the  
great losse he had in his Bookes, which were all taken from him,  
and manie of them sold by the Soldiers for a flagon of Ale. Hee,  
on one occasion, when he left his hiding-place in the disguise of  
a poore wayfaring man, beeing mett by some Soldiers, one of  
them laying hold of his Hand, felt a Ring under his Glove, and  
so did conclude him a runaway *Cavalier*; but by a good Chance  
for him they were disturbed in the Robberie of this good man,  
and missed finding some peeces of Gold he had hidde in his High  
Shooes. Of late hee hath retired to a Farme (beeing silenced  
preaching,) in *Oxfordshire*. Mrs. *Evelyn* read some Verses of  
his, writh when hee was a Suitor to the Ladie he did afterwarde  
marie, and presented to her with a rich gilded *Bible*, and I admir-  
ing them, Mrs. *Evelyn* did lend them to mee, that if I so pleased  
I might copie them, and then returne them to her. This I have  
done.

These by Dr. *Peter Heylin*, given with a *Bible*.

*Could this outside behoden bee  
To cost and cunning equally;  
Or were it such as might suffice  
The luxurie of curious Eyes:*

*Yet would I have my Dearest looke  
Not on the Cover, but the Booke.*

*If thou art Merie, here are Aires ;  
If Melancholie, here are Prayers :  
If Studious, here are those things writ  
Which may deserve thy ablest Wit ;  
If Hungry, here is food Divine :  
If Thirsty, Nectar, Heavenly Wine.*

*Read then, but first thyselfe prepare  
To read with Zeale, and marke with Care ;  
And when thou read'st what here is writh  
Let thy best practice second it ;  
So twice each precept read shall bee,  
First in the Booke and next in Thee.*

*Much reading may thy spirits wrong :  
Refresh them, therefore, with a song :  
And that thy musicke praise may merite,  
Sing David's Psalms with David's spirit ;  
That as thy Voice doth pierce men's Ears,  
So shall thy Prayers and Vows the Spheres.*

*Thus read, thus sing, and then to thee  
The very Earth a Heaven shall bee :  
If thus thou readest, thou shalt find  
A private Heaven within thy Minde :  
And singing thus before thou die,  
Thou sing'st thy part to those on High.*

At an early houre this morning a small packet was left by a serving Man wearing a Liverie not knowne to *Lyd-St. Valentine's gate* who tooke it from him. It was addressed to Day. Mistress *Frances Willoughby, Fanny* received it with Feb. 14, an abashed Countenance as her eye caught the writing of the Superscription, which Character did not seeme altogether strange to her. Within the outmost Thursday. paper was a Letter tied with silke. She quickly handed it to mee

to open, but I would not so dishonour St. *Valentine*, and left her to penetrate the Mysterie. The custome is in my minde a harmlesse one. Innocent in beeing generall, and in its poeticall and fancifull guise partaking somewhat of the Ancient Chivalrous Character: No doubt the *Knight* in this little piece of Gallantrie, is a certaine Gentleman whose attention will not be displeasing to the faire young Maiden; who can say that shee will not sometime looke backe upon this very Day with a mournefull pleasure, but I will checke my penne, nor disturb even in imagination, what is perhaps the first whisper of Love to her young heart; it may not bee so, but I know not a more blessed relieve to my concerne for this deare *Child*, than that no mariage Contract should be made for *her*, unsanctified by a sweet and holie Affection. Custome hath led us wrong in this matter, in the disposal of one dearely loved *Daughter*, not so shall it againe: I have heard say that one overture of mariage was made by my Lord *Leicester* who did aske my hand for his Sonne, Lord *Lisle*, which was respectfullie declined by my honoured *Father*: I was of tender Yeares, and my *Mother* approved not engagements entered into for parties in their Childhood.

Yesternight the house of the *Swedish Ambassador* was curiously lighted up, Painted transparent papers were  
Feb. 22, put into the frames of the Windowes, the Glasse  
*Friday.* panes beeing taken away and Candles were placed behind the Paintings. In the Balcones on each side of the house were Trumpets, 7 or 8 sounded together: The occasion of all this to celebrete the Birth of the *Swedish Prince*.

As I was prepared to set forth to the *Tower*, word was brought  
me that my Daughter *Winchelsea* was greatly  
March 4, alarmed about her babie, which had beeene sud-  
*Monday.* denly seized with Convulsions in the night, though partly recovered shee did very earnestly intreat mee

to come to her ; after my returne from the *Tower*, I came hither  
and found the Child better

To day the Child doth appeare well, save some  
**March 5,** slight Indisposition occaisioned seemingly by the dis-  
**Tuesday.** agreement of its food, my Daughter cheery, but no  
wonder shee is soone alarmed.

The poore *Babie* seized with another fitte and  
**March 7,** scarce could live through it, the *Mother* holdeth  
**Thursday.** it in her armes and will suffer none other to  
take it.

Againe hath the *Lord* visited us with affliction, my little *Grand-*  
*child* breathed its last on *Sunday* night ; my *Daugh-*  
**March 11,** *ter's* state beeing but Weakely and shee worne out  
**Monday.** with Nursing and Anxietie of Heart, now lyeth  
dangerously ill.

**March 14,** The Feavor increasing and her Senses wander,  
**Thursday.** another *Physition* called in.

Still is there Hope as one of the Doctors sayd to mee, there is  
no telling what the Young will struggle through,  
**March 15,** but her Health and Spirits have beene terribly  
**Friday.** shaken ; my *Sister* hath taken away *Fanny* and  
*Elizabeth*, to bee out of the way of Infection, my  
*Husband* hath many Feares for me, I am wonderfully preserved  
from Apprehension but to satisfie him take all the precaution in  
my power and doe weare bags of Camphire sewed into my Dresse,  
and smell oft at a small grated Box one of the *Physitions* did give  
me, filled with some strong Aromatique which some do consider  
a sure preservative.

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March 16, The Doctors thinke some Symptomes more Favourable : may the *Lord* blesse their Endeavours to restore this deare *Child*.

Mr. *Evelyn*, who hath great Ingenuity, sent mee a night Lampe, made of a large lumpe of Wax, which lighted and set in a silver Bason, giveth out a very small flame and lasteth manie Nights.

Againe worse ; my Lord *Winchelsea* is for having more Advice, but hath yeelded to our opinion, that having March 19, already 5 *Physitions*, and these of most Eminence, *Tuesday*. nothing would be gained, but the rather Inconveniencie by more.

To-day all Hope is given up, knew not how to find Wordes to tell the sad Newes to my poore *Husband* ; now March 20, indeed is the bitternesse of our separation fully *Wednesday*. experienced, his *Daughter* dying, and he shut up in prison.

At 5 o'Clocke yesterday Morning, my beloved March 22, Daughter *Diana fell asleepe* in the 21st yeare of her *Friday*. Age, a short Life in which shee had past through a deepe Baptisme ; *God's* will be done.

Looked for the last time on the deare Remaines ; truly *I was bowed down heavily, as one that Mourneth for his Mother*, yet was I enabled to attaine unto a good degree of *Tuesday*. Composure ere I turned away from the sweete placid Countenance. Tooke from between the leaves of my *Bible* a few withered Flowers, and gently laid them on her breast : kissed the peaceful Face of my beloved *Child*, and left the Chamber. As I softly closed the doore and felt that never more——

Take up the Penne, but what can I say ? *Lord, I beleieve, help thou mine unbelieve. Father, not my Will, but Thine be done.*

---

*As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my Soule  
after Thee O God.* Beene favoured to approach to  
March 28, some foretaste of this Heavenly State, as I was led  
*Thursday.* this morning in the solitude of my Closet into deep  
Meditation on the Holinesse and Perfection of the  
*Divine Being.* My soule seemed readie to crie out, Do with me  
as thou wilt, *O God,* to lead mee unto thyselfe: yet so soone as  
the Prayer was uttered, my poor fearefull nature trembled: *The  
spirit is willing, but the flesh is weake.* Gracious words from *Him*  
who was tried as wee are, yet within Sinne.

My Daughter and pretty Grandchildren all taken; I can truly  
say, that for my precious Child's sake I can rejoice  
March 30, that shee is removed from this Life of Sorrow; be-  
*Saturday.* reaved of her sweet Children, and of the last just as  
she had tasted once more of a Mother's joy, her  
over-grieved Heart could no more sustaine this fresh Griefe, and  
shee has followed them no more to be Separated.

Mournefull is it to the more Advanced in yeares, to see the  
Young taken, the Infant of a few dayes and the youthfull Mother,  
whilst the aged Pilgrim is left to descend with Feeble step into  
*The Valley of the Shadow of Death.* The Lord's will be done.  
May I more and more strive to bee prepared to give an account  
of my Stewardship whensoever it may be his will to summon me  
hence.

It hath beene a time of deepe and tender Exercise of Spirit as  
I kept watch by the Sicke bed; graciously visited by sweet To-  
kens of the Divine Presence, and enabled to resigne this precious  
object of my Love and tender Solicitude, comforted to know that  
shee had found Christ to be indeed *the Way, the Truth, and the  
Life.* There were but few seasons of Consciousnesse and they  
short, as a stupor succeeded to the delirium; once toward the  
last shee opened her eyes and fixed them upon mee with a pitifull  
looke, and her Lippes moved, but there was no Articulate sound,

Poore thing ! the change to her is doubtless a Happie one, but to mee a heavie and grievous Losse, shee was ever a dearely loved Child, and of late my Heart had beeene drawne to her in neare Sympathie in her many Trials. Her Sisters doe take this Sorrow much to Heart, and weepe for her and the little Babe.

The Imprisonnement of my deare *Husband* becometh greatly Wearisome to him. He doth now often wish that April 17, hee had not returned to *England*, but had stayed to Thursday. manage his affaire in *Antigua*, saying to-day when the time drew neare for mee to take my Leave, that hee would more willingly bee separated from us by the wide Sea, than the thicke walls of the *Tower*, prevented the free use of his Limbs, and denied the fresh aire and exposed to the Insolence of the *Governour*. Beholding him thus chafed, proposed to goe my-selfe to the *Protector*, and petition for his Release, but this angered him Mightily. Doe suppose it is more Difficult to Man's nature to be patient than it is to us: Accustomed to resist and overcome Difficultie and Danger, it is a surprise to them when it doth happen Otherwise ; and whatsoever they may Suffer, if like occasiou offer againe seldome are they deterred from the same conduct. At this time, beleeve my *Lord* would, if hee were given his libertie, plunge into the first scheme that was contrived as hopefull of Successe, as though they had never failed in Attempts which have hitherto ended onely in Death or Captivitie : He did urge upon mee to leave this wearie Citie ; *The sweet aire of Parham would better thy Health deare Wife* : this he sayd as he did tenderly remarke on my pale & worne Looke, and my Haire turning Graie. *And yet it will goe hard to part with such a loving caretaker, the onely deare Comfort I have*. Would not consent to leave *London*, on the Contrarie, would desire to stay with him altogether in the *Tower*, but this hee will never heare mee speake of. Reached my Lodging well nigh spent.

Through the Kindnesse and Perseverance of our Friends, my Husband hath the Libertie of the Tower allowed April 21, him : They have entered into Securitie for him, and Monday it is to be hoped his Health will be amended now that hee hath some space to take Exercise, and can Breathe the open Aire.

Spent these few Dayes past in the house, beeing under the necessarie of taking some rest. Looked over some May 2, papers of my poore Daughter which my Lord Win-Friday. chelsea hath forwarded to mee, they did consist chiefly of letters, and of these not manie : one paper carefully folded contained some Verses of *Fanny's*, which I have copied before giving them backe to her keeping.

On Hearing of the Decease of my deare Sister's Babie, and given to her by mee.

*Through the white covering of its Bed  
The Snow-drop lifteth up its Head,  
Though fraile it looke, it enters Life  
Bravely to beare the Winterie strife;  
While the more sweet and tender Flower,  
Transplanted from its native Bower,  
And balmy Aire, and sunnie Skies,  
Droops its faire Forme, and fades and dyes.  
So this sweete Babie bloomed awhile,  
And smiled to mee the Mother's smile,  
Then for its home in Heaven did pine,  
And Death unloosed Life's silver line;  
On joyfull wings the Spirit fled,  
Her name recorded with the Dead.*

*Frances Willoughby.*

At Parkham,  
April 10, 1654.

On the night when my deare Daughter fell ill of that fatall Sicknesse, as wee tooke off her cloathes, I found a small packet or

case of white Satin worne concealed by her Neck kerchefe, I put it carefully aside at the time, and opening it some fewe dayes after her decease, did find within the laste fold a silken locke of pale brown haire, on the Satin was worked in Gold thread the letter *H*, and the date of the yeare, 1654: Her darling *Heneage*, the first borne and the first laid in the grave, soone to bee followed by his little *Sister*; not long, and another *Infant* rested its head on its *Mother's* bosome, this was taken, and now the *Mother's* triall was over, and shee too was laid beside them.

May 12,            Sonnet by my Daughter *Fanny*.  
*Monday.*

*This small but costlie Casket, rich inlayed-*  
*With Gems and Ivorie, with Carvings fine*  
*Of Sandel-wood, its Ebonne sides to line,*  
*Whence a sweet Odour doth the whole pervade;*  
*So sweet is it, that all things therein laid*  
*When drawne at times from forth their scented shrine*  
*Do ever beare with them this breathing Signe*  
*That they have dwell within its Perfumed shade.*  
*So when the pious and all lowly Heart*  
*A Treasure House is kept wherein doth dwell*  
*The love of God with most deare Constancie,*  
*To every word and deed it doth impart*  
*A vertue and a Gracious Fragrancie*  
*Which doth to all its hidden worship tell.*

These Verses are to my thinking pretily written, this perhaps not surprising as we are readie to make much account of what our *Children* do, but yet more is it pleasing to me to see her Fancy thus disporte it selfe, drawing good from the little Accidents of Life: when I did expresse to her this satisfaction, shee replied that herein shee had no Merit, shee had been favoured one day, as indeed not seldome is our priviledge to enjoy the edifying Discourse of a pious and deare Friend, who did at that time as at many others very feelingly enlarge on the indwelling of the *Holy*

*Spirit* and its worke of Regeneration and Sanctification wrought in the Heart, the while hee spake, her eye rested on the little Indian perfume box, given to her by our young friend Mr. *Brereton*, which stood neare her on the table ; and as shee pondered in silence on the wordes shee had heard, her thoughts did thus dresse themselves. Shee hath a great liking for the Sonnet and can repeat by heart many of the most perfect writt in our language, also this taste hath beene encreased by her studie of the *Italian* ; with some Difficulty I did gain her Permission to show the Poem to him whom I may call the Sower of the good Seed, who doth hold her in his affectionate regard, beleeving that he would receive some satisfaction in the perusal. Of this Shepheard of the Lord's fold it may bee sayd of him in the exercise of his ministry, that in the wordes of the Psalmist, *He feedeth them according to the integritie of his heart.*

Sir *Henry Vane* is sent prisoner to *Carrisbrooke Castle* ; whence  
this severitie of the *Protector* to one who hath used  
Sept. 14. to stand high in his esteeme and hath done him ser-  
vice is not well knowne : some mention is there of  
a Booke he hath written.

Went with Mr. *Evelyn* and his *Wife* downe to *Tunbridge*, and  
remained there two dayes : there is much building  
Oct. 2. of Houses for the lodging of Strangers, and for  
*Thursday*. Shops. I have heard say that when the *Queen* re-  
sorted thither for the improvement of her Health  
after the birth of the *Prince*, she was Lodged in Tents sett upp  
for her on the downe ; as the Wells became more frequented, the  
people set up Standings under the row of Trees in the road to the  
Well, where they sold their goods to the compayne who passed  
bye. We lodged at a pretie Cottage close by the Well : one  
morning as wee walked under some fine trees, whose leaves were  
beginning to fade, Mr. *Evelyn*, who hath wonderful knowledge of

moste Things but especiallye of Trees, did point out to mee the new budde at the foot of the Leafe stalke, which by its growtheth takes up the sappe, and thus the old Leafe doth lose its nourish-  
ment and fades and drops off; so that instead of pitying the Trees  
when they are losing their Leaves, wee should see it only as the  
preparation for Spring, and a fresher Verdure. Neverthelesse  
Autumn hath a pleasing sadness in its lesson of Change and  
Death.

At Table one present gave us this anecdote of Sir *Henry Wotton*: Hee being in a Popish Chappel, a Priest that knew him sent a paper to him with this query, *Where was your Religion before Luther?* under which he writh these words, *Where yours is not, in the written word of God.*

Mrs. *Evelyn* tooke us with her to *Pall-Mall*. Choccolate was handed to the companie in cups of fine porcelain,  
Oct. 6, and rare sweetmeats and *Italian* bisketts: The Lady *Monday*. *Ranelagh* was there on a visite, she mett me Cour-  
teously, and was pleased to say that her Brother Mr. *Robert Boyle* would regret not seeing mee.

Oct. 7, The Petition for Leave to go to *Surinam* of no  
*Tuesday.* availe.

Have remained in the *Tower* since this day  
Oct. 27, senight to attend on my dearest *Life*, who hath  
*Monday,* beene grievously ill, he is now better and hath  
walked out twice or thrice.

As we were at dinner to day my *Lord* sayd he beleaved wee were in the same Roome wherein Sir *John Eliot* was Imprisoned for so long and died, I asked *who was hee?* He answered that hee was one of the first to suffer when the great Struggle began be-

tweene the late *King* and his *Parliament*, one of the five Members that were sent to the *Tower*, to bee out of his (the *King's*) way ; He was of a right noble spirit, and rather than accept the conditions offered which hee deemed dishonourable, remained in Prison, to die a lingering Death from Disease brought on by his long Captivitie. *I was a Youlh, said my Husband, at that time, he was much talked about, and I am beholden to him for the first stirrings in my heart of a hatred of tyrannie, ill enough he would thinke I have followed his example. Mr. Hampden knew him well and did honour and esteeme him beyond any other Man, and after his Death was a Father to his Sonnes : In Countenance he was thought by some to bee like the King ; his haire and beard he wore in like fashion.*

So ill to day feare I can conceale it no longer, as Captain *Butler*, who dined with us, questioned mee, and so Nov. 28, fixed my *Husband's* attention more on my looks, Friday. who had at divers times observed the Palenesse of my Countenance, and that I could with difficultie keepe any Warmth in mee.

Became so ill I was like to give up. Some gold pieces given to Serjeant *Dendy* had their effect, and the use of an Dec. 4, inner Roome was permitted us ; and, with his wifes Wednesday. helpe, a Bed, so called, was made up therein ; a darke miserable place, but I was thankefull for the privacie, and this Woman, who was kindly disposed and sorry for my Condition, did such little Services shee could without danger of observation : My *Husband* hath profitted by his owne Illnesse in some particulars, to my advantage ; especially was hee very alive to the Distresse occasioned by Thirst, and failed not to bring a Cup of Water every time he came to my Bedside.

To-day Capt. *Butler* did come to see my *Husband*, and did use

manie Arguments to perswade mee to come out  
 Dec. 6, from the *Tower*; but I am the more bent upon stay-  
 Friday. ing with my *Husband* now that I know better than  
 I did once what this Imprisonment is; and if to me,  
 who have beeene here but a few Weekes, it is so miserable, what  
 must it bee to him who hath beeene shut up these 18 Months?  
 Capt. *Butler* did then take a lead penne and a peece of writing  
 paper, and wrote. I retired to rest, and on my returne, my *Lord*  
 shewed mee a Letter, and did request me to make a Copie  
 thereof.

To the *Lord Protector*.

May it please your *Highnesse*,

The last *Thursday* I was invited to Dinner with my Lord *Wil-*  
*loughby*, whose Ladie is desperately SICK; shee  
 This copy will not be persuaded to remove from her *Husband*,  
 slightly differs which makes mee most humbly request your *High-*  
 from that pre- *nesse*, if his Offence be not great, to grant him the  
 served in libertie to remove to Sir *Robert Stone's* House in  
 Thurlow's *Tuttle Street*. Thus much I know, that hee is much  
 State Papers. in Debt, & would willingly goe settle either in  
*Ed. Antigo* or *Surinam*. As for his Ladie, shee was a  
 great friend to the cause of Libertie and True Re-  
 ligion, and it is possible things may bee misinterpreted to your  
*Highnesse* concerning her *Husband*. In this Clemencie of  
 your *Highnesse* will appear the conquest of your Passion,  
 which after all my sadness shall oblige mee to remaine

Your *Highnesse's* most humble Servant,  
 though most unworthie,

*Gregorie Butler.*

Dec. 6, 1656.

We heard nothing from Mr. *Butler* till this Day, when hee  
 Dec. 16, came he had received a short replie from Mr. Sec-

*Tuesday.* retary *Thurlow* to this purpose, that His *Highnesse* had knowne the Lord *Willoughby* many years, and that it was through no Misrepresentation that the said *Lord* found himselfe in his present Situation : the Inconveniencie thereof it rested not with him to amend. We had encouraged no great Expectation, so were not disappointed, nevertheless, a small dose of Patience was Serviceable.

Heare with concerne that Doctor *Jeremy Taylor* is sent to the *Tower*; this on so small an offence as a Picture Dec. 29, beeing set in his Prayer Booke. Letter from *Fanny Tuesday.* to say my presence is greatly wanted, her Sister no better, so have fixed, beleaving it my duty, to leave this place, which I can do the more easily, as my deare *Life* is well recovered.

1657.

It hath beeene expected by some that the *Protector* would have himselfe crowned *King*, but it having beeene proposed May 16, in the *House* that a Petition should be drawne up, to Saturday. the effect that they did advise him to take upon himselfe the Title of *King*, as more consonant to the good of the State and a settled Government, manie were against it, and of these his oldest Friends ; there not beeing the Unanimite and support from these hee had looked for, he hath declined the honour that some would put upon him ; some, no Friends to him, have had their hopes raised by the attempt ; once the tide set in for *Royaltie*, they thinke the heart of the People would soone return to its true Allegiance, and the Restoration of the rightfull *King* bee the sooner brought about ; and if Adversitie hath had its proper Use, the Sonne might be expected not unreasonably to bee a better *King* than his *Father*, whom men have pitied so much for his Death that his ill Government is well nigh forgotten, and some who were the first to take up Armes in the cause of the People, thinke themselves not much better off.

A great stirre made in *London* last Friday at the Ceremonie of the Inauguration, which was performed with the July 3, State and Pompe of the Crowning of a *King*. A Friday. rich Cloath of State was set up in *Westminster Hall*, and underneath it a Chair of State up two Steppes covered with Carpets. The *Protector* first passed some bills in *Parliament*, and then hee went into *Westminster Hall*, attended by Gentlemen and Heralds and Officers : The Earle of *Warwicke* carrying the Sword before him ; The *Speaker* presented to

him a Robe of Purple Velvet lined with Ermine, which was put upon him, then he gave him a Bible, and the Sword was girded on, a Sceptre of Gold given into his hand, and a Speech was made to him, and the Oath given him; Then were great shouts and the Trumpets sounded, and he sate himselfe downe in the Chair of State, holding the Sceptre in his hand. A Herauld proclaimed his *Title*; The Ceremonie being ended hee went to his Coach, his Traine borne by Mr. *Rich* and other young Nobilitie, so hee hath done his best to come as near to a *Kingship* as might bee.

There is a publicke Advertisement of a Coach drawne by six  
Horses to sett out from *Aldersgate London*, every  
Nov. 24. Monday to *West-Chester*, also the same to returne  
every Monday from *Chester*; likewise a Coach and  
six every Monday to *York*, a great convenience to Travellers.

We heare to day that the Ladie *Mary*, as shee is styled, is maried to my Lord *Falconberg*, and her Sister was maried last weeke to Mr. *Rich*, Grandsonne to the Earle of *Warwick*: much worldly Wisdome in his *Highnesse* in procuring these Alliances with men of some ranke for his Familie.

Now is there to bee a new *House of Lords*; writts are issued  
to divers Persons to sit as Members in the other  
Dec. 12. *House*: wee heare it not called the *House of Peers*.  
It is remarked on this steppe back to the old Institutions, that if the *Protector* stand in need of the *Lords*, it is like that it will not be long before wee must have a *King*, and it is thought hee aimes at this dignitie.

Find helpe and comfort in the habit of ejaculatorie Praier, since  
it is difficult in my present hurried way of life to  
Dec. 16, keepe to any usuall seasons of Retirement during  
*Thursday*. the day: yet doe I strive not to lose hold of my De-

pendance upon *Divine Help*: and so even in companie or in a Coach, or however occupied, am more content if my soule hath beeene engaged in a short prayer or thanksgiving; or if this much is not attained unto, I endeavour to collect my Thoughts, by saying over a verse or Text that may be applicable to the Businesse wherein I may bee engaged: feele humbled that the cares and vanities of the world take up so much of my time, praei for deliverance from temptation to evill, and to be preserved from the more hidden Sinne, the selfe righteous spirit of the *Pharisee*, into which the open wickednesse of others doth oft prove a snare to poore weake human Nature; of myselfe I can doe nothing, and may the faith of St. *Paul* enable me to saie with him, *I can doe all things through Christ who strengtheneth me*.

Later than usuall when I arrived at the *Tower*: the striving to keepe a cheerefull countenance, and to lighten Dec. 20, the Hardships of this long imprisonment, is begin-  
Monday. ning to affect my health: to day my heart was full and I gave way, on first meeting my deare *Husband's* embrace, and hidde my face on his shoulder, unable to controll my teares. *My poore Wife, thou art worne out*, he sayd tenderlie, *but cheere up, love, wee will have a merrie Christmasse yet*. It was very sweet to bee comforted by him, even in a Prison. When my time was up and I had to leave, he consented to take into Consideration what I had urged more than once, that I should Pe-  
tition the *Protector* in Person.

Yesterday Mr. *Evelyn* and his *Wife* came to *London*, to cele-  
brate *Christmasse-day*, and did prevaile with mee to Dec. 26, goe with them to *Exeter Chapell*. Mr. *Ganning*  
*Saturday*. preached on 7. *Micah*, 2 verse. The Sermon ended he did proceed to administer the *Holie Sacrament*, it was then discovered that the Chappell was surrounded with sol-  
diers; they held their Musketts against us, to the no small feare

of some present, yet did they not prevent our going up to the *Altar*. After the Service was finished, those present were made Prisoners, and some carried away. We were of those who did remaine at the House. Mr..*Evelyn* did afterward informe us, that after dinner, to which he was invited to partake, Officers from *Whitehall* came to examine the Prisoners: they questioned Mr. *Evelyn* why, contrarie to the ordinance made that the superstitious Celebration of the *Nativitie* should no longer bee observed, hee durst so offend and bee at Common Praiers, which they called *Masse* in *English*; so after much irreverent speaking of this day, and contumeliously treating him, they let him goe, content with making this vaine show of their Authoritie.

1657-8.

My Lord *Lisle* hath fixed to take mee to *Whitehall* to morrow at noone ; hec did as much as in him lay to give mee January 7. Incouragement : felt that the greatest would have beeene the more Heartie consent of my *Husband* to this Course : if so bee it faile, the having followed my owne Judgement in putting the matter to this Issue, will adde to my trouble, but this I humbly hope I am prepared to beare ; it seemeth cleare to my minde that we ought not to omitt doing that which on due Consideration and impartially weighing of the subject appeareth to us right, because the Event may hereafter prove us to have misjudged : if wee may not doe Evill that Good may come of it, so wee may not leave undone the Good, because it may end in Evill ; else wee should sit downe with our hands before us, and Opportunities of action slide past us, not to bee recalled.

Set forth in a good Degree of outward Composure, and not without an inward Strengthening which did greatly January 8, support mee ; neverthelesse, when wee stopped at *Thursday*. *Whitehall*, I had much need of my Lord *Lisle's* arme. When wee entered the roome, the *Protector* sate at a Table whereon were Papers and Letters. One or two Gentlemen were in attendance, whom hee did dismiss, and then rose. My Lord *Lisle* spake a few wordes and ledde me towards him : He bowed as I advanced, with the petition held in my hand, and presented it to him ; he tooke it, and motioned to mee to be seated. I was faine to obey him through weaknesse, else would it have better pleased mee not to accept even this small Courtesie at his hands. He glanced at the paper and then spake :

*The Lord Willoughby doth intreat his Enlargement in a more humble tone it seems, as does better suit his Condition, and doth no longer talke high of Injustice and the like : it is well ; He is one who, having set his hand to the Plough, hath turned backe, and concerning such is it not sayd they are accursed ? what sayeth the Spirrii to the Laodiceans ? For that thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my Mouth.* He went on in this manner for some time, and then sayd, *I doe perceave my Lord Willoughby giveth us his word that, so hee may bee allowed to go forth for a space, to attend to the needful settlement of his Affaires, he will returne to his Imprisonment. But how expectieth hee to bee beleaved ; Who shall put their trust in such as he ?* Hereat I speake with some warmth, *May I reminde your Highnesse that you speake to the Lord Willoughby's Wife, and ill would it become her to heare such wordes unmoved.* I crave your Highnesse's pardon, but meethinks no act of my Lorde doth warrant any Man, much lesse your Highnesse, to doubt his honour. You shall judge yourselfe, Madam, he replied ; thereupon hee turned to a Cabinet that was neare to him, and tooke out some Papers ; from these hee did select two Letters, one of these hee unfolded and asked mee did I know the writing ? I could not denie that I did ; there was no signature, and the latter part was in Cyphers. That is not the onely one, he continued, and opened another, and gave it mee, dated but two months backe : His Highnesse did then commence a Discourse, if so it could be called, seeming rather a somewhat confused utterance of his Thoughts ; quoting sundrie texts of Scripture, which he did intersperse with talke of Governement, High-treason, and so forth : of some men beeing forced against their will, to rule the state, though sorely oppressed by the burthen : this seemingly addressed to other ears than mine ; after a while hee paused, and I againe spoke something in this manner, that I did ccnceeve a Prisoner and one illegally made so, had a full right to use any Means in his power to escape, and to engage his Friends in his behalf. As he replyed not, I further sayd, If your Highnesse

*cast your eye backe a few yeares, it would be scene that the Lord Willoughby did show as true concernment for the Libertie of the Nation, as others who were then striving onely to obtaine this Justice for the People ; That hee beleveing that howsoever righteous a Cause might bee, that it would not sanctifie un-righteous Meanes, and foreseeing great Evill and Confusion, did stop short in the Worke, was no dishonour to him as a Christian or a Gentleman. As to High Treason, it passeth my poore abilitie to comprehend what doth make High Treason, seeing it changeth sides with the strongest, and is the Crime of the Oppressed resisting the Oppressor.* I marvell that I speake so boldly. So I arose and sayd, *Since Your Highnesse setteth at nought my Lord's word, your Highnesse's answer will bee best transmitted through your Secretarie, a Wife's lippes repeate not words of such indignitie to her Husband, I begge your Highnesse's leave to withdraw.* To my surprise he did detain mee, and questioned mee on some indifferent and trifling matters, as it appeared to mee, then of a sudden changed his tone, saying, *Who can find a vertuous Woman ? her price is far above Rubies, the heart of her Husband doth safely trust in her. Madam, we doe accept my Lord Willoughby's termes, holding his Wife's truth as his hostage, his petition shall be laid before the Councill.* So ended the interview, and I hasted to the Tower. It is rumoured that the *Protector* is greatly desirous that the old *Peeres* should come to his new *House of Lords* ; hence his wish to conciliate in some Quarters. His lookes are not those of one at ease in his Position, his face was worne and cast-downe, and I observed an anxious manner of listening to any Sound, and once at a sudden movement of my Lord *Lisle*, he started and looked behind him, seeming as though hee would have put his Hand on the Pistolls which were beside him, but checked himselfe ; do compassionate him, as one who hath felt himselfe called to a mightie Worke, the Issues whereof have beene too mightie for his Guidance, and too full of Temptation and Conflict for his Peace. Many do say of him, that never was there a man

of so great Courage and Abilitie to lead others. With power have come Pride and Selfe-exaltation, and these have brought Crueltie, and Injustice: but who am I that I should judge Him, or speake of events above my Knowledge and Place: Let mee be thankfull for the prospect of the speedie Release of my beloved *Husband* from his long Imprisonment.

Tooke a coach and went to *Westminster*, and waited at my Kinsman's till a Friend came in from the *House*, & Jan. 9, brought me the comforting Newes that an Order *Saturday*. had been pass'd that the Lord *Willoughby of Parham* shall be discharg'd of his imprisonment, upon his Honour, & upon the Engagement in 10 Thousand Pounds of his Friends, that hee shall peaceably demeane himselfe for the future, and shall not join with or have any Correspondence with any Enemies of the *Lord Protector* &c. Wednesday the 10th of January appointed for the Prisoner to bee brought to the *Bar* of the *House*; *William Willoughby* tooke word to the *Tower*, the while I went with *Fanny* to looke for another and more commodious Lodging, that we now have, not being suitable to my *Lord*. Found one in *Queen Street*, handsomely furnished and provided, the People of the house civillie inclined.

My deare Life in excellent spirits, and divers of Jan. 12, our Friends came to suppe with us; did, by mutual *Tuesday*. consent, speake little of either *King* or *Protector*, this being so joyfull an occasion.

The *House of Commons* met this day, as also the new *House* of *Lords*; none of the old, save one or two, would Jan. 20, sit with this medley of Persons summoned by the *Wednesday*. *Protector*. Even the Earl of *Warwick* kept out of the way. It is sayd the *Protector* is greatly cast

downe in private, and is at his Wits' end for Money. Truely, this hath an aire of *Royaltie*.

Find wee cannot leave *London* at present. Our excellent friend Mr. *Evelyn* hath not been abroad of late, by reason of the illnesse of his Son *Richard*, who hath the Ague ; Fanny is in much concerne for him, shee hath oft described him as a Child of rare beautie and endowment.

Jan 28,      Arrived a message from *Sayes Coart*. The poore  
*Thursday*. *Child* died yester-day.

Great sensation caused by the sudden, and most unexpected, dissolving of *Parliament*, they having sate but a  
Feb. 5.      fortnight. The *Protector* hath mett with vexatious Opposition in the *House of Commons*, who take no account of the upper *House* which hee hath lately raised up ; and it is supposed that this, and some private cause of displeasure, and secret information of the *Royalists* movements, did so worke on him, hee beeing also ill in Health, that in some sudden heat and distemperature, hee hurried to the *House*, waiting not for his Carriage, but, calling his Guards, tooke a Coach standing neare *Whitehall*, and so went downe, and sent for the *Commons*, who adjourning their businesse did follow the Usher into his presence. He accused them of some being leagued with *Charles Stuart*, and others of disturbing the People with a talke of devising the *Common wealth* anew, and so falling off from their former advice and petition to him ; seeing this to bee the end of their sitting, he did dissolve that *Parliament*. These particulars I have thought it worth while here to sett downe, as I did hear them given yester-night to my Lord by one present. During the day, many coming and going. Came to dine with us, my Lord *Baltimore* ; a lively discourse was carried on, the conversation turned chiefly to the State of the Colonies, a subject of interest to my *Husband* ; and my Lord *Baltimore* entered into a particular

relation of the early Settlement of *Maryland* by his Father, Sir George Calvert, who did consider that entire Libertie of Conscience in matters of Religion, was the true foundation of prosperity and happiness of a people, & did make laws to this effect: that no one in his Colony should be hindered or molested in the exercise of his Religion. This liberality of sentiment the more commendable in him, that he was a *Papist*. And so it was that his Colony did flourish exceedingly for some years. But of late it has fallen into the hands of others, under this present Government, who have excluded all Roman Catholicks from the benefit of the wise and benevolent laws of their Founder, and brought Discord and Strife into the Settlement. So it seemeth the Saviour's words must come to pass, and Men make his Religion of Love a cause of Hatred and Uncharitableness. Will it ever be on Earth that the Tree of Life shall spread forth its branches, and *its leaves be for the healing of the Nations?*

My Lord *Brereton* hath writt to my *Husband* at the request of  
his Sonne; the Engagement of the young people  
Feb. 15, hath beene so informally entered into, that we felt  
*Monday.* it to bee our dutie to request some explanation. Mr.  
*Brereton* did unadvisedly yield himselfe to the capti-  
vation of *our incomparable Daughter*, so doth his Father style her,  
unmindfull of the consequence, and hath by sweet intelligence  
of *Looke*s, and more sweet musicke of low dropping Wordes, and  
interchange of Thought in all deare friendship and pure affection,  
so tuned her heart to his, that either apart knoweth but a sad mo-  
notony, now hee is like one distracted, having but a poore Purse,  
and neither House nor Land whereon to make claime to our fa-  
vour; his Father's propertie is involved, as that of so manie other  
of the *King's* friends, in the Misfortunes of the times, and my  
Lord *Brereton* would confer with my *Husband* on this matter, and  
doth propose to call at our lodging to morrow at 10 of the Clocke.

Since the Publication of a Pamphlet, entitled, *Killing no Murder*,  
the *Protector* hath become so suspicious of treach-  
Feb. 17, erie as is pitiable to heare of. It is say'd he hath  
*Wednesday*. of late made the rounds of the posts at *Whitehall* in  
Person, and doth continually change his sleeping  
Roome. He dismissed not long time ago his most faithful Guards  
and Officers, and for some while past hath worne Pistolls con-  
cealed in his dresse ; one that knew his *Mother* did assure mee  
her Death was hastened by her perpetuall feare for his Life, shee  
would start at the firing of a musket, and was ill at ease if shee  
saw not her Sonne every day, to be certified of his Safetie.

No marvel that *He* is Conscience-stricken, who hardened his  
heart to the cries of the *Irish* people, and was the slayer of thou-  
sands, defencelesse men, women and children, men in the *Sanc-*  
*tuarie*, whither they had fled for safetie ; who did cause to be  
torne from wretched families their young Daughters to sell them  
by hundreds in the Plantations : & sold for Slaves his fellow  
Countreymen, whom the chances of Warre left Prisoners in his  
hand. Neverthelesse Men saye, in his fanatick notions of saving  
Grace, hee casteth a Cloke over all his Sinnes ; the day hath  
beene that he would have say'd *Is thy Servant a Dog that he  
should doe this thing ?*

Feb. 27, Mr. *Evelyn* called : at his departure left with us a  
*Saturday*. paper containing a short Memoriall of his little Sonne.

March 3, Died, last moneth, Mr. *Rich* the *Protector's* Sonne.  
*Wednesday*. in-law.

The Cold continues very sharp, the winde northerly, no hope  
of Change. One passing neare the little Turne-style  
March 4, in *Holborn*, saw two Boyes of the Priest's Schoole  
*Thursday*. feeding or endeavouring to feed a starved Crow,

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which was frozen by the feet to its prey ; it flapped its wings feebly now and then, and presently died.

Heare my Lord *Winchelsea* is about to be maried againe ; have reason to thinke it not unlikely and see no Offence  
May 15, to us ; my poore *Daughter* left no *Children*, and the *Saturday*. Earle did lament her Death as much as was in his nature ; and as hee had found Contentment in the maried state, so there may not bee imputed to him Disrespect to her Memorie if hee againe seeke, although it be somewhat hastily, the enlivening Societie and Comfort of a Wife.

My deare *Life* left *London* this day, hee having pressing Businesse both at *Parham* and in *Lincolnshire* ; & it seemed best that I should remaine here.

Some Passages copied from Mr. *Evelyn's* Memorall of his Sonne, he having given me permission.

Jan. 27. After six fits of a Quartaine Ague with which it pleased God to visite him, died my deare Sonne *Richard*, to our inexpressible Griefe and Affliction, 5 yeares and 3 days onely, but at that tender Age a Prodigie for Wit and Understanding ; for beautie of bodie a very Angel ; for Endowment of Minde, of incredible and rare hopes. To give onely a little taste of some of them and thereby Glorie to *God*, who out of the mouthes of Babes and Infantes does sometimes perfect his praises ; at 2 yeares & a halfe old he could perfectly reade any of the *English Latine, French, or Gothic* letters, pronouncing the three first Languages exactly. He had before the 5th yeaer, or in that yeaer, not onely skill to reade most written hands, but to decline all the Nounes, conjugate Verbes &c. ; began himselfe to write legibly and had a strong passion for *Greeke*. Strange was his apt and ingenious Application of Fables and Moralls, for he had read *Aesop* : he had a wonderfull disposition to Mathematicks, having by heart

divers propositions of *Euclid* that were read to him in play, and he would make Lines and demonstrate them. As to his Pietie, astonishing were his Applications of *Scripture* upon occasion, and his sense of *God*: hee had learn'd all his Catechisme early, and understood that part of the *Bible & New Testament* to a wonder, how *Christ* came to redeeme Mankind, and how, comprehending these necessaries himselfe, his *Godfathers* were discharged of their Promise. These and like illuminations far exceeding his Age and Experience, considering the prettiness of his Addresse and Behaviour, cannot but leave impression in mee at the memorie of him. Often hee would desire those who came to see him, to prai by him, and a yeare before he fell sicke, to kneele and prai alone with him in some corner.

How thankfully would he receive Admonition, how soone be reconciled! how indifferent yet continually cheerefull! He was all life, all prettiness, far from morose, sullen or childish, in anything hee said or did. The last time hee had beene at Church, I asked him according to custome what he remembered of the Sermone. Two good things, Father, said hee, *bonum gratiae* and *bonum gloriae*. The day before hee died he call'd to me and told mee that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my House, Land, and all my fine Things to his Brother *Jacke*, he should have none of them: and next morning, when he found himselfe ill, and that I persuaded him to keepe his hands in bed, he demanded whether hee might prai to *God* with his hands unjoyned; and a little after, whilst in great agonie, whether hee should not offend *God* by using his holie Name so often, calling for Ease. So earlie Knowledge, so much Pietie and Perfection! But thus *God*, having dressed up a Saint fit for himself, would not longer permitt him with us, unworthie of the future fruites of this incomparable hopefull Blossome. Such a Child I never saw: for such a Child I blesse *God* in whose bosome hee is! May I and mine become as this little Child. Thou gavest him to us, Thou hast taken him from us, blessed be the name of the *Lord*. That I

had anything acceptable to Thee was from Thy grace alone, since from mee he had nothing but sinne, but that thou hast pardoned! blessed be *God* for ever. *Amen.*

Mr. *Evelyn* doth intend to insert some short History of his Sonne in a Booke he is about to print, entituled, *Golden Booke of St. Chrysostome, concerning the Education of Children.*

May 19, *Fanny* is Pale, and cast downe; wish I could *Wednesday*. give her Comfort, but cannot as yet.

Conversation with my Lord *Brereton*: like him for the kind manner in which hee entereth into his Sonnes difficulties, and his readinesse to make any sacrifice on *Thursday*.

his part, esteeming his Sonne most fortunate and himselfe honoured by an Alliance with our Familie. Hee and my *Lord*, after frequent deliberation, do now entertaine the hope that some sort of suitable Provision may bee made, that may tend to the Accomplishment of the Mariage sooner than at first did appeare could bee with prudence. Mr. *Brereton* received from my *Husband* a few wordes of Reproofe, not unmerited yet leniently administered, on the Part he had acted, seeing that no Man doth transplant a faire Rose tree from the Garden where it grew, lovingly nourished, and carefully tended, untill he hath first made readie a fitting Shelter.

To day as Mr. *Brereton* came up to mee to hand me to the Coach, he did expresse in lively terms his sense of May 24, the Favour conferred upon him, and then, respect-*Monday*. fully taking my Hand and pressing it to his Lippes, he did beseech mee to accept his dutifull Affection and to beleieve that nought could so adde to his already great Hap-piness, as to bee a Sonne to mee in the place of him whose un-

timely Losse he knew I did yet mourne ; it was kindly sayd, and his young Face spoke more than Wordes.

Parted from my deare *Daughter* ; may the blessing of *God* be upon her ! in *his blessing may her house bee blessed.*

Aug. 21, And may hee who hath sought from us this pre-Saturday. cious Gift, prove worthie of her ! We can ill spare her, as hee will ill deserve her if he bee not faithfull to his Trust ; not that I doubt his Concerne for her Happiness, but it needeth much to outweigh the feares that do naturally arise. Time will doubtlesse reconcile mee to my losse.

Have with pleasure observed that Mr. *Brereton* hath lesse of Selfe seeking than most men ; he has a Single-

nesse of Hearte that seeketh first the happiness Monday. of Others : also outwardly he hath much to commend him in the Graces of his Person and noble

Carriage ; he is a Gentleman of a sweet Disposition, yet altogether manly ; his Manners gentle and courteous, yet not deficient in Dignitie ; well accomplished and learned, and of excellent Vertue. He is silent, and when hee speaketh it is in few wordes ; yet this not from constraint, or feare of others ; free from all servile desire to please, so hath he no feare of offending any ; nor yet from povertie of thought, but is rather one who may say,

*My Minde to me a Kingdome is,  
Such perfect Joy therein I find.*

Thus I doe endeavour to set forth the Excellencies of this young Man, that in so doing my deare *Child's* gaine may bee advantaged in my eyes, and our losse bee the more cheerfully borne ; it seemeth as though faith were weakest for those whom we most love. Gave my sweet *Daughter* a paper containing a feeble attempt to give utterance, to the love and solicitude of manie yeares.

At this time I am not without trouble and that of a sort where with I am well acquainted ; my deare *Husband* takes ill the Conditions wherein he is allowed his Libertie : all Parties are scheming and prophecyng, and he under a bond to keep quiet, to him at no time an easie matter, is under continual liabilitie of suspition from the Conduct of others who do desire to draw him into their Plots and Devices.

Low in Bodie and Spirrit yet not dismayed. A kind of Apprehensivesse not usual with mee cometh over  
*August 24,* mee, as I looke at the only *Child* left mee, as if some  
*Tuesday.* unseene Danger threatened her. Shee, though shee  
too hath losse in her Sister's Marriage, seeth no  
clowde, and is all gaietie and full of merriment with her young  
Kinsfolk.

Since the death of his *Daughter*, at which time hee lay ill of the Gout, the *Protector's* Health has failed more and  
*August 25,* more. The Lady *Claypole* did vainely intreate for  
*Wednesday.* the life of Dr. *Hewet* : she had sate under his Ministrie, and did hold him in great esteeme ; the *Protector*, who had a more than ordinarie affection for his *Daughter*, was sorely besett, and shee so ill : yet would he not yeeld to her Entreatie, and did onely remit the sentence that he be hanged, &c. and allowed him to be beheaded. This small mercie was likewise extended to Sir *Henry Slingsby* : the other Prisoners, it may be here mentioned, who were concerned in that Plot, Mr. *Russell*, Sir *William Compton*, and others, did escape ; my *Husband* was freed from all suspition of being connected with it, the conditions of his Freedome being well knowne ; and he had in truth devoted himselfe to his private affaires, which did stand in much need of settlement. The *Protector* did remaine at *Hampton Court*, during the last Illnesse of his Daughter, whose sufferings were very great : It was sayd he came oft to her bed side,

performing, as far as his owne paine and sicknesse would permit, the last sad offices, until she was released ; smoothing her Pillow, giving her Medicines and Cordials with his own hand ; ministering to her Wants, with all gentleness and affection. She deceased the 6th of August. Hee is now very ill ; his disease is declared to be a Tertian Ague, and hee is confined to his bed. Some that are well informed, say, that hee hath declared to his Wife and Familie, that he is well assured that hee shall not die at this time.

His *Highnesse* sicknesse encreaseth ; hee was  
Aug. 26. yesterday removed to *Whitehall* for change of Aire,  
*Thursday.* but is no better ; an expresse Messenger is sent to  
his Sonne *Henry* in *Ireland*.

The fits of the *Ague* do so encrease that the report at *Whitehall*  
to day, is, that his *Highnesse* is scarce ever free  
Aug. 29, from them, the *Physitians* yet hope hee may strug-  
*Sunday.* gle through ; praiers are dayly put up for him, as  
one of his Friends was heard to say, *Never was*  
*there a greater stocke of praiers going for any man than is now go-*  
*ing for him.*

When my Lord *Say* left *Whitehall* this forenoone, the *Protector*  
was at that time delirious. It is supposed that there  
Sept. 1, are frequent private Meetings of the *King's* friends :  
*Wednesday.* they found their chiefe hopes on the Divisions like  
to bee in the other partie ; some say the succession  
is appointed, others that a paper, thought to bee the *Protector's*  
Will, the which hee sent for when at *Hampton Court* when his  
Illnesse did become so formidable, was not to bee found, and so  
his Sonnes succession will be disputed. The countrey will be  
throwne, it is to be feared, into confusion and strife. May the  
*Lord* have mercie upon this poore people and save us from the

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horrors of another warre. My deare *Life* hath ridde up with all speed to *London*.

Mr. *Evelyn* has just called, my Lord *Lisle*, Mr. *Pepys*, and divers others: no one knows what to expect. Mr. Sept. 2, *Evelyn* had mett a friend in the street, who had *Thursday*. heard from one who was come from the *Palace*, and had spoken to a Gentleman just forth the sicke roome, that the *Protector* was more himselfe: His *Highnesse* spake to those neare his bed, and called on one of his Chaplaines to reade a text from the Bible that he named, to him, and in a manner very affecting made some Remarke thereon, and afterward did praie devoutly and humbly.

So awfull hath beene this Day, and the last Night, that I feele scarce able to guide the Penne. It is all over, the Sept. 3, *Protector* is no more; on this Day that he hath ever *Friday*. considered his fortunate Day. His *Highnesse* had sunk into a kind of Stupor, after the interval of consciousness yesternoone, but revived a little in the night-time, and did utter a few Wordes, saying, *God is good, hee will not leave mee.*

He was restlesse most part of the night, speaking to himselfe in broken sentences; after, hee appeared unconscious, though still breathing, and so did continue till his Spiritt was released in the afternoone, at 4 of the clock. During the night was there such a Storme as I never remember: People were frighted out of their beds, Houses shooke as they would fall, and the Sound of the wind was terrible to heare: but the dying Man heard it not. Every one that cometh in has to tell of new Disaster: Roofes carried off, Chimnies blowne downe, and great Trees in the Parks torn up by the Roots; manie of the Linden Trees at the Lord Treasurer's in the *Strand* are broken off.

1662.

Letter from the Lord *Willoughby* to his *Wife*.

Deare Heart,

HAVING occasion to send *Lydgate* into the Countrey on some Businesse of a nature not to be entrusted to Paper, I at the same time make him Bearer of these Lines to my deare *Wife*, whose tender Heart will suffer in that I have to write. This afternoone was sent out of the World the honestest and noblest Man in it: Sir *Harry Vane* was beheaded on *Tower Hill*, notwithstanding that his *Majestie* had pledged his word to remitt the Sentence, should it be given against him, which it was knowne the *Solicitor Generall* had resolved: there is a Curse methinks on Kingship; and the Royall Word is ever to be a Mockerie. There was assembled a vast multitude, numbers at Windowes and on the tops of the Houses: as Sir *Harry* pass'd within the *Tower* railing, the acclamations of the People were loud, manie crying out, *The Lord goe with you, The Lord helpe you*. He did make acknowledgement by taking off his Hat at different times: as the Sled was drawne slowly through the crowd, I heard one who stood neere the Sled, say to him, it was the most glorious Seat he had ever sate in; he answered him, *It is indeed*; one Man who had knowne him in *New England*, pressed forward to bid *God blesse him*, the teares on his furrowed Face. As he stood on the Scaffold the multitude were strucke with admiration at his noble presence as hee began to speake to them: but he was presently interrupted by Sir *John Robinson*, who was there for this intent, and who ordered the Trumpeters to come neare, and sound the Trumpets before his Face, to prevent his being heard, and this was done severall times, and his notes were rudely snatched from his hands as I am credibly informed, but did not see it; the people

were much moved by what he say'd, and it was feared they might be wrought upon in a degree like to be dangerous, if he was permitted to go on with his Discourse. As he knelt downe, one that was neare heard one or two short sentences, such as, *I blesse the Lord who hath counted me worthie to suffer for his name. I blesse the Lord I have not deserted the righteous Cause for which I suffer.* Such, deare *Wife*, was the end of this good and upright Man. As the people went their way after the fatal Stroke was given, there was much murmuring : they spake one to another of his manifold Vertues, his integritie in Office ; while some scrupled not scoffingly to jest on the worth of a Kings Promise, and others, whose garb betokened them of somewhat better Rank than the crowd, did with great warmth enlarge on that Speech of his in the *House* some while ago, when he did support the Petition of the Royalists, Prisoners sold for Slaves in the Publicke Market at *Barbadoes* by order of the *Protector*. His *Majestie* is blamed by many. I mett Mr. *Pepys*, who had witnessed the execution, and hee sayd to mee, the *King* would lose more by this Man's Death than he would get againe for a good while. Tho' of late differing from Sir *Harry Vane*, there had beeene no personall enmitie betweene us, and greatly desiring, in remembrance of our former Friend-shipe, to see him once more, in companie with others of his Friends, I visited him on the morning of his Death. *Why*, say'd hee, *should wee be affrighted with Death ? I blesse the Lord I am so farre from being affrighted with Death, that I find it rather shrinke from mee than I from it.* Kissing his Children he gave them his Blessing, saying, the *Lord* would be to them a better Father than he was : told them not to be troubled for him, he was going home to his Father. I have writt these particulars for your private reading. Farewell, sweete *Wife*, whom I dearely love, yet would I rather be the dead Sir *Harry Vane*, than One who must be namelesse.

*Willoughby.*

*Strand,*

This 14th day of June 1662.

1663.

'FIND as I grow older encreasing reluctancy to take up my Penne ;  
it may be that I am lesse moved than formerly by

Aug. 23. publick Events and circumstances, and more disposed to wait for the end, wherein if we patiently wait,

will be made manifest the purposes of the Divine Government ; also I am led to beleeve that is safer for mee to looke to present duties without looking backward or forward, which doth oft-times distract the Minde or overweigh the spirit with more care or trouble than doth of right belong to the time being. Taking by chance out of my Writing Drawer this little booke in which are inscribed many Passages of my past Life and Experiences, I did open it and read some ; and seeing that for nigh four Yeares nothing hath beene added thereto, for the sake of my deare *Daughters*, who hereafter may not unlikely peruse this Memoriall of their *Mother*, I will endeavour shortly to fill up the space to this time, and this under some degree of solemn feeling that when these wordes are read by them I shall be no more in this Life, but have passed to Judgement. And here it seemeth to mee, not out of Season to exhort you, my beloved Children, to remember, that such as ye are made by the discipline of Time, such ye will be when Death opens the Doore and ye passe into Eternity. During these few Yeares great changes have been wrought in Publick Affaires. The sudden Death of the late *Protector* was followed by anarchie and confusion ; his Sonne was speedily and quietly set aside : the Republican Partie were for a while uppermost, and they re-called the old Members, who had been excluded from the *House of Commons*, and strove to build up a similitude of the old notion of a Commonwealth, but there was Division and Weak-

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nesse : some abandoned the scheme, and imagined to bring back the Monarchie under restrictions that should so limit the prerogative of the Crown, as to keepe a just Ballance, and since it was sayed, so many were for a King, why should it not bee the rightfull Heir to the Throne ? Others sayed, they objected not to a King, but would not have a Catholicke, which would bee to perill the reformed Religion and the Libertie for which they had fought and striven : my deare *Husband* did mostly agree with those who would restore the exiled *Monarch*, and did privately conferre with Sir *Balstrode Whitelocke*, General *Fleetwood*, and a few others. But whether they moved too slowly, or differed in opinion how to act, I know not : *Whitelocke* was threatened with imprisonment, and betooke himselfe to the Countrey, to be out of the way, leaveing the *Great Seale* with his *Wife*, to be delivered to the *Speaker*. So it was for a time, that the Nation might be sayd to have no Government. My *Lord*, when he did perceive that nothing was to be done in that direction, joyned the *Royalists* and did supply them with Money to buy Arms. Then it was agreed that a Rising should be on a day fixed in July ; it was in the yeare 1659. My *Husband*, in conjunction with Sir *Horatio Townsend*, was to take possession of *Lyn* ; Sir *George Booth* issued a Proclamation in the North, calling upon the People to aid in forming a settled Government, yet not nameing the *King* ; but it appeared that the *Plott* had beene discovered, a letter of the Lady *Mary Howard* was intercepted, and she was arrested ; and presently my *Husband*, Sir *George Booth*, Sir *William Compton*, also I thinke the Earle of *Stamford*, Collonel *Rossiter*, were all taken, and sent to the *Tower*. I heard one say afterward, that the Lord *Willoughby* did make very Merrie as he once more entered his former abode. It is farre beyond my poore Abilitie to set downe the state of the Countrie and different Parts taken by those severally concerned ; I beleeve manie were sore discomfited and under great discouragement and had no hearte to stirre in the

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confused state of Affaires, the *Parliament* and the *Armie* were at continuall strife, and each divided within it selfe.

So at last the *Armie* in the north with Generall *Monck*, he now Duke of *Albermarle*, at their head came to *London*.  
Aug. 24, Some sayd he was for raising himselfe to be *Protector*,  
*Monday.* others that he was for the *King*. General *Lambert* was sent to the *Tower*. And here I may stop to mention that by meanes of a long Rope, he, like the Apostle, let himselfe downe the Wall at some height, and was received into a boate underneath the windore, whereat he got out; but hee, poore Man, not content to lie concealed, was shortly re-taken and brought back to Prison. Generall *Monck* appeared at the first to seek the favor of *Parliament*, and did yield himselfe to the bidding of the Leaders; then some act did dis-please the *Citie*, and he turned that way: in time the Truth came out, that he was secretly at worke for the *King*. They who did beare rule in the *House of Commons*, did now cause Sir *Harry Vane* to bee put under Arrest, and kept in durance at *Belleau*, his house in *Lincolnshire*. The same were well disposed to some others, so were set at Liberte my deare *Husband* after a short Captivitie, Sir *George Booth*, and their Friends. The end came at last of this mis-rule and disturbed course, a Messenger arrived from *Breda*, who appeared at the doore of the *House* and did make request to speake to the *Lord General*, to whom he presented a letter, which no doubt was expected by *Monck*. Afterward he was called in, and did then deliver up Letters addressed to the two *Houses*, and also a Paper which did contain the promise of a free and generall Pardon, & Liberte of Conscience in Religion. Then it was moved that a Letter should be writt inviting the *King* to returne, likewise a present of Money for himselfe and his Brother, greatly needed. Some, more prudent than others, would have stayed these hasty Proceedings, in order to stipulate certaine conditions, but the *Lord Generall* did over-rule the matter, saying, it would be time enough

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afterward : which haste was to be repented of, as doth now unhappily appeare, men hurried to the Overthrow of their own Worke.

In a little while the King entered London amid great rejoycings, and acclamations of the People.

It needeth not to particularize more, neither may it be altogether expedient : Persecutions, Imprisonment, and Death are on all sides, on the score of Religion, no lesse than of Revenge for the death of the late King. The Execution of Sir *Harry Vane* strucke to the heart of his Friends, and was condemned by his Enemies. A yeare ago, or thereabout, his Majestie married the Infanta of *Portugal*, who hath her Confessor and Private Chappel, where the Masse is celebrated.

To leave publick affaires—Our excellent friend Mr. *Evelyn* is much noticed at Court ; he is well pleased that his August 26, Majestie hath given his Countenance to the Society *Wednesday*. which he and Mr. *Robert Boyle*, and other learned and ingenious men, so long ago devised and assembled together. Also he hath receaved prayse and commendation of his Booke entituled, *Sylva, or a discourse on Trees*, from the King himself as well as others.

Have lately given in marriage our beloved Daughter *Elizabeth* to Mr. *Jones*, the eldest Sonne of my Lord *Ranelagh*. Doe live in much Retirement ; having a naturall inclination for Solitude, it pleaseth me well : but my deare *Husband* hath but little aptitude for a quiett life, and doth speake of again visiting *Barbadoes* and *Antigua*, and this with more seriousnesse of purpose since he hath heard from his friends that his Majestie would likely make him *Governor of the Islands*.

Lady *Ranelagh* is the deare and much esteemed Friend of Mr. *Evelyn* and his *Wife*, and *Sister* to Mr. *Robert Boyle*, who hath for her a more than common affection, and hath had a Picture of her painted in Oyle. I thought not so soone to be called upon to give

up the last Lamb of my little flock, whom I would faine have kept by my side yet a little while, and this not for my own sake alone. She may I feare mee have to live in *Ireland*, and hath beene somewhat too delicately nurtured to beare the Hardships that shee may have to encounter, yet hath shee a Sprightlinesse and Vivacitie of disposition not prone to magnifie Trouble, and still lesse to seeke it; and so farre is fitted to take Life bravely. Oft I have thought her most like unto a little merrie Bird, and now shee too is gone from mee. How greatly have I been favoured in my Children, "*pretie playfellows*" in my youth, dutiful Daughters, and deare Companions, the joy and comfort of my advancing years. The house would be emptie and silent were it not for the sound of little footsteppes of more than one Grandchild and the happie voices of their Parents.

Wearied and somewhat sad at heart, I lay'd down my penne yesterday, and shortly afterward was sent for to give August 27, some helpe to one of our poore Neighbours. The Thursday. Lesson came not amisse, and the word of the Disciple to the blind Man, came to my remembrance, *Be of good Comfort, arise, hee calleth thee*. There was still Worke for mee to doe: beleave we doe not sufficiently take Comfort in this, that it is He who calleth us; howsoever small may appeare the Dutie, or lowly the Service. Late in the afternoone as I sate in the windore at the east end of the long Gallerie, there fell a heavy shower of Rain; on a sudden the Sun shone out brightly, and above the wood opposite, a Rainebow reaching acrosse to the upland field of corn sheaves; it did remind mee of my beloved *Mother*, of her readinesse to draw forth the sacred Teaching contained in the great Booke of Nature, and I remembered the Day when wee stood together at that same windore, and I was very sorrowfull, and there did appeare to us then as now, the manie coloured Rainebow midst the falling drops, she looked wistfully at my sad countenance as shee say'd, Deare Child, this beautifull

Emblem as it is made visible to us onely in the falling Raine, so is it not in the visitations of Sorrow that the Heart is gladdened by the sweetest tokens of God's Love ? Sorrow from His Hand hath ever Sweetnesse mingled therewith, it melteth the Heart, which doth more readily yeeld itself to the Divine Will, to be as clay in the hands of the Potter. Thus, or in like wordes, shee spake. How great have been my priviledges, much hath beene given, much will be required.

It hath beene permitted mee to feele as yeares increase, Faith strengthened, spirituall Perceptions quickened, and spirituall Discernment enlarged ; praised be God, in whom is all fulnesse of knowledge, Grace, and Truth.

Busied this forenoone in ordering some Changes in the Household : looked on the Linnen and made out a List of Aug. 29, some that could bee spared for my daughter *Brereton*; in the toppe of the Linnen Chest found one or Saturday. two of my first Babie-cloathes strewed with Lavender, carefully pinned up and put away by poore old Nurse ; tooke up the lace cap, the two who had worne it first, my little Sonne my precious *William*, and my beloved daughter *Diana*, both taken. Can I now say *It is well?* all things visible will pass away, but the unseene will remaine, so if the heart loveth these, its Treasures are safe in Heaven. When evening came I walked forth ; the Sunne had gone down behind *Framlingham*, leaving a bright golden edge upon the narrow ridge of darke cloud ; the Aire was soft and the Gillo-flowers on the low wall gave out a pleasant perfume as I passed ; stopped and pluckt some of the pale yellow Flowers as I thought of the day whereon my three little Maidens brought the young plants from the Castle, and planted them here, the while I stood bye looking at their happie faces ; now one is not, and the others are farre from mee. As I walked up and down the Terrace saw the Rookes as they slowly winged their way over head to their nests and young broods ;

how small a thing maketh the full cup to overflow, the tears rose to my eyes, my home was deserted. As it became darker the Starres, which did at first show but dimly, were now bright and sparkling; There was scarce a sound, the Birds were all silent, save the Corn Crake, which uttered its harsh note afarre off; a Bat flitted past, neare to my face, the shapes of things became indistinct, and no shadow marked the hour on the Sunne-Dial: a little gust of wind rose, and stirred the tops of the Trees. The stillnesse of all around was very solemn; a sweete feeling that could not be uttered of lowly Thanksgiving and Love spread over my Heart. The *Lord* was very gratious unto mee; it was a season of inward Peace, as of outward Silence and Beauty, and my Heart was stirred *as the trees of the Wood are moved by the Wind.*

Came into the House, and seeing the Sand-glasse that I had turned at Sunne-sett that it was runne out, the Prayer arose that so my Life might runne its course, and gently cease.

